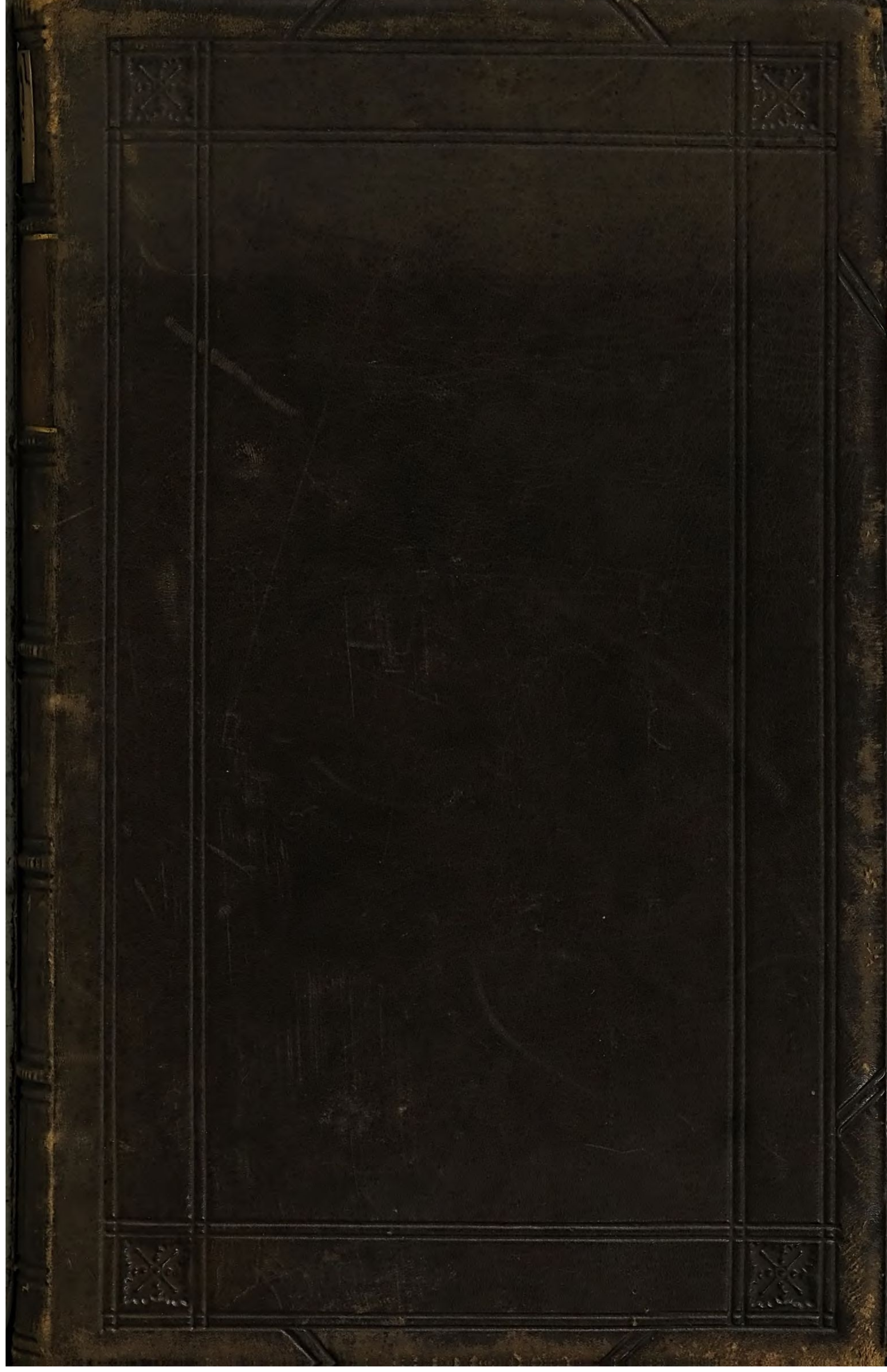
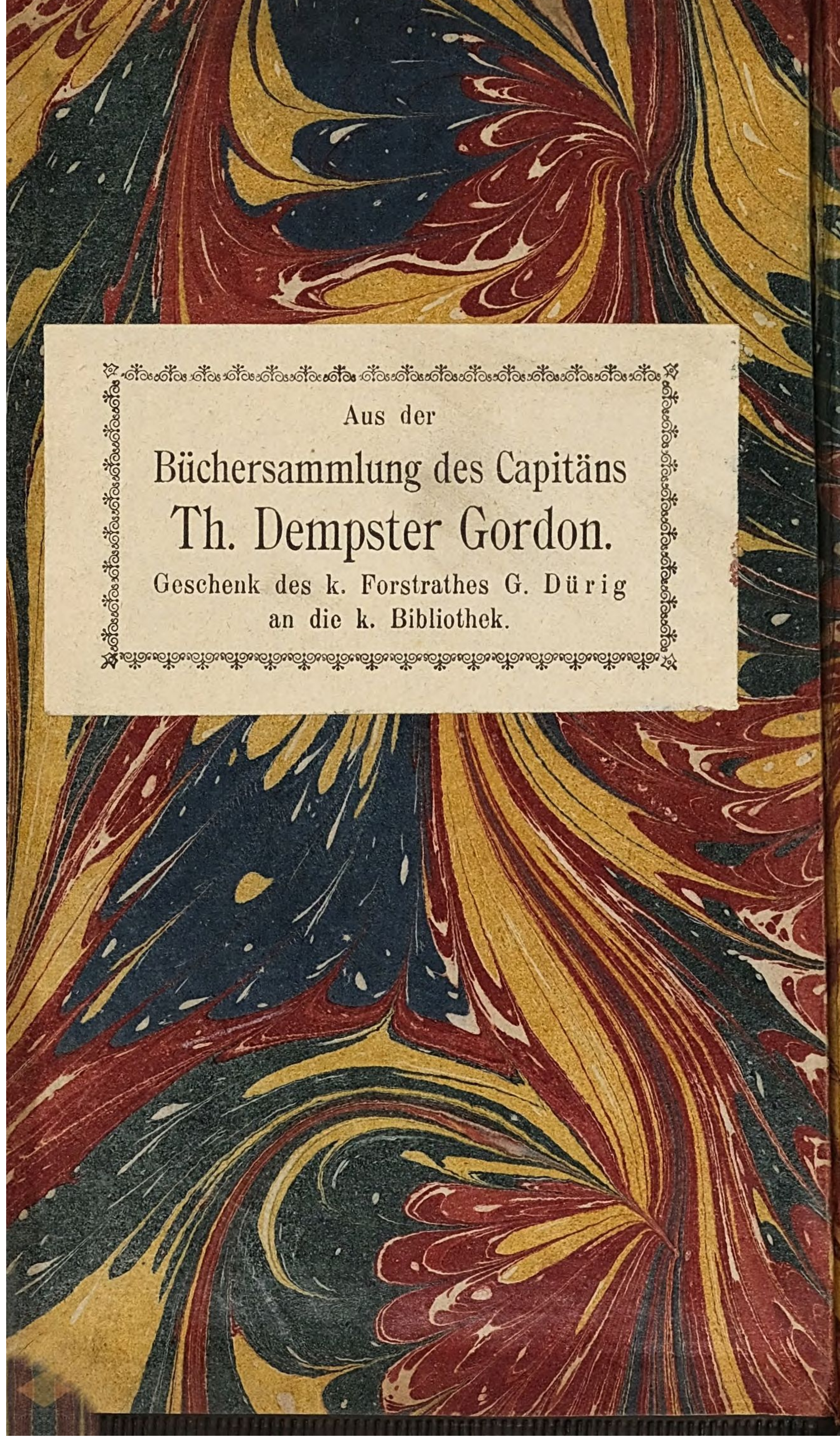






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T H E

London-Spy

COMPLEAT,

In Eighteen-Parts.

By the Author of the Trip to JAMAICA.

L O N D O N,

Printed and Sold by J. How, at the Seven Stars in Talbot-Court in Grace-Church-Street, 1703.



T O T H E

R E A D E R.

Prefaces are now become so Common to every little Treatise, that I wonder there is not one to the Horn-Book; and indeed oftentimes, like Womens Faces, are found the most Promising and Inviting part of the whole Piece. But when a thing is Usual, tho' never so Ridiculous in the Eye of Reason, yet a Man, like him that spoiles his Stomach with a mess of Porridge before Dinner, may plead Custom to excuse his Errour. I therefore hope it will be no Offence to Conform with others, and show my self a Fool in Fashion.

Some Authors are meer Beaus in Writing, and Dress up each Maggotty Flirt that creeps from their Mouldy Fancy, with a fine Dedication, tho' to John-a-Nokes; and a long Preface to a little Matter,
like

To the Reader.

like an Aldermans Grace to a Scholar's Commons, thinking their Pigmy Products look as Naked without these Ornaments, as a Puritan without his Band, or a Whore without her Patches.

For my part I only use this Preamble, as a SowGelder does his Horn, that as by Hearing of the latter, you may give a shrewd guess at his Business; so by Reading of the former, you may rightly understand my Design, which I assure you in the first place, is not to Affront or Expose any Body; for all that I Propose is, to scourge Vice and Villany, without levelling Characters at any Person in particular. But if any unhappy Sinner, thro' the Guilt of his own Conscience, shall prove himself such an Ass, to take that Burthen upon his own Shoulders, which Hundreds in the Town have as much Right to bear as himself, he has no reason to be Angry with me, but may Thank himself, or his Destiny, for making his tender Back so fit for the Pack-Saddle.

T H E

T H E
London-Spy.

P A R T I.

The Introduction, shewing the Design. A Tavern Bar-keeper and Drawers Describ'd. The Spy entertain'd at Dinner by some Town-Sharpers. A Character of the Company. A Description of a Coffee-House. The Character of a Vertuosa. Observations on Mens growing Rich by Burying of their Wives, with Reflections on some Apothecaries. The Character of a certain Bookseller. Of the East-India Company. A Story of a Person of Quality, who Courted a Poor Woman. A Poet's Song against Musick. A Musician's against Poetry. A Copy of Verses to a Lady, with her Answer. The Madmans Flight.

AFTER a tedious Confinement to a Country Hutt, where I dwelt like *Diogenes* in his Tub, or an Owl in a Hollow-Tree, taking as much delight in my Books, as an *Alchymist* does in *Bellows*; till tired with seven Years search after Knowledge, I began to reckon with my self for my Time; and examine what a *Solomon* my diligent enquiry into the uncertain Guesles of our Fore-Fathers had made me; but soon fell upon the Opinion of *Socrates*, and found my self as much the Wiser, as if, like the Looby *Achilles*, I had spent my hours at a *Distaff*. This was no little Vexation to a Man of my Genius, to find my Brains loaded to no purpose, with as many Antiquated *Tringum Trangums* as are lodg'd in the Whimsical Noddle of an old *Astrologer*, and yet could
B make

make 'twice Ten no more than *Junior Soph*, or a *Chalk Accountant*. These Reflections put me into as great a Passion with my self, as a *Beau* when he dawbs his Clothes, or makes a false step in the Salutation of his Mistress, that I resolv'd to be no longer *Aristotle's Sump-ter-Horse*, or, like a *Tinkers-Ass*, carry a Budget for my Ancestors, stuff'd full of their Frenzical Notions, and the Musty Conceits of a parcel of dreaming *Prophets*, fabulous *Poets*, and old doating *Philosophers*; but shifted them off one by one, with a Fig for St. *Austin* and his Doctrines, a Fart for *Virgil* and his Elegancy, and a T—d for *Descartes* and his Philosophy: Till, by this means, I had rid my Brains of those troublesome Crotchets, which had rais'd me to the Excellence of being half Fool and half Madman, by studying the weighty difference between *Up-side-down* and *Top-side-turvey*, or to be more knowing in some such Nicety, than the rest of my Neighbours.

At last, I thank my Stars, I turn'd my Back-side upon Times-past, and began, like a wary Traveller, to look before me; and now having recover'd my Native Liberty, I found an Itching Inclination in my self to Visit *London*; and to shun the Censure of my Sober Country Friends, I Projected, for their Satisfaction, and my own Diversion, the following *Journal* wherein I purpose to expose the Vanities and Vices of the Town, as they shall by any Accident occur to my knowledge, that the Innocent may see by Reflection, what I gain by Observation and Intelligence, and not by Practice or Experience. With this Design I pursu'd my Journey, and the Second Day enter'd our *Metropolis*, with as much Wonder and Amazement, as the *Hatfield-Fiddler* did *Old-Nicks Palace* in the time of the *Christmas Holy-days*. I had just pass'd thro' *Aldgate*, like a *Ball* thro' the *Port* of a *Billiard-Table*, but by good Fortune met an old School-fellow, whom I found had lay'd down the *Gown*, and took up the *Sword*, being
Trick'd

Trick'd up in as much Gaiety as a *Dancing-Master* upon a *Ball-day*, or a Young *Sheriff* at a *County Assizes*. After we had mutually dispatch'd our Complements to each other, and I had Awkardly return'd, in Country *Scrapes*, his *All-a-mode* Bows and Cringes, he would needs prevail with me to Dine with him at a Tavern hard by, with some Gentlemen of his Acquaintance, which I, being an utter Stranger in the Town, very readily Embrac'd; he enter'd the Tavern first, like a Young 'Squire attended with his Fathers *Chaplin*; for a Black Coat and a Band, are as great signs of a *Parson* or a *Pedagogue*, as a *Blew-Frock* is of a *Butcher* or a *Tallow-Chandler*. Besides, my Hat, by often handling, being tug'd into the Canonical Flap, I look'd like a *Deacon* who had lay'd by his *Crape*, in order to the Re-baptising of his Soul in Claret, without the danger of being seen *Staggering* in his *Faith*, to the Scandal of his Function.

As soon as we came near the Bar, a thing started up all Ribbons, Lace and Feathers, and made such a Noise with her Bell and her Tongue together, that had half a dozen *Paper-Mills* been at work within three Yards of her, they'd have been no more than so many *Lutes* to a *Drum*, or Ladies *Farts* to a Peal of *Ordnance*, which alarm'd Two or Three nimble heeld Fellows aloft, who shot themselves down Stairs with as much *Celerity*, as a *Mountebanks Mercury* upon a *Rope*, from the Top of a *Church-Steeple*, every one charg'd with a mouthful of *Coming, Coming*. This suddain clutter at our Appearance, so surpriz'd me, that I look'd as silly as a Bumpkin Translated from the Plough-Tail to the Play-house, when it Rains-Fire in the *Tempest*, or when Don *John's* at Dinner with the *Subteranean* Assembly of terrible *Hobgoblins*: He that got the start, and first approach'd us, of these *Grey-bound-footed* Emissaries, desir'd us to walk up, telling my Companion, his Friends were above. Then, with a Hop, Stride, and
B 2 Jump,

Jump, ascended the Stair-Head before us, and from thence conducted us to a spacious Room, where about a dozen of my School-fellows Acquaintance were ready to receive us: Upon our Entrance they all started up, and on a suddain screw'd themselves into so many Antick Postures, that had I not seen them first Erect, I should have query'd with my self, whether I was fallen into the Company of *Men* or *Monkeys*.

This Accademical Fit of *Rigling Agility*, was almost over before I rightly understood the meaning on't; and found at last, they were only showing one another how many sorts of *Apes Gestures*, and *Fop's Cringes* had been invented since the *French Dancing-Master* undertook to teach our *English Gentry* to make *Scaramouches* of themselves; and Entertain their *Poor Friends*, and Pacify their *Needy Creditors* with *Complements* and *Congies*. When every Person, with abundance of Pains, had shown the ultimate of his Breeding, contending about a quarter of an hour, who should sit down first, showing great want of a *Herauld* to fix us in our proper Places, which with much difficulty being at last agreed on, we proceeded to a Whet of *Old Hock*, to sharpen our Appetites to our approaching Dinner. Tho', I confess (as to my own part) my Stomach was as keen already as a *Grey-Hounds* to his Supper after a Days Coursing, or a Miserly *Livery-Man's*, who has Fasted three Days to prepare himself for a *Lord-Mayors Feast*. The Honest Cook gave us no Leasure to tire our Appetites, by a tedious expectancy; for in a little time the Cloth was laid, and our first Course was usher'd up by the *Dominus Factotum*, in great order to the Table, which consisted of two *Calves-Heads* and a couple of *Geese*; I could not but Laugh in my Conceit, to think with what Judgement the *Caterer* had provided so lucky an Entertainment for so suitable a Company. After the Victuals was pretty well cool'd, in Complementing who should begin first, we all fell to;
and

and Efaith I found by their Eating, they were no ways affronted at their Fare; for in less time than an *Old Woman can crack a Nut*, we had not left enough to Dine the *Bar-boy*. The Conclusion of our Dinner was a stately *Cheshire Cheese*, of a Groaning Size, of which we devour'd more in three Minutes, than a Million of Maggots could have done in three Weeks. After Cheese comes nothing; then all we desir'd was a clear Stage and no Favour; accordingly every thing was whip'd away in a Trice, by so cleanly a Conveyance, that no *Jugler* by Vertue of *Hocus Pocus* cou'd have handed away his Balls with more Dexterity. All our empty Plates and Dishes were in an instant chang'd into full Quarts of *Purple Nectar*, and *Unsulled Glasses*: Then a Bumper to the *King* in general, another to the *Church* *Establisht* in particular, a third left to the Whimsy of the Toaster, till at last their Slippery Engines of *Verbosity*, coin'd Nonsense with such a facil fluency, that a parcel of *Alley Gossips* at a Christening, after the Sack has gone twice round, could not with their Tattling Tormentors be a greater Plague to a *Fumbling God-Father*, than their lame *Jests* and impertinent *Cunnundrums* were to a Man of my Temper. Oaths were as Plenty as *Weeds* in an *Alms-House Garden*, and in Triumph flew about from one to t'other, like *Squibs* and *Crackers* in *Cheap-side*, when the Cuckolds all-a-row march in Splendour thro' the City. But thanks to good Fortune, my Friend in a little time redeem'd me out of this Purgatory; perceiving my uneasiness, made an apology for our going; and so we took our Leaves. I offer'd to pay my Proportion, but the whole Body of the Society stood up, *Nemine Contradicente*, with a Thousand Thanks to me for my good Company, tho' I sat all the time as silent as a Quaker, unmov'd by the Spirit, at a *Hum Drum Meeting*. As we walk'd out we were attended by the whole Family to the Door, with as many Welcomes at our Arses, as a Man

has *Thank ye's* and *Lord Bless ye's* from a Gang of *Mummers* for a Pennyworth of Charity.

But as soon as we were got clear of our Noisie Flatterers, I began to ask of my Friend, what sort of generous Gentlemen those were who had so kindly Treated us? He smil'd at my Enquiry, and told me I could scarce Gness by what Measures they Bouy'd up such a seeming Grandeur. Did you take Notice (says he) of the Gentleman in a Blew Coat, Red-Stockings, Silver-hilted Sword, and Edg'd Hat, who sat at the upper end of the Table? He was a Sword-hilt Maker by his Trade, but prov'd so very Ingenious at his Tools, that he hath acquir'd the Art of Cutting Medals, or Stamps, and is mighty great with most of the Bankers and topping Goldsmiths about Town; you may guess from thence how he employs his Talent: He keeps his Brace of Geldings, and a great many brace of worse Cattle, living at the rate of a thousand Pounds a Year, and passes, to those that know him not, for a Gentleman of good account in the North of England, and his Bills will pass as Currant in Lombard-street, as the best Merchants in the City.

There was a handsome lusty young Fellow who sat next him, with a Wheel-Barrow full of Periwig on, and a whole Piece of Mullin about his Neck, and stunk as strong of Orange-Flower-Water, as a Spaniard does of Garlick. He was the other day but a Wine-Coopers Prentice; and a brisk young Dame in the City, who was forced by her Father to Marry an Old Merchant for the sake of his Riches, maintains him in that Equipage you see, for supplying the Defects of her feeble Husband, and now he is grown so Prodigal, that he won't wash his Hands in any thing but Juice of Oranges and Hungary-Water, Dines every Day at the Tavern, at the Play-House every Night, Stirs no where without a Coach; and has his Fencing-Master, Dancing-Master, Singing-Master, French-Master, and is as Compleat a City Beau (notwithstanding he was bred to the Add and Driver) as you shall see in Lombard-

bard-Street Church of a Sunday, or in Drapers-Garden an hour before Dinner-time.

If you observ'd, there was a little Demure Spark, in a Diminutive Cravat, and Fox-colour'd Wig, with a Hat as broad as an Umbrella, whose level Brims discover'd it was carefully preserv'd in that order by a Hat-Case and Smoothing-Iron: He seems greatly to affect Antiquity; you see by his Garb, tho' the Coat he has on has not been made above this two Months, yet he would have it in the Ancient Mode, with little Buttons, round Cuffs, narrow Skirt, and Pockets within two Inches of the bottom, as the most proper Fashion for his Business; and for all 'tis so scanty, he makes it serve him for a Cloak, with which he covers abundance of Shame, and a great deal of Knavery. He's an Incomparable Herauld, and will give you an exact Genealogy of most good Families in England; and has the Art of making himself a Kin, when he sees it convenient. To be short with you, he is one of those Gentile Mumpers, we call Cadators; he goes a Circuit round England once a Year, and under Pretence of a decay'd Gentleman, gets both Money and Entertainment at every good House he comes at. And if he has Opportunity to handsomely convey away a Silver Beaker, or a Spoon or two, he holds no long dispute with his Conscience about the Honesty of the matter; Then comes up to Town, and enjoys the benefit of his Rural Labours.

Another you needs must take particular notice of, that pluck'd out a pair of Pocket-Pistols, and laid them in the Window, who had a great Scar cross his Forehead, a twist-ed Wig, and lac'd Hat on; the Company call'd him Captain; he's a Man of considerable Reputation amongst Birds of the same Feather, who I have heard say thus much in his Praise, that he is as Resolute a Fellow as ever Cock'd Pistol upon the Road; and indeed I do believe he fears no Man in the World but the Hang-Man; and dreads no Death but Choaking. He's as generous as a Prince, treats any Body that will keep him Company; loves his Friend as

dearly as the Ivy does the Oak, will never leave him till he has Hug'd him to his Ruine. He has drawn in twenty of his Associates to be Hang'd, but had always Wit and Money enough to save his own Neck from the Halter. He has good Friends at Newgate, who give him now and then a Squeeze when he is full Juice; and give him their Words to stand by him, which he takes as a Verbal Policy of Insurance from the Gallows, till he grows Poor thro' Idleness, and then (he has Cunning enough to know) he may be Hang'd thro' Poverty. He's well acquainted with the Ostlers about Bishopsgate-Street, and Smithfield; and gains from them Intelligence of what Booties goe out that are worth attempting. He accounts them very honest Tikes, and can with all safety trust his Life in their Hands, for now and then Gilding their Palms for the good Services they do him. He pretends to be a Disbanded Officer, and reflects very feelingly upon the hard usage we poor Gentlemen meet with, who have hazarded our Lives and Fortunes for the Honour of our Prince, the Defence of our Country, and Safety of Religion; and after all to be Broke without our Pay, turn'd out without any consideration for the dangers and difficulties we have run thro'; at this rate, Wounds who the Devil wou'd be a Soldier? At such sort of Cant he is excellent, and utters himself with as little Hesitation, and as great Grace as a Town-Stallion when he Dissembles with his Generous Benefactress, who believes all he says to be as true as the Gospel.

He that sat over against him in the Plate-button'd Suit and White-Beaver Hat, is a kind of an Amphibious Rascal, a Compound of two sorts of Villany: He is one half Town-Trap, and the other half Sweetner. He always keeps at his beck three or four handsome young Wenches, well Equip'd, and in good Lodgings, who are all Modesty without, and nothing but Lewdness within; who can seem as Innocent as Doves, and be as Wicked as Devils. Whose Education from their Cradles, under some skillful Matron in Iniquity, have made

made them pleasant *Companions*, taking *Bedfellows*, expert *Filts*, incorrigible *Sinners*, and good managers of a *bad Design*: Who had *Whores* to their *Motbers*, *Rogues* to their *Fathers*, *Bawds* to their *Tutors*; and under a deceitful Countenance, are so *Case-harden'd* in *Impudence*, that they never were sorry for any thing, but that they were too Young to be *Whores*, when they were Old enough to endeavour it. These are his Working Tools, who by their Beauty, Youth, and Airyness, insinuate into the Affections of Young *Merchants*, *Shopkeepers Prentices*, &c. whose Juvenal Fury carries them too often into the Ruinous Embraces of these Treacherous Strumpets; who when with their Wanton-Tails seem most obliging to their Admirers, their Mercenary Thoughts are Projecting something to their Injury; like a *Water-lane Protestant*, who when at Church seems most Devout, is picking the Pocket of some over-Penitent Christian, who is so Zealous at his *Prayers*, that he neglects to *Watch*; and whilst he has God in his Heart, has the Devil fumbling about his Breeches.

He accounts them rare Cattle if they Calve once in a Year, for there's never a Child they have, but is worth two or three Hundred Pounds to him, besides By-Advantages he makes by their inspecting into the Affairs and Secrets of such whom they can manage; and when the Filthiness of their Practice hath render'd them like a *Path-way* by common *Treading*, Nasty and Infertile, he ransacks their Wardrobe, strips them of their Plumes, and Discards 'em; who are forc'd to fly to some common *Bawdy-House* for Refuge, and walk the Streets for Subsistence; thus Sin on in Publick Shame and Misery, till the Gallows or an Hospital, at last brings them to Repentance.

The other part of his Life is tricking People out of their Money by false *Dice* and *Cards*, which he handles with more gainful Dexterity than the *German Artist*;
and

and Preaches the *Parson* with such a fraudulent Deception of the Sight, that he will drain the Pockets of a large Company in six Minutes, as clean as the *Royal-Oak Lottery* shall in six Hours. He is often to be seen with a Country Cloath Coat on, all over Dirt, or according to the Weather, as if he had come a Fifty Mile Journey, tho' he's only Travel'd from *Salisbury Court* to *Smithfield*, where he keeps the Market as constantly as a Young Whore does *Bartholomew-Fair*, or an Old One the *Sacrament*; Looking in his Rustick Garb, as much like an Honest *Grasier*, as a *City Hypocrite*, in his Black Coat and Band, does like a *Good Christian*. He is constant to no sort of Dress, but changes his *Cloaths* as often as a Whimsical Woman does her *Mind*; and States-man like, always suits his Apparel to his Project: Being a rare Tongue-Pad, and excellent at these following Qualifications; He can out-flatter a *Poet*, out-huff a *Bully*, out-wrangle a *Lawyer*, out-cant a *Puritan*, out-criinge a *Beau*, out-face *Truth*, and out-lie the *Devil*. The rest that you see were a kind of *Supernumerary* Men, Assistants to the rest; who have not cunning enough to Project a piece of Roguery themselves, but like a well-meaning Brother, will lend a Shoulder to the Villany: The former are your rare *Sycamore Rogues*, who flourish and spread finely for a Season; and the other are the *Caterpillars* that hang upon 'em.

But, Pray, Old Acquaintance, said I, What is your Employment in the World, that you are so well acquainted with this Scandalous Society? Why, I'll tell you, says he, I study'd a little Physick at the University, and some small Knowledge in Surgery I gain'd since I came to Town, which the narrowness of my Fortune hath oblig'd me to the use of; and I have had most of these Dark Engineers you saw, my Patients; for they are seldom free from *Clap*, *Pox*, *Thumps*, *Cuts*, or *Bruises*; and Pay as generously for their Cure, as an
old

old Maid would do for a Nights Recreation with the Man she likes best; parting with *Pounds* to their *Surgeon*, as freely as Fools did with their *Pence* to the *Wheel of Fortune*.

Come, says my Friend, let us step into this *Coffee-House* here, as you are a Stranger in the Town, it will afford you some Diversion. Accordingly in we went, where a parcel of Muddling *Muck-worms* were as busie as so many *Rats* in an old *Cheese-Loft*; some Going, some Coming, some Scribling, some Talking, some Drinking, some Smoaking, others Jangling; and the whole Room stinking of Tobacco, like a *Dutch-Scoot*, or a *Boatswains Cabbin*. The Walls being hung with Gilt Frames, as a *Farriers-shop* with *Horse-shoes*; which contain'd abundance of Rarities, viz. *Nectar and Ambrosia*, *May-Dew*, *Golden-Elixirs*, *Popular-Pills*, *Liquid-Snuff*, *Beautifying-Waters*, *Dentifrices*, *Drops*, *Lozenges*, all as infallible as the Pope, Where every one (as the famous *Saffold* has it) above the rest, Deservedly has gain'd the Name of *Best*. Good in all cases, curing all Distempers; every Medicine being so *Catholick*, it pretends to nothing less than Universality: That indeed had not my Friend told me 'twas a *Coffee-house*. I should have took it for *Quacks-Hall*, or the *Parlour* of some Eminent *Mountebank*.

When we had each of us Stuck in our Mouths a Pipe of Sotweed, we began to look about us; do you mind (says my Friend) yonder old Sophister with an *Indian Pipe* between his Meager Jaws, who sits staring at the Candle with as much stedfastness as a Country Passenger at *Bow-Sseeple*, or a Child at a *Raree-show*, that's a strange Whimsie-headed Humorist; observe his Posture, he looks like the Picture of *Æsculapius* behind an *Apothecaries Counter*: And has as many *Maggots* in his *Noddle* as there are *Mice* in an old *Barn*, or *Nits* in a *Mumpers Doublet*. He has a wonderful Projecting Head, and has lately contriv'd one of the prettiest Pocket-

Pocket-Engines for the speedy Blanching of *Haste-Nuts* and *Filbert-Kernels*, that ever was invented ; he'll Crack and Skin Two for a Squirrels One ; and in few Years, by a little Alteration will improve it to the use of *Wallnuts*. I'll assure you, he's a Member of the *Royal Society*, and had as great a hand for many Years together, in bringing the *Weather-Glass* to Perfection, as any of them. He puts great Faith in the *Philosophers-stone*, and believes he shall one time or other be as Rich as *Croesus*, tho he has almost Beggar'd himself in the search on't. And has as large a pair of *Bellows* in his *Laboratory*, as ever an *Alchymist* in Town. He try'd a Notable *Experiment* the other day, in setting Fire to a large *Hay-stack* he had in the *Country*, and order'd the *Ashes* to be brought to Town, from whence he propos'd to prepare a Medicine, call'd *Sall-Graminis*, which should infallibly Cure all Distempers in *Horses*, and be the rarest Medicine for *Cows*, *Sheep*, or *Oxen*, and all sorts of Creatures that feed upon *Grass*, that any *Graiser* or *Farrier* can use in all such cases. But sending it up in an ill Season, the *Ashes* got wet in their Carriage, and quite lost their Virtue, that he was forc'd to sell them to a *West-Country Barge-Man* in order to Dung Land. But it's thought by the Wife, he might have sold it in the Hay to as good an advantage. He has abundance of Whims in him very remarkable ; he lives over-against a Church, that when he dies he might not have far to Travel upon four Mens Shoulders. As soon as the Clock begins Nine, if he gets not his Shoes off before it has done Striking, in order for Bed, he is immediately seiz'd with such a violent Fit of the *Gout*, that he roars like a *Tower-Lyon* at a Woman going with *Male-Child*. If he is not up just as the Clock strikes Five in the Morning, he thinks himself Bedridden. If his Victuals be not brought to the Table whilst the Clock goes Twelve, he Eats nothing all that Day ; his Stomach is always at the *Meridian* height the same time

time as the Sun is; and if he finds by his Observation, it's Declin'd, he is as much out of Humour for letting slip the Critical Minute, as a Married Lady (without Children to employ her Thoughts) is for losing of her Lap-dog. He's a wonderful Antiquary, and has a Closet of Curiosities out-does *Gresham-Colledge*: He tells ye, that he has the Tooth-picker of *Epicurus*, which he always us'd after Eating; it is made of the Claws of an *American Humming-Bird*; and is to be us'd like a *Rake*, and will pick four Teeth at once. He has *Diogenes's* Lanthorn, which he carry'd about *Athens* at Noon-day to seek for an Honest-man. He says he has some of *Heracitus's* Tears, which drop'd from him in a hard Winter, and are Frozen into Chrystal; they are set in a Locket, and every time any Body looks upon it, they cannot forbear Weeping. Also a Tenpenny Nail drawn out of the Ark; and tho' it's Iron, toss it into a Tub of Water, and 'twill Swim like a Feather; he pretends to have one of *Judas's* Thirty Pence; and every time he looks upon't, he is ready to Hang himself. A mighty Collection of these sort of Trinkets, he tells the World he's Master of, and some give Credit to his Ridiculous Romances.

Mind that Spark who is just come in, Four Years since his Reputation was but slender; and in so little a time he has had Three Wives, and all good Fortunes to him, and now is look'd upon to be Worth Ten Thousand Pounds. 'Tis observ'd, said I, that Money is thrown into the very Mouths of Fortunes Minions; and some Men must grow Rich, if all the lucky accidents that Chance can give, will make them so. My Friend, in pursuance to this particular, express'd himself to this purpose, That he believ'd there was some foul Play practic'd, because (says he) it is a thing so common in this City, for a Man to grow Rich by Plurality of Wives, and send them one after another so Methodically to the Grave, as if he had a slight of Transferring

Transferring them to another World, a little before their time: For I must confess, says he, I know an *Apothecary*, who if a Man will trust him with the Care of his Family, once in a Twelve Months time he'll take an Opportunity to do him such a piece of Service, if he gives him but the least Item of his slender Affections towards his *Help-mate*. And I have often heard him say, that Women are always the best Patients, especially if they Die under his hands; for then, says he, let me make never so unreasonable a Bill, it's never disputed, but generously satisfied, with as good a Will as a Married Man pays the Tax for the Birth of his first Child, or an Extravagant Heir the charges of his Fathers Funeral.

Mind the little Blade in the *Cloak*, that's talking to a *Parson*; he's a *Bookseller* in this *City*, and has got an Estate by *Starving* of Authors. I'll warrant you, the Priest has been *Conjuring* his Brains together, and has rais'd some wonderful Work to the *Churches* Glory and his own Fame. He has been providing a *Scourge* for the *Popes* Jacket, or a *Cudgel* for Antichrist; or else a Mess of good *Protestant Porridge* to scald the Mouth of an Unbeliever; or some such Business. But as to the *Wit-monger*, I'll tell you, he's as honest a Man as ever betray'd his Trust, or Built his own Wellfare upon the hazard of anothers Ruine; he was appointed Trustee for a Young Gentlewoman, and had the charge of an Estate of between two or three Hundred Pounds *per Annum*, which he has very carefully secured to himself by Marrying her to his Prentice, and obliging him upon that consideration to buy his Stock; whereby he became well pay'd for a great deal of *Waste-Paper*: So he is crept into the Estate, and they are got into his Books for it. There is abundance of such sort of *Plain-dealing* practicable amongst our worthy *Citizens*: for you must know they do not always tell Truth in their Shops, or get their Estates by their Honesty. Being

Being half choak'd with the Steem that arose from their Soot-colour'd *Ninny-Broth*, their stinking Breaths, and Suffocating Fumes of their Nasty *Puffing-Engines*, my Friend and I pay'd for our *Mahometan-Gruel*, and away we came; and passing along *Leaden-Hall-street*, I saw some Ships Painted upon the out-side of a great Wall, which occasion'd me to enquire of my School-fellow what place that was? He told me, 'twas the House belonging to the *East-India Company*, which are a Corporation of Men with Long Heads and Deep Purses; who had purchas'd that with their Money, that no-Body ought to sell; and dealt in those Commodities to get Money, which it's pity any Body should Buy. They are very Rich in *England*, and very Poor in the *Indies*: Were a *Schedule* of their Effects Drawn on one side, and their *Indian-Debts* Scor'd on the other, it is believ'd more Bad Debts would arise upon the Reverse, then are due to Trades-Men from all the Persons of Quality in Town, or perhaps then were ever found owing to either Army or Navy; which they have neither Will to Pay, or Power to Satisfie, to the great Honour of *Christianity* in so *Heathenish* a Country. There are two Companies now, and it's greatly hop'd by many Honest Traders and Merchants in the City, that they may luckily prove the Breaking of each other; both have sent Ships to the *Indies*, and 'tis thought they will give one another a warm Salutation by the way, and maintain the Truth of the old Proverb, *That two of a Trade can never agree.*

Pray take Notice (says my Friend) of that Gentleman that is steping into his Coach, I will tell you a pretty Story of him: There was a Poor Woman, not far from this Place, who Sold Earthen-Ware, and had lately the good Fortune to have a Rich Relation Die, and leave her worth Forty Thousand Pounds; which he bearing on (tho' a Man of considerable Quality) thought

thought it a Bait worth Snapping at; in order to which, he became one of her Earliest Suitors, and was very Importunate with her to have the *Cracking* of her *Pipkin*; but she soon gave him a Repulse, and told him Man was an *Earthen Vessel*, too brittle for her to deal in; and she had heard he had a great many *Flaws* in his *Fortune*, which she would not be at the Expence of mending; and since she had never received any Testimonials of his Affection before the happy change of her Condition, she had Reasons to believe his desires tended to Money, and not her Person, and therefore would not be made a Lady at so great an Expence. Adding, his Pretensions would be ineffectual, and hop'd he would give himself no farther Trouble; assuring him as her Mind was Stedfast, so would his Pains be Fruitless. Upon which, he feign'd a Melancholy humour; and Sighing like a Man at his Wives Funeral, told her his Passion was so great for her, that unless she gave him a more satisfactory Answer, he would Drown himself in the *Tower-Ditch*. To which she reply'd, Smiling, Perhaps Sir, You propose that to your self, which is not in your Power to do, you know not but Heaven has Decreed for you a *Dryer Destiny*. Upon which, he rose in a great Passion, crying, *Zounds, Madam! Do you think I'll Hang my Self?* And so departed.

Now, says my School-fellow, we'll spend the Evening in a chearful Glass; here's a Tavern hard by, where a parcel of pleasant Companions of my Acquaintance use, we'll see what Diversion we can find in their Society. Accordingly we stept in, and in the Kitchen found half a dozen of my Friends Associates, in the height of their Jollitry, as Merry as so many *Cantabridgians* at *Sturbridge-Fair*, or *Coblers* at a *Crispins Feast*. After a Friendly Salutation, free from all Foppish Ceremonies, down we sat; and when a Glass or two round had given fresh Motion to our drousy

drousy Spirits, and abandon'd all those careful thoughts which makes Man's Life uneasy, Wit begot Wit, and Wine a Thirsty Appetite to each Succeeding Glass: Then open were our Hearts, and Unconfin'd our Fancies; my Friend and I contributed our Mites to add to the Treasure of our Felicity. Songs and Catches Crown'd the Night, and each Man in his Turn pleased his Ears with his own Harmony. Amongst the rest, we had one Song against *Musick*, which because of its being the first *Essay* in that Nature, I have thought it worth Inserting.

A Song against *Musick*.

MUSICK's a Crotchet the Sober think Vain;
The Fiddle's a Wooden Projection;
Tunes are but flirts of a Whimsical Brain,
Which the Bottle brings best to Perfection.
Musicians are Half Witted, Merry and Mad;
The same are all those that admire 'em;
They're Fools if they Play, unless they're well Paid;
And the others are Blockheads to Hire-'em.

Chorus.

The Organ's but Humming
Theorbo but Thrumming,
The Viol and Voice
Is but Jingle and Noise.
The Bagpipe and Fiddle,
Goes Twedle and Diddle,
The Hoit-boy and Flute
Is but Toot a Toot Toot;
Your Scales and your Cliffs, Keys, Moods, and dull Rules,
Are fit to please none but Madmen and Fools.

The Novelty of this Whimsie gave great Diver-
C sion

sion to the whole Company, except one, who was by Nature a *Poet*; but having Fortune to his Nurse, The Blind Maulkin, careless of her charge, dropt him from her Lap, bruis'd the Noddle of the tender Babe, and made his Fancy Ricketty; numb'd his Faculties, and so Eclips'd his Genius, that he dwindled into a Musician.

Who being as angry as a *Tom-Turd-Man*, to hear his Profession so disparag'd, resolv'd immediate Revenge upon the Author; calls for Pen and Ink, and went to work with as much Eagerness and Inveteracy as a *Person*, when he Writes an order to his Attorney to sue a Parishioner for neglected Tythes. After some intervals of deliberation (wherein he sat like a *Vertuosa* at a *Philosophical Lecture*) this following Crotchet started from his Brain, like *Æsops* Mouse from the Mountain, to the great Laughter of the whole Company.

A Song by a Musician against Poetry.

Poetry's Fabulous, Loose, and Prophane;
 For Truth you must never depend-on't;
 It's Juvenal Froth of a Frenzical Brain,
 Hung with Jingling Tags at the end-on't.
 Poets are poor, full of Whimsie and Flight,
 For Amorous Fops to delight-in;
 They're Fools if they write, 'less they get Money by't,
 And they're Blockheads that pay 'em for Writing.

Chorus.

Their soft Panegyric
 Is Praise beyond Merit
 Their Lampoon and Satyr
 Is Spight and Ill-nature;

Their

Their Plays and Romances,
Are Fables and Fancies ;
Their Drolls and their Farces,
Are bald as our Arses.

*Their Figures and Similies only are fit,
To please the Dull Fool that gives Money for Wit.*

This rais'd amongst the whole Society such an evil Spirit of Poetry, that it began to have as much Power over us, as the Devil has over a Gang of *Lapland* Witches. We now (*Ovid*-like) were so highly inspir'd, we could scarce Speak without Rhime and Measure; and every one, like a Country Fellow at a *Foot-Ball Meeting*, was for showing what he could do, or telling what he had done. Amongst which, these following Verses were lugg'd out of a *Pocket Library*, Written upon this Occasion, as the Author insinuated to the Company, That being Blest with the Conversation of some Young Ladies, and one whose Wit and Beauty were aspiring above the rest, knowing he had some little Fancy in Poetry, told him she took it very unkindly of him, that he never thought her Worthy of his *Muses Notice*. To which he reply'd, That he was at all times provided to oblige so fair a Lady. Adding, If she would be pleas'd to lend him a Pen and Ink, he would take a Copy of her Perfections, while she was there ready to sit for her Picture; which she very nimbly plac'd upon the Table, with a pleasing Expectancy of being at least Flatter'd to her great Glory, as well as Satisfaction. Upon which he oblig'd her with these following Lines.

MAdam how great and good your Vertues are,
I can't well tell, nor truly do I care;
Nor can that Wit which you from Plays have stole,
Admired be by any but a Fool;

Who may perhaps thro' his weak Judgment own
 That you have Sense, 'cause he himself has none;
 Believe I no such wrong Opinion hold,
 I can discern false Metal from true Gold.
 Your ill-tim'd Jests, so sharp in your Conceit,
 Are spoil'd, for want of Judgment to Repeat;
 Like an Unskilful Play'r, who Lames each Line,
 Which by the Poet Read or Spoke, is fine.

If you have Wit, which you can boast your own,
 Let it in some Return to this be shown;
 Or I (Proud Lady Fair) shall justly think you've none. }

This he presented to the Lady, who upon the first
 glance, Blush'd at her Disappointment; run into her
 Closet fir'd with Indignation and Revenge, soon shew-
 ing the pregnancy of her Wit, by the speediness of her
 Answer, which I have also given you.

TWO lively Figures in one piece you've shown,
 A True-bred Poet, and an Ill-bred Clown;
 Vertues, not understood by you, I boast;
 Such that in our weak Sense are valu'd most;
 As Truth, Good-Nature, Manners, tho' not Wit,
 Graces that never Crown'd a Poet yet.
 To Rail at a weak Woman, is a strain,
 Does little Merit in its Wit contain;
 It may be like a Scribler, but unlike a Man.
 A Self Opinion from your Lines I'll raise,
 And Fancy you discover'd in my Face
 Vertues beyond your Reach, and so above your Praise.
 As envious Beggars spitefully disdain,
 And rail at Blessings which they can't obtain. }

Tho' I'm abus'd, yet I'll good Natur'd be,
 And beg for once you'll take Advice by me,
 Much rather let your Wit in Silence rest,
 Than lose a Friend, or Mistress for a Jest:

*Mix Manners and Good Nature with your parts,
And you'll deserve more Thanks and win more Hearts.*

This being the Product of a Female Genius, was very much admir'd by our whole Assembly of Poetasters, who are always so favourable to the Fair Sex, to seem as much opinionated of what they Write, as a *Fond Father* is of the Witty Sayings of his own Progeny: It being as natural for a Poet to doat upon *Woman*, as 'tis for a *Hound* to love *Horse-Flesh*. And I must confess, whenever we rail at 'em, it is more for their *Vertues* than their *Vices*; for the latter we are as busie to seduce them to, as the rest of our Neighbours, and are never very angry with them, but for denying us what they impart to others; or when by their Prudence they secure that Treasure to themselves at which we want to be Nibbling. A Pretty Woman is but a piece of Heavens Poetry, wherein as many Changes are to be seen, as in *Ovids Metamorphosis*; and whenever she's Attempted to be Read by our Earthly Sons of *Apollo*, she is found a Crabbed piece, and the measure of her *Verse* too long for Humane Scanning.

Another in the Company, being willing to contribute something to our Mirth and Pastime, communicated to the Board this Poem in Manuscript, writ by a Fellow in *Bedlam*, who run Mad thro' Ambition, and fancy'd himself a *King*, but not being contented with the *Government* of his Sublunary Dominions, was Ambitious (as you will find by his *Lunatick Raptures*) of Conquering larger Territories above the Moon, or some where whither his Frenzy led him. Therefore as the *Poetick Pill-maker* says in his Learned Works, *Read, Try, Judge, and Speak as you find.*

The Madmans Flight.

*Could I the Scepter of Heaven sway,
And make Dame Nature my Commands obey,
The Ocean I'd unbound, and Quench the Fiery Day.*

Fearing no Thunder could from Jove be hurl'd,
I'd then in Darkness Ravage thro' the World:
Till met by Devils in Amazing throngs,
Who Poking stand with their Infernal Prongs:
Shrieking like Souls oppress'd, I'd bid 'em come;
And stare so fierce I'd brazen out my Doom;
Knowing my Soul is too Divine an Air,
For Fiends or Devils to torment or tear;
I'd forwards press, and to repulse my Aim,
Would drive those Hellish Tribes from whence they came.

Then mount to Heaven, and kindle up the Sun,
To see what Mischiefs I on Earth had done,
Behold, like Cruel Tyrants with Delight,
The Crimson Ills that stain'd the sable Night.
My Power, like theirs, I'd Build on others Fate,
And Glory in Black Deeds that made me Great.
When I thro' all these Purple Crimes had run,
That cou'd be by unbounded Greatness done,
Then the bright Chariot of the Sun I'd Seize,
And drive it where my God-like Soul shou'd please.
The Moon wou'd I compel to be my Guide;
Thus splendidly thro' Heaven wou'd I ride,
There buff and strut, and kick the Gods aside.
In my Career, my Fury to Expose,
I'd cast down Stars upon the Heads of those,
Whom either Fate or Choice had made my Foes.

And then the Demons of the Air to scare,
The Clouds in sundry pieces wou'd I tare,
And puff 'em up like Bubbles in the Air:
I'd jostle Clouds, Heavens Harmony Confound,
And make each Flaming Orb march nimbly round.
If any Bold Olympian Cent'nel dare,
Question my Office, or my Business there,
Or if against me offer to Rebel,
I'd grasp his Air, and strike him down to Hell.

Thus by Degrees wou'd I the Gods Unthrone,
Till Heaven shou'd at last become my own.

Then

*Then to demolish Earth's Infernal Crew,
I'd Damn this Old World, and Create a New.*

This Frantick piece of Bombast pleas'd wonderfully: No *Prophane Jest* to an *Atbeist*, or *Bawdy Story* to an *Old Batchelour*, could have been more acceptable. One commended the Loftiness of the Fancy; another the Aptness of the Language; a Third the Smoothness of the Verse; that the *Madman* had like to have run away with the *Bays* from us all, had not one in the Company been an *Author in Print*, to the great applause of the whole Nation, who if he would have worn as much *Bays* as the common vogue of the People had given him a Title to, his Head wou'd have appear'd as fine as a *Countrey Casement* in the midst of *Christmas Holydays*.

By this time the Nimble Spirits of the reviving Juice, had sufficiently enliven'd the Noblest of our Faculties; and had seiz'd our Brains as their proper Throne, to hold a Sovereign sway over the Dominions of the Flesh: Driving our weak reason by a Power invisible, and making her become a Subject till the next Morning.

My Friend and I thought it high time to take our Leaves; which after the Payment of our Clubs, we did accordingly, agreeing to give our selves the Pleasure of two or three hours Ramble in the Streets. Having spent the time at the *Tavern* till about Ten a Clock with Mirth and Satisfaction. We were now desirous of prying into the dark Intrigues of the Town, to experiment what Pastime the Night-Accidents, the Whims and Frolicks of *Staggering Bravado's* and *Stroling Strumpets*, might afford us. An Account of which we shall give you in our next.

T H E
London-Spy.

P A R T II.

Remarks upon the Salt-Peter-House near Islington. On Head-Dressers Shops. A Description of the Widdow's Coffee-House, with its Furniture and Guests. Of a couple of Jilts. Of Flogging Cullies. Of a Child found in a Basket, and a Constables Learned Speech on that Occasion. Of the City Waits. Of the City-Black-Guards. A Description of a Constables going the Rounds. On the Dark-House at Billingsgate; with the Diver-ting Conversation of the Fish-women, Seamen and others. Of an Exchange-Commodity-Broker; and what Fortunes he had at his Disposal.

A Cording to the Wisdom of our Fore-fathers, we have carefully taken the Old Gentleman by by the Fore-lock; for tho' we thought it Ten a Clock when we left the Blessings of dear *Hymen's* Palace, yet, by the Night, it prov'd but the *Misers* Bed-time. The Modest Hour of Nine being now proclaim'd by *Times Oracle* from every Steeple: and the Joyful Alarm of *Bow-Bell* call'd the weary Apprentices from their Work to their Paring-shovels, to Unhitch their *Folded Shutters*, and Button up their *Lying Sanctuaries*, their Shops, till the next Morning; wherein there are more *Untruths* asserted in one day, then *False Oaths* taken in *Westminster Hall* in a whole Term. Their Masters having more Canting Reservations to indemnify their Consciences from the danger of Def-
ceitful

ceitful Protestations, than an old Strumpet, or a Plot Evidence; being more afraid of *Breaking*, than they are of *Damning*; for indeed, that Trader thinks he has made but an Ill-Market, that cannot save himself.

The Streets were all adorn'd with dazzling Lights whose bright reflect so glitter'd in my Eyes, that I could see nothing but themselves. Thus walk'd amaz'd, like a wandering Soul in its Pilgrimage to Heaven, when he passes thro' the Spangled Regions.

My Ears were Serenaded on every side, with the Grave Musick of sundry *Passing Bells*, the rattling of Coaches, and the melancholly Ditties of Hot Bak'd *Wardens* and *Pippins*, that had I had as many Eyes as *Argos*, and as many Ears as *Fame*, they would have been all confounded, for nothing could I see but *Light*, and nothing hear but *Noise*.

We had not walk'd the usual distance between a *Church* and an *Ale-House*, but some Odoriferous *Civet Box* perfum'd the Air, and saluted our Nostrils with so refreshing a Nosegay, that I thought the whole City (*Edenborough* like) had been over-flow'd with an inundation of Surreverence. By and by came thundering by us a rumbling Engine in the Dark, which I took for a Dead-mongers Waggon, laden with a Stinking Corps, by reason of long keeping, driving Post-haste to the next Church-Yard, in order for Interrment: But was soon undeceiv'd by my Friend, who told me 'twas a *Gold-finders* Caravan, carrying Treasure to their *Land-Bank* by the *Salt-Peter Houses*. The Projectors of which Notable design (says my Friend) have at no small expence, discover'd the Fallacy of an old Proverb, and can (by your leave Sir) by sound Reason and true Experience deny *Shitten Luck to be good Luck*. For after Two or Three Thousand Pounds disbursement, to turn a *T——d* into *Gunpowder*, they found
their

their Project would not signifie a *Fart*. Which if their designing Noddles could have brought to perfection, our *Foes* then, like *Themselves* now, would have doubtless been in a very Stinking Condition.

As we stumbled along, my Friend bid me take Notice of a Shop, wherein sat three or four very provoking Damsels, with as much Velvet on their Backs, as would have made a *Burying-Pall* for a *Country Parish*, or a *Holiday Coat* for a *Physician*; being Glorify'd at bottom with Gold Fringes, that I thought at first they might be Parsons Daughters, who had Borrow'd their Fathers *Pulpit-Cloths*, to use as Scarfs, to go a Visiting in; each with as many Patches in her *Market-Place*, as are *Spots* in a *Leopards Skin*, or *Freckles* in the Face of a *Scotchman*.

I ask'd my Friend what he took them for? Who answer'd, They were a kind of First Rate *Punks* by their Rigging, of about a Guinea purchase. I further queried, what reason he had to believe them to be *Leachery Layers*? He reply'd, because they were sitting in a *Head-Dressers-Shop*; which, says he, is as seldom to be found without a *Whore*, as a *Bookjellers-Shop* in *Paul's Church Yard* without a *Parson*.

Come, says my Friend, we'll call here hard by, at the *Widows Coffee-House*, and Drink a Dish or two, I have some Female Patients that use the House, who are a little in my Debt, and if the Lewdness of the Town has thrown a Cully in their way, they may chance to be able to make me satisfaction.

Accordingly we blunder'd thro' a long dark Entry of an Ancient *Fabrick*; groping a way like Subteranean Labourers in the Caverns of a *Colepit*, till we found the Stairs, which were rais'd as perpendicular as a *Tilers Ladder*, that had I not the use of a Rope, which was Nailed alongst the Wall, as a Clue to Guide me, I could have climb'd a *Country May-Pole*, or have crawl'd up the *Buttock Shrowds* of one of *Her Majesties First-Rates*,

Rates, with less danger and difficulty. At last an old Weather-beaten *Cerberus* came to the Stair-head with a Candle, which to me was as Welcome as a Link in a dark Night to a stumbling Drunkard, or Moonshine (when near Land) to a doubtful Mariner, saluting us with *Lord, Gentlemen, why did you not call to be Lighted up? I protest, I thought there had been a Candle upon the Stairs, but my careless Baggage is so Lazy, she minds nothing as she should do; she's but lately come out of the Country, and runs staring about like a Bumpkin in Paul's Church, or a Libertine in a Conventicle.*

With this sort of Talk she usher'd us into the Coffee-Room; where, at the Corner of a long Table, next her Elbow-Chair, lay a large old Bible open, with her Spectacles upon it; next to it a *Quartern Pot*, two or three Stone Bottles, a Rowl of Plaister, and a Pipe of Tobacco, a Handful of Fire in a Rusty Grate, with a Pint Coffee-Pot before it, and a Green Earthen Chamber-Pot in the Chimney Corner. Over the Mantle Tree, Two Bastard Dishes, a Patch-Box and a Syrrenge. On a little Shelf, amongst Viols and Galley-Pots, half a dozen long Bottles of *Rosa Solis*; with an Advertisement of a rare *White-wash* for the Face nail'd on one side; and a brief account of the Excellencies of Doctor *John C——se's* Pills for the speedy cure of a violent *Gonorrhea*, without loss of time or hindrance of Business, on the other; a *Soldiers Scimiter*, *Musket*, and *Cattooch-Box*; behind the Door, a *Head-Dressers Block*, and a *Quart Pot* (as terrible as a *Deaths-Head*, and an *Hour-glass*) stood frightfully in the Window. Also an old fashion'd Clock in Case, but as silent as a Corps in a Coffin. Next which hung the Reverend Print of the *Seven Golden Candlesticks*; and against that a *Commode*, adorn'd with a Scarlet Top-knot; under it an Abstract of the Acts of Parliament against *Drinking*, *Swearing*, and all manner of *Prophaness*. A broken Floor, like an old Stable, Windows mended with *Brown-Paper*; and bare Walls full of Dust and Cobwebs. After

After I had walk'd about, and taken a compleat view of this Antiquated Sodom, I set my self down; but of a sudden felt such a trembling in the *Fabrick*, that the Windows Jarr'd, the Fire Irons Jingled, in short all things in the Room seem'd to be in Motion, and kept time, with a tinkling noise, like a *Tumbrel* in a *Morris Dance*; that had I not been furnish'd with some reasons to suspect the contrary, I should have been under the frightful Apprehensions of an Earthquake. But in a little time the violent Pulsation, that had given an *Ague* to the whole House, was over, and all things were again reconcil'd to their former rest. Presently after came down Stairs, from a loftier Apartment, reserv'd for Private Uses, a couple of Airy Youths, who by their *Crop'd Hair*, *Stone Buckles* in their *Sbooes*, *Broad Gold Hatbands*, and no *Swords*, I took to be *Merchants Sons*, or the *Apprentices* of topping *Traders*. They stay'd not above a minute in the Coffee-Room, but, Magpie like, ask'd, what's a Clock? Then made their Honours after the newest Fashion, and so departed.

My Friend by this time (knowing the Entertainment of the House) had call'd for a Bottle of *Cock-Ale* of which I tasted a Glass, but could not conceive it to be any thing but a mixture of *Small Beer* and *Treacle*. If this be *Cock Ale*, said I, ee'n let *Cocks-Combs* Drink it. Prithee give me a Glass of Brandy, or something that will Dart *Lightening* into my *Spirits*, and not fill my *Guts* with *Thunder*. With that the Reverend Doctress of Debauchery (after she had approv'd my choice with a chearful Smile) signified her Sympathising Appetite, in these words, *Sir, you are of my mind, I think there's nothing like a Dram of true Nantz, or some such-like comfortable Cordial; of the former indeed I have none, by reason of its Scarcity, but I have an excellent Distillation of my own preparing, which some call Aqua Veneris: It will*
restore

restore an old Man of of Threescore, to the Juvenality of Thirty, or make a Girl at Fourteen, with Drinking but one Glass, as ripe as an old Maid of Twenty Four. 'Twill make a Parson Dance Sallingers-round, a Puritan lust after the Flesh, and a Married Man Oblige his Wife oftener in one Night, than without it he shall be able to do in Seven. I sell it to most Citizens Wives in Town, who are seldom without it in their Closet, to oblige their Husbands or Gallants. For tho' I say it, that should not, it's the best Cordial to strengthen a weak Appetite, drank a little before Bed-time, in the World. Here Priscilla, bring the Gentleman a Quartan. Just as a Cup of Corroboration was moving round, who should bolt down Stairs from Fools Paradise above, but a couple of Mortal Angels as nimble as Squirrels, with Looks as Sharp, and Eyes as Piercing as a Tigers, who, I suppose, after rump-ling their Feathers in a hot Engagement, had staid to rectifie their disorder'd Plumes, and make ready for a fresh Encounter: They presently saluted my Friend, as the Devil did Doctor Edwards, with you Servant Doctor. He return'd their Compliment, and desir'd their Company; which they as readily Granted, as a Fortuneless Jilt her consent to Matrimony, or a poor Scholar his Company to a Treat.

By the help of Paint, Powder, and Patches, they were of a Wax-work Complexion: And thus drest, their under-Petticoats were White Dimity Flourished, like a Turkey work Chair, or a Fools Doublet, with Red, Green, Blew, and Yellow. Their Pin-up Coats of Scotch Plads, adorn'd with Bugle Lace; and Gowns of Printed Calico; but their Heads drest up to the best Advantage, as a Vintners Bar-keeper, or a Parsons Wife upon an Easter Sunday. These, I suppose Devil like, would play at small Game rather than stand out, and sooner condescend to the Acceptance of a Shilling, than want Employment.

By that time we had sip'd off our Nipperkin of my
Grannums

Granums *Aqua Mirabilis*, our Airy Ladies grew so very *Mercurial*, they could no longer contain their feign'd Modesty, but launch'd out into their accustomary Wantonness; and show'd us as many whimsical Fagaries, and diverting Pranks, as a young Monkey with a Mouse at his Tail, or an Owl upon a Duck's Back in the Water.

This Familiarity encourag'd my Friend to a further freedom, who took the boldness upon him to ask her if Trading had been so good of late, that she could pay the arrears due upon her last Misfortune. To which she reply'd, *The Lord confound your Devices, for a Twat-Scouring Pimp, I owe you none till the breaking out of the next Fire. Did not I agree with you, when first we dealt together, to pay you one Cure under another; and therefore the last is not due till I next want your assistance? Pray Mr. Emplaistrum, don't you come that upon me neither, for I am sure I have paid you hitherto as generously as any Patient of my Quality that ever you give Pill or Bolus to; and have done you, and your Profession, as much Service as any of my Function that Trade between Aldgate and Temple-Barr. You know when I was in keeping, I let you have Money to redeem your Plaister-Box, when I ow'd you not a Groat; and I have had nothing in return of my Kindness, as I know on, but a little Roman Vitriol for a Shanker, or a piece of Orrice-root for my Issue; therefore you need not be so sharp with me neither.*

This Impudence so silenc'd my Friend, that he look'd as Tame as a *City Cuckold* chid by his Wife; and as Dumb as a Statue: Being glad to appease her fury by calling for 'tother Quartan, which before we had Drank, who should grovel up Stairs, but, seemingly, a Sober Citizen, in Cloke and Band, about the Age of Sixty. Upon which the old Mother of the Maids, call'd hastily to Priss, and whispering ask'd her if there were any Rods in the House? I sitting just by, overheard the Question: The Wench answer'd, *Yes, yes,*
You

You know I fetch'd six Penny worth but Yesterday. Upon the Entrance of this grave *Fornicator*, our Ladies withdrew themselves from our Company, and retir'd like *Modest Virgins* to their Secret Work-room of Iniquity; and left the old Sinner, in the *Winter* of his *Leachery*, to warm his *Grey-hairs* with a dram of Invigorating Cordial, whilst we pay'd our Reckoning, were lighted down Stairs, and left the Lustful Satyr (to the shame of his Age) a Prey to the two Strumpets; who I believe, found himself in a much worse Condition than a *Breech* between two Stools, or *Lot* in Sodom, between the Merry Cracks his Buxom Daughters.

Time now, like a skilful Gamster, had just nick'd Seven; and each Parochial *Jack* of *Lanthorn*, was croaking about Streets the hour of Eleven. The Brawny Topers of the City began now to forsake the Tavern, and Stagger hauling, after a *Poop Lanthorn*, to their own Houses. *Augusta* appear'd in her Mourning-weeds; and the glittering *Lamps* which a few Hours before sparkled like *Diamonds*, fix'd as Ornaments to her Sable Dress, were now dwindled to a glimmering *Snuff*, and burnt as dim as Torches at a Prince's Funeral. Strumpets in the Streets were grown a scarce Commodity, for the danger of the Counter had drove them home to their own poor sinful Habitations; where nothing dwells but *Shame*, *Poverty* and *Misery*, the *Devil* and *Themselves*.

We now were at a stand which way to move; at last my Companion propos'd the *Dark-houses* at *Billingsgate*: Where, he told me, we need not question, amongst the various humours of the *Maritime Mobility*, but to find abundance of Diversion. Besides, when our Faculties should grow tired with our Pastime, and Nature (for the Refreshment of our drowsie *Microcosms*) should require rest, we could there have the conveniency of a Bed to repose our weary Members.

Accord-

Accordingly we thither steer'd our Course; and by the way, I ask'd him what was the meaning when the *Old Leacher* came into the Coffee-Room, that *Mother Beelzebub* ask'd the Wench whether they had any *Rods* in the House? He smil'd at my Question; and told me he believ'd he should discover a new Vice to me which I scarce had heard of.

That Sober seeming Saint, says he, is one of that Classis in the *Black School of Sodomy*, who are call'd by Learned Students in the Science of Debauchery, Flogging Cullies. This unnatural Beast gives Money to those Stumpets which you see, and they down with his Breeches and Scourge his Privities till they have laid his Leachery. He all the time begs their Mercy, like an Offender at a Whipping-Post, and beseeches their forbearance; but the more importunate he seems for their favourable usage, the severer Vapulation they are to exercise upon him, till they find by his Beastly Extasie, when to with-hold their Weapons.

We had not proceeded far towards our intended Harbour, but at the door of an Eminent Shop-keeper in *Grace-Church-street*, we heard, as we thought, the unsavory Squallings of some Nocturnal Revellers, call'd Cats, Summoning with their untunable Bagpipes, the Neighbouring Mouse-hunters to their merry meeting. But by the help of a Watchmans Lanthorn, who met us in the Passage, we discover'd a Hand-Basket; from whence we conceiv'd proceeded this ingrateful Discord. *Hey day*, says the Watchman, *What, in the Name of the Stars, have we got Here? The unhappy Fruits of some-Bodies Labours I'll warrant you, who had rather get ten Bastards than Provide for one.* He opens the Wicker Hammock, and finds a little lump of Mortality crying out to the whole Parish to lend him their assistance: With this Inscription, Written in a fair Hand, pin'd upon his Breast.

*I was got by an Honest Poor Man,
Who Sails in her Majestier Service,
My Mother is call'd Whore Nan,
The Name of my Father is Jarvice.*

*My Fathers first Letter is I,
My Mothers with N does begin,
They put them together to try,
What it Spelt, and 'twas Luckily IN.*

*Thus was I conceiv'd in Sin,
There's no Body got without,
And tho' I went Sinfully in,
The Iniquities now come out.*

*Have Mercy upon me, I Pray,
And carry me out of the Weather,
For all that my Mother can say,
The Parish must be my Father.*

The unusualness of such a Posie, upon so unwelcome a Present, made us as Merry as a young Comedian over a Lame Jest, or a Constable at a Bell-mans Verse. The Watchman cough'd up a Pthysical Hem, as a Signal to his Associates of some Mischance, which was soon convey'd from one to t'other, till it alarm'd the Leader of the Hour-Grunters, who soon came up, attended with his Twinkling Guard of Superannuated Sauce-boxes; and presently Saddled his Nose with a pair of Glas'd Horns, to Read the Superscription, and see to whom the Squaling Packet was directed. But when he found the poor Infant lay driveling upon a whole Slabbering-Bib of Verses, *Alack, alack*, says Father Midnight, *I'll warrant 'tis some poor Poets Bastard*, Prithee take it up, and let's carry it to the Watch-House Fire. Who knows but by the Grace of Providence,

the Babe may come to be a second Ben Johnson? Prithee Jeffery put the Lappit of thy Coat over it, I'll warrant 'tis so cold, it can scarce feel whether it be a Boy or Girl. Away troop'd his Dark Majesty, with his Feeble Band of Cripp'd Parish Pensioners, to their Nocturnal Rendezvous, all tickl'd with the Jest, and as Merry over their hopeful Foundling, as the *Egyptian Queen* over her young Prophet in the Rushes.

We blunder'd on in pursuit of our Nights Felicity, but scarce had walk'd the length of a Horses Tedder, e'er we heard a Noise so dreadful and surprizing, that we thought the Devil was riding on Hunting thro' the City, with a Pack of deep-mouth'd Hell-hounds, to catch a Brace of *Tally-men* for Breakfast. At last bolted out from the corner of a Street, with an *Ignis Fatuus* Dancing before them, a parcel of strange *Hobgoblins* cover'd with long Frize Rugs and Blankets, hoop'd round with Leather Girdles from their Cruppers to their Shoulders; and their Noddles button'd up into Caps of Martial figure, like a *Knight Errant* at Tilt and Turnament, with his Wooden-head lock'd in an Iron Helmet; one Arm'd, as I thought, with a lusty *Faggot Bat*, and the rest with strange Wooden Weapons in their hands in the shape of *Clyster Pipes*, but as long, almost, as *Speaking Strumpets*. Of a sudden they Clap'd them to their Mouths, and made such a frightful Yelling, that I thought the World had been Dissolving, and the Terrible Sound of the last Trumpet to be within an Inch of my Ears.

Under these amazing Apprehensions, I ask'd my Friend what was the meaning of this *Infernal out-cry*? Prithee, says he, what's the matter with thee? Thou look'st as if thou wert Gally'd, why these are the *City Waites*, who play every Winters Night thro' the Streets to rouse each lazy Drone to Family Duty. Lord Bless me, said I, I am very glad its no worse; I was never so scar'd since I pop'd out of the *Parley-bed*

bed. Prithee let us make haste out of the hearing of them, or I shall be forc'd to make a Close stool-pan of my Breeches. At which my Friend laugh'd at me: Why, what, says he, don't you love Musick? These are topping Tooters of the Town; and have Gowns, Silver Chains, and Sallaries, for playing *Lilla Burlera* to my Lord Mayors Horse thro' the City. Marry, said I, if his Horse lik'd their Musick no better then I do, he would soon fling his Rider for hiring such *Bug-bears* to affront his *Ambleship*. For my part, when you told me they were *Waites*, I thought they had been the *Po-landers*; and was never so affraid, but that their Bears had been Dancing behind them.

The next Scene the Night presented to our imperfect view, were a very Young Crew of diminutive Vagabonds, who march'd along in Rank and File, like a little Army of *Prester John's* Countrymen, as if advancing in order to attack a Bird's nest. This little gang of Tatterdemalions, my Friend was almost as great a Stranger, to as my self; and for our Satisfaction to better inform'd, we saluted them after this manner, *Pray what are you for a Congregation of Ragged Sprights? And whether are you Marching? We, Master*, reply'd one of the Pert Frontiers, *we are the City Black-Guard, Marching to our Winter Quarters the Glass-House in the Minories. Lord Bless you Masters, give us a Penny or a Half-penny amongst us, and you shall hear any of us (if you please say the Lords-Prayer Backwards; Swear the Compass round; give a new Curse to every Step in the Monument; call a Whore by as many proper Names as a Peer has Titles. I find*, said I, *you are a parcel of hopeful Sprouts: However we gave the poor Wretches a Penny, and away they troop'd, with a Thousand God Bless ye's, as Ragged as Old Stockin Mops; and I'll warrant you as Hungry as so many Cattamountains: Yet seem'd as Merry as they're Poor; and as Contented as they're Miserable.*

What a shame is it, said I, that such an infamous brood of Vagabonds should be train'd up in Villany, Ignorance, Laziness, Prophaneess, and Infidelity from their Cradles, in such a well Govern'd Christian City as this, where are so many grave Magistrates and Parish Officers, whose Care it ought to be to prevent such growing Evils; and yet to suffer such a Nest of Heathens to be Nurs'd up in Blasphemy, and contempt of Religion, under the very Walls of their Churches, to me 'tis very strange.

They are Poor Wretches, says my Friend, that are drop'd here by *Gypsies* and Country *Beggars*, when they are so little, they can give no Account of Parents or Place of Nativity; and the Parishes caring not to bring a charge upon themselves, suffer them to Beg about in the Day-time, and at Night Sleep at Doors, and in Holes and Corners about the Streets, till they are so harden'd in this sort of Misery, that they seek no other Life till their Riper Years (for want of being Bred to Labour) puts them upon all sorts of Villany: Thus thro' the neglect of Church-Wardens and Constables, from Beggary they proceed to Theft, and from Theft to the Gallows.

As we were thus reflecting upon the Miserable condition of these unhappy Wretches, another *Midnight King of Clubs* was going his Progress round his scanty Dominions, attended with his whole Court of Ravenous Mobility; and popping on us unawares, his well-fed Majesty bid his Guard *De Core* halt; and with a Hem, clapping his painted Scepter to the Ground as hard as a Pavier does his Rammer, bid us stand and come before the *Constable*. We like prudent Rambler, obey'd the Voice of Authority: And with uncover'd Heads, pay'd Reverence to his awful Presence.

He Demanded of us, in an austere Voice, who and what we were; and had as many impertinent Questions at his Tongues end, as an *Apothecary* has *hard Words*,
or

or a *Midwife bawdy Stories*. My Friend, in order to satisfy his worships curiosity, and make him something the wiser, answer'd his Foolish Examination, with as much Submission, and Respect as a Proud Peevish Dunce in Authority could expect, or a Prudent Man, when at the Mercy of such a Cock's-comb, give.

He ask'd my Friend what was his Profession? He answer'd him a *Surgeon*. A Surgeon! says our Learned Potentate, in great derision; and why not a Chirurgion, I pray Sir? I could find in my heart to send you to the Counter, for presuming to corrupt the Kings English before me his Representative.

'Twas a mistake, Mr. *Constable*, said I, pray Excuse it, and be not so severe with us, we are very sober civil Persons, and have been about Business, and go quietly to our own Habitations.

Civil and Sober Persons, said he, how do I know that, Mr. *Prattle-Box*? You may be Drunk for ought I know, and only feign your selves Sober before my presence to escape the Penalty of the Act.

My Friend puts his Hand in his Pocket, plucks out a Shilling, Indeed Mr. *Constable*, says he, we tell you nothing but the Naked Truth. There is something for your Watch to Drink: We know it is a late Hour. but hope you will detain us no longer.

With that, Mr. *Surlycuff*, directs himself to his right hand *Janizary*, *Hem, bab*, *Aminidab*, I believe they are Civil Gentlemen: *Ay, ay*, said he, *Master*, you need not Question it; they don't look as if they had Fire-Balls about 'em. Well, Gentlemen, you may pass; but Pray go Civilly home. Here Colly light the Gentlemen down the Hill, they may chance to stumble in the Dark, and break their Shins against the Monument.

Thank you Sir kindly, said we, for your Civility, but we know the way very well, and shall need no Watchman: Your Servant Sir, good Night to you.

I am very glad, says my Friend, we are got out of

the Churches of this inquisitive *Conivable*. This Grey headed lump of grave Ignorance, takes as much Pride in being the most Officious Fool in his Parish, as a Victualler, does to be one of the Jury, or a Vintner to be made an Ensign of the Train-Bands. This is the most ill-natur'd Pragmatical Blockhead, that ever was center'd in the circle of Lanthorns; and if he had said our Heads had been made of *Hackney-Turnips*, one Word in contradiction would have cost us a Nights Lodging in the Counter; for he makes no more of committing a Man, than a Tavern-Drawer does of Kissing the Cook. And his Thirsty Retinue that attend him, are rare hard-mouth'd Fellows at an Oath; and can Swear as heartily as a *Lancashire Evidence*, you were Drunk, tho' you drank nothing but Coffee in three days before; and that you abused the Constable, tho' you gave him not an ill word; and Swore abundance of Oaths, tho' your Communication (*Quaker* like) was nothing but *Yea, yea, and Nay, nay*.

The great good these Fellows do in the Streets, is to Disturb People every Hour with their Bawling, under pretence of taking care they may sleep quietly in their Beds; and call every old Fool by his Name seven times a Night, for fear he should rise and forget it next Morning; and often instead of preventing Mischief, make it; by carrying honest Persons to the Counter, who would fain walk Peaceably home to their own Habitations: And provoke Gentlemen, by their Sauciness, to commit those Follies, 'tis properly their Business to prevent. In short, it is reasonable enough to believe, they play more Rogues Tricks than ever they detect, and occasion more Disturbances in the Streets than ever they hinder.

By this time we were come to *Billingsgate*; and in a narrow Lane, as dark as a Burying Vault, which Stunk of stale Sprats, Piss, and Sirreverence, we groped about, like a couple of Thieves in a Cole-hole, to find

find the Entrance of that *Nocturnal Theater*, in whose delightful Scenes we propos'd to terminate the Nights felicity. At last we stumbled upon the Threshold of a Gloomy Cavern; where, at a distance, we saw, Lights burning like Candles in a Haunted Cave, where Ghosts and Goblins keep their Midnight Revels.

We no sooner enter'd, but heard such a number of Female Tongues, so Promiscuously engag'd in a Mess of Tittle-Tattle, That had a Water-man knock'd down his Wife with his Stretcher, and been trying for the Fact by a Parliament of Fish-women, they could not have exercis'd their nimble Instruments with more impatience.

We e'en turn'd our selves into the Smoky Boozing Ken amongst them; where round the Fire sat a tatter'd Assembly of Fat Motherly Flat-caps, with their Fish-Baskets hanging upon their Heads instead of Riding-hoods, with every one her Nipperkin of warm Ale and Brandy; and as many Rings upon their Thumbs as belongs to a suit of Bed-Curtains, Every one as Slender in the Waste as a *Dutch Skipper* in the Buttocks; and look'd together, like a Litter of Squab Elephants. Their Noses were as Sharp as the Gnomon of a Dial, and look'd as Blew as if they had been Frost-nip'd. Their Cheeks were as plump as an Infants Buttocks, but adorn'd with as many Crimson Carnossities as the Face of a Nobleman's Butler, who has Liv'd Forty Years in a Family; and plainly proved by the depth of their colour, That Brandy is a Nobler Die than Claret. Their Tongues were as loud as the Temple-Horn, that calls the Cuckold-makers to their Commons: And every word they spoke was at least in the Pitch of double Gammut. Their chief clamour was against High-heads and Patches; and said it would have been a very good Law, if *Q. Mary* had effected her design, & brought the proud Minks's of the

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Town

Town to have worn High-Crown'd Hats, instead of Top-knots.

Then one looking over her Shoulder, and spying me behind her, accosts me after this manner; *God save you, honest Master, will you Pledge me? Ay Dame, said I, with all my Heart. Why then, says she, here's a Health to mine A——s, and a Fart for those that owe no Money.*

Lord help my poor Masters, says another, they look as if they had disoblig'd their Wives or their Landladies, and they would not rise, and let them in to Night.

Come, come away, says my Friend, let's seek another Apartment: These saucy Tongu'd old Whores will tease us to Death. Which unhappy words one of them over-heard; and starting up like a Fury, thus gave her Lungs a Breathing.

You White-liver'd Son of a Fleet-street Bumfitter, be-got upon a Chair at Noonday, between Ludgate and Temple-Bar. You Puppily off-spring of a Mangy Night-walker, who was forc'd to Play the Whore an Hour, before she cry'd out, to pay the Bawd her Midwife, for bringing you, you Bastard, into the World. Who is it that you call Whore?

Away flunk my Friend and I into another Room, and left them to spend their malignant Spirits by themselves, and were as thankful to Providence we escap'd so imminent a Danger, as if deliver'd from the rage of so many Wild-Cats. And indeed, if their Tallons were as sharp as their Tongues, they need not fear a Combat with all the Beasts of America.

We were now tumbled into Company compos'd of as many sorts of Rakes as you may see Whores at a Buttock-Ball. One in a long Wig and Muff, looking as fretful as a broken Gamester, biting his Nails as if he was ready to Curse aloud Confound the Dice. Another as dull as if the Grey Mare was the better Horse; and deny'd him Enterance for keeping late Hours.

Hours. The next as brisk and lively as if just come of Age, had got his Means in his own Hands, bought his Time of his Master, and fear'd no colours: But thinking the day too short for his Fortune, resolves the Night shall make amends, by lengthening out his Pleasures.

Up in a Corner sat a couple of brawny Watermen, one Eating Broil'd Red Herrings, and the other Bread and Cheese and Onions, that had a Welch-man Spew'd up his Cous-bobby and Leek-Porridge into a Dutchmans Close Stool Pan, it could not have produc'd a finer Nose-gay to poison the Devil.

Then in blunders a Drunken Tar, as great in his Thoughts as an Admiral; and calls to the Boy in the Bar after this manner. *You Horse-turdly Spawn of a Fresh-water Lubber, why don't you band me a Candle, and Induct me to my Cabbin, that I may Belay my self?* As the Boy lights him up Stairs, he stumbles; and Curses, *The Devil D——n the Ratlings of these Wooden Shrowds, for I have broke my Shins against 'em, I had rather run up to the Cross Trees of the Main-top-mast in a Storm, than six Rounds of these confounded Land Ladders after the Drinking a Kan of Philip or a Bowl of Punch.*

Next this came in a spruce Blade with a pretended Wife, ask'd what time the Boats went off to Grave-send, they told him about four in the Morning. *Alas,* says he, *that will be too long to sit up: Can't my Wife and I have a Bed here?* Yes, yes, Sir if you please, reply'd the pious Beldam, *God forbid else, we have several couple above in Bed, that wait for the Tide as well as you Sir.* So up they were lighted Post-haste to the old Trade of Basket-making.

After these Bolted in two Seamen, with a little crooked Fiddler before them, short Pipes in their Mouths, Oaken Truncheons in their Hands, Thrum-Caps upon their Heads, and Canvas Trunks upon their Arses. We had the good Luck for these to stagger

stagger into our Company, whose unpolish'd Behaviour, Apish Gestures, and Maritime Nonsense, added no small Pleasure to the Night, but gave us hopes of as much Mirth as a *London* Apprentice finds at a *Bartholomew* Fair Poppet Show, or a Country 'Squire, among a gang of *Stroling Comedians*.

The two lousie Subjects of the pickled God *Neptune*, having wash'd off their Brine with a Plentiful Dose of Fresh-water Ale, began to be as brisk as a Town Rake that has shak'd off his Poverty, or a Court Libertine an old Mistress. In their Frolicks they happened to espy a Hook drove into the Mantle-Tree, which they immediately converted to a very Comical use, laying violent Hands upon my little Lord *Crowdero*, and by the hind slit of his Breeches, hung him upon the Tenter, who being sorely affrighted at this unexpected Elevation, shot that into his Trousers, which made the Crooked Vermin out-stink a Pole-Cat. In this condition, pendant like a *Play House Machine*, or a *Brazen Cherub* over a Church Branch; Begging with humble Submission to be set safe upon *Terra Firma*. All the time dripping his Guts upon the Earth like a Roasted Wood-Cock; till at last by rigling, broke the String of his Breeches, and down came our Broil'd Scraper into his own Sauce, upon his feeble Instrument; and was a Sweet Bit ready to be serv'd up to a weak Appetite.

This put the whole Company into such an extravagant fit of Laughter, That had we seen a *Bailiff* bogg'd, or a Fellow break his Neck at Foot-Ball, it could not have been a greater Jest to the Spectators. But as soon as the Angry *Homunculus* had gathered himself up from his own Dunghil, he gave the two *Tritons* such an untuneable Lesson upon his ill-tun'd Organ, that the whining of a Dog-drawn Bitch, or the winding of a Cat-call, could not have oblig'd our Ears with less grateful Harmony. When he had thus given vent to his ungovernable Indignation, he cockt
the

the Arm of his Hump'd Shoulder upon his Hip, and away rowl'd the Runlet of Gall, and turn'd his unfavoury Bung-hole upon the Company.

The Tarpaulins now began to talk to each other of their Travels; and of the sundry remarkable Accidents which had happened in their Voyages. One swore *They once found it so excessive Hot going to Guinea, that they us'd no Fire to Boil their Kettle, but drest all their Beef above Deck in the Sun-shine: And could Bake, Boil, Fry, or Stew, as well as in an Ambrals Cook-room.*

Says the other, *I never was in so Hot a Climate, as that, but I have been so many degrees to the Northward, where it has been so Cold, it has Frozen our Words in our Mouths, that we could not hear one another speak, till we came into a warmer Latitude to thaw 'em; and then all our Discourse broke out together like a Clap of Thunder, that there was never such a Confusion of Tongues ever heard at Babel.*

Says his Companion, *That's very strange, but I have known stranger things to be true. I once was sitting upon my Chest between Decks, Lousing an old Canvas Jacket, and we had found by our Observation that day, we were within a few Minutes of being under the Tropick of Cancer; and on a sudden it began to Lower; and the Larboard Watch handed in our Sails, for fear of a Tornado or a Squale: At last a Beam of Lightening darted thro' an open Port, melted one of the Guns, and went through a pair of Buck-skin Breeches I had on, and Burnt the Lappets of a blew Shirt to Tinder, hiss'd as it came like a Rattle-Snake, but did my Body no manner of Damage.*

As our Salt-water Wits were thus Romancing, who should stagger into our Company, but an old Acquaintance of my Friends, who (as I understand by his Talk) was an Exchange Commodity-Broker: A kind of Mungril Match-maker, between Cock Bawd, and Pimp; or rather a Composition of both. He made more a roaring than half a dozen of Drunken Porters,
and

and was as full of Freaks as a Madman at the Full of the Moon. He Guzzl'd, and Rattl'd, Smoak'd, and Star'd like a Fury: And every time he spoke 'twas with so much Earnestness, that I thought his Eyes would have flown out of his Head in pursuit of his Words. All he talk'd was lowd Nonsense; and the heat of his Brain setting Fire to his Tongue, made every thing he said so wonderfully hot, it made the Ears of all People glow that heard 'em. At last he pluck'd out a *Catalogue* of what Fortunes he had at his disposal, viz.

A Mercers Daughter in *Cornhil*, about Seventeen, who was unluckily Kiss'd by her Fathers Prentice, which being spread among the Neighbourhood, he is willing to give her two hundred Pounds advance, above an Equality, to salve up the flaw, to any honest Young Shop-keeper, that will wink at a fault to better his Condition.

An old Maid that has Liv'd 30 Years in an Aldermans Family, who with her Wages, Lady's old Cloaths, and Money got for private Service, is worth about three hundred pounds; and thinks her self Qualified for keeping a Victualers Bar, is willing to bestow her self upon any honest Free-man, if clear in the World, tho' not worth a Groat.

A Young Buxom Widdow, on the Back-side of the Change, who was Married five Years, but never had a Child; is still in her Mourning, wonderfully Pretty, and tollerably Honest: She is willing to dispose of her self to a brisk, likely Man, within or without the Year: Is in a good Shop well custom'd, and needs no Money.

About half a Hundred *Exchange-Girls*, some Tall, some Short, some Black, some Fair, some Handsome, some Housewifely, some Homely, some Vertuous, but all with *White-Chappel* Portions, and will make very good Wives for those who have more Mony than Wit and more Faith than Jealousie. A

A Vintners Daughter bred at the Dancing School, becomes a Bar well, steps a Minuet finely, plays *John* come Kiss me now, now now, sweetly upon the Virginals, makes a very graceful Figure, and is as Proud, as she's Handsome: Will have a great many Quart-Pots, old Pewter, Linnen, and other Household-stuff to her Portion; but who ever Marries her, must Ride her with a *Curb*, or she may prove unlucky to the Bane of her Rider.

When he had thus diverted us with his *Catalogue* of *Job's* Comforters, which he pretended were upon Sale, and at his disposal, my Friend began to put me in mind of the considerable Business we had upon *Change*, at *Gresham Colledge*, *Bedlam*, and other places, on the morrow, which occasion'd us to think of Bed, though with as much indifferency as a worn-out Stallion does of a Pretty Punk, or a new Married Woman of her Prayers. For the pleasures of the Night were so engaging, and every various Humour such a wakeful piece of Drollery, That a Mountebank, and his Jack Pudding, or a set of *Morrice-Dancers*, could not give more content to a crowd of Country Spectators, than the lively Action of what is here repeated did afford us. But to qualifie our selves the better for our Task, we thought it necessary to take some Rest: So, accordingly, were conducted to a Room which stunk as bad of Pitch, Tar, Sweat, and Tallow, as a Ship between Decks, when the Tars are in their Hamocks: But the unseasonableness of the hour, forc'd us to be content. And so good Night to ye.

T H E
London-Spy.

P A R T III.

A Chamber in the Dark-House at Billingsgate, and its Furniture Described. Of Billingsgate Market. Of Custom-House-Key, with the Character of a Land-waiter, and a Merchants Man. Pig-Hill Describ'd. The Monument Survey'd. Observations upon the London-Quest. Wise-Acres-Hall, alias Gresham-Colledge, Described. The Character of a Peripatetick. Of a Member of the Royal Society. A Description of Bedlam. Remarks upon the Royal Exchange, and the Costermongers as the Entrance. On the Merchants in their several Walks. Of a Græcian that sells Amber Necklaces. Honour and Glory, his Original. Of a Deformed Man, with a handsome Wife. Of the Lord Mayors Court, and the Office of Intelligence. A Description of the Exchange above Stairs; with Chaucers Character of a Sempstress.

WHen we had cool'd the Fever of our Brains with a plentiful Dose of that reviving Cordial, Sleep; and our wakeful Faculties having shaken off *Morpheus's* Leaden Plummets from our drowsie Eye-lids (after a few Slug-a-Bed Yawnes and Lazy Stretches) we found by the advancement of the Day it was high time to make our Resurrection. Accordingly, with mutual resolutions, we started from *Sluggards Paradise*, the Bed; and collected our scatter'd Garments in order for Equipping.

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When with abundance of Rubbing, Scrubbing, Washing and Combing, we had made our selves tolerable Figures to appear by Day-light, we descended from our *Snoaring-Kennel*, so finely Perfum'd by the fusty Jackets of their Tarpaulin Guests, that it smelt as Odoriferously grateful, as a *Suffolk-Cheese* roasting over a Flaming *Pitch-barrel*. It's walls being adorn'd with as many unflavory *Finger-dabs* as an *Inns of Court Bog-house*. The Cieling Beautified, like a *Soldiers Garret*, or a *Counter Chamber*, with Smutty Names and Bawdy Shadows, Sketch'd by unskilful hands with Candle-flame and Charcole. The Bed, 'tis true, was Feathers, but most of them large enough to make *Pens* or *Tooth-Pickers*. An Earthen Chamber-Pot as big as a three Gallon *Steyn*, Glaz'd o'er with Green, and looks as fine as any *Temple Mug* or *Coun-trey Pudding-Pan*.

Having turn'd our Back-sides upon these Cubicular Conveniencies, we crept, being Cold, to a new kindled smoaky Fire, where we fortified our Appetites against the Contagious Breaths of *Funking Carmen*, with a Penny-worth of burnt Bread soften'd in a Mug of *Porters Guzzle*, improv'd with a slice of *Cheshire*. This we gobbled up (being hasty to be gone) with as much Expedition as a *Citizens Wife* does an *Islington Cheese-cake*, when Treated by her Husband. Then satisfied our *Tun-bellied Hostess*, and left the Infernal Mansion to the sinful Sons of Darkness, there to practice their Iniquities.

We now turn'd down to the *Thames-side*, where the frightful roaring of the *Bridge Water-falls* so astonish'd my Eyes, and terrifi'd my Ears, That, like *Roger* in his *Mill*, or the Inhabitants near the *Cata-racts of Nile*, I could hear no Voice softer than a *Speaking-Trumpet*, or the audible Organ of a *Scolding Fish-Woman*. After I had feasted my Intellects with the surprizing Novelty, we turn'd towards *Billingsgate*; where

where a parcel of Fellows came running upon us in a great fury, crying out (as I thought) *Schollars, Schollars, will you have any Whores?* Lord Bless me, said I to my Friend, *What a wicked place is this, that a Man in a Black Coat cannot pass about his business without being ask'd in publick such an abominable Question? Hauling and Pulling him about by the Arms, as if they would force him to commit Fornication in spright of his Teeth:* Notwithstanding I told 'em we wanted no Whores, nor would we have any, yet they would scarce be satisfied. My Friend laugh'd heartily at my innocent Mistake, and undeceiv'd my Ignorance; telling me they were *Watermen*, who distinguish'd themselves by the Titles of *Oars* and *Scullers*; which made me Blush at my Error, like a *Bashful Lady* that had drop'd her Garter, or a *Modest Man* who cripples his Jest by a forgetful Hesitation.

After we had loos'd our selves, with much difficulty, from the unparallel'd Insolency of *Charon's* Progeny, we turn'd into a Crowd of *Thumb-Ring'd Flat-caps*, from the Age of Seven to Seventy, who sat Snarling and Grunting at one another, over their *Sprats* and *Whitings*, like a Pack of *Domestick Dogs* over the *Cook-maids* kindness, or a parcel of hungry *Sows* at a Trough of *Hogwash*; every one looking as sharp as a stroling *Fortune-teller*; that I fear'd they would have pickt my Pocket with their Eyes, or have brought me under an ill-Tongue before I could have shot this dangerous Gulph, where the Angry Surges of a Tempestuous Tittle-Tattle run Mountain high, dashing into my Ears on every side, that I was as glad when I had weather'd this Storm of Verbosity, as an *Insolvent Creditor* who has slip'd the Villanous gripes of a gang of *Protection-Cursers*.

Having thus happily quitted the stink of *Sprats*, and the untuneable Clamours of the Wrangling Society, we pass'd round the Dock, where some Salt-water
Slaves,

Slaves, according to their well-bred Custom, were pelting of *Sons of Whores* at one another, about the *Birth* of their *Oyster-Boats*. One unhappily being acquainted how to touch the other in his tenderest part, gaul'd his impatient Adversary with the provoking Name of *Cuckold*; which intollerable Indignity so fermented the Choler of the little *Snail-catcher*, that he resolved to show himself a Champion in defence of his Wife's Virtues; and leaping into the others Boat, there like a true-bred *Cock*, made a vigorous assault upon his Enemies *Dunghill*. But a sad disaster attended the poor Combatants, for in their Scuffle they fell Overboard: But the Tide being half spent, the Water was not high enough to cool their Courage; for notwithstanding, they maintain'd an *Amphibious* Fight, and Battell'd, like *Ducks* and *Drakes*, in two Elements at once, till the *Cuckold* had bravely subdued his Antagonist, and made his poor Victim (half Drown'd and half Knock'd o'th' Head) Publickly acknowledged the unspotted Reputation of the Victor's Dutcheß; who at the end of the Fray, having receiv'd Intelligence of her Lord and Master's Engagement, came down to the Dock-side Crown'd with an *Oyster-Basket*, and there-with an audible Voice, set up a passionate Justification of her own Honesty, to the great Diversion of the whole Auditory. Her *Leviathan-Shape* was a good testimony of her Vertues, for had our first She-Parent been but half so Homely, the Devil would have been Dann'd nine times deeper into the Infernal Abyßs, before he would have Robb'd her of her Innocency, or frustrated *Adam* in the Blessing of his Help-mate.

From thence we mov'd on to a stately Fabrick, before which a parcel of Robust Mortals were as busie as so many *Flies* upon a *Cow turd*; some running about in *Circular Jimcracks*, like so many *Turnspits* labouring in their *Jack-wheels*; others so deeply engag'd in hoop-ing of Casks, as if they were taking all imaginable

care that every Tub should stand upon its own bottom. Many Scales at work, and abundance of *Eagle-Ey'd Vermin* hovering about 'em, that I thought at first *Justice* might have resided there, (till my Friend told me *No, no,*) and these were her Agents, Balancing the Miseries against the Sins of the Nation. *Prethee Friend,* said I, *What is that Grizly Bacchanalian, with a Pen twisted in his Hair, whose Face looks as if it cost as much the Dying as would have set up a Topping Vintner?* Says my Friend, he's one of those Cormorants called a *Land-Waiter*: His Business is to take care no Body cheats the King but himself. His Post is honestly worth a Hundred a Year; but with the help of an open Hand, and a close Mouth, he can (without Burthen to his Conscience) make it worth thrice the Money. *What is he in the long Whig, with his Fox-skin Muff upon his Button, and his Pocket Book in his Hand?* Why he (replies my School-fellow) is a Beau, Prentice to some topping Merchant; and is taking the weight of his Masters Goods, that he is not wrong'd in the Customs. He is very careful no Body cheats him abroad, and his Master is forc'd to be as watchful Mr. *Finikin* does not Injure him at home: For a Flattering Companion, or a Jilting Mistress, will at any time make him dip his Fingers in the Cash, to treat them with a New-Play, or solace them with a Bottle.

Pray, says my Friend, take Notice of that Gentleman in the Camlet-Cloak, he will tell you from his own Experience, that any Man may grow Rich from Humility and Industry; and that 'tis nothing but Pride and Laziness that begets Poverty and Misfortune. When he came first to Town, he had but three Pence in the World, which he Prudently laid out in a new Broom, that might Sweep clean, which he very dexterously apply'd, with his utmost Labour, to the Dirty Wharf, without bidding from any Body; but had Sense enough to consider it belong'd to somebody,

body, who would at least give him thanks, if not recompence his Trouble. The Master of the Wharf happening to espy him at his Task, gave him some small encouragement to continue his cleanliness, which he practiced daily with as much diligence as a *Younger Brother* in the Courtship of a Fortune, till he had gain'd his end, and curry'd favour with the Merchant, who lent him his assistance by degrees, which the other improving, is now become a Man of a great Estate, and considerable Authority: But if any poor Man ask him for an *Alms*, he tells him there are Riches buried in the *Dirt*; and good Fortune in a *Broom*; and if he will Sweep as he was forc'd to do, he may come in time to be *Lord Mayor of London*; To which a cross old *Mumper* reply'd *If you had not got more by Knavery and Usury, than ever you did by your Honesty and Industry, you might have been Apprentic'd to your Broom till this time, and never have been made a Freeman.*

I now enquir'd of my Friend what they call'd this busie Spot, he told me 'twas the *Custom-House*, and in that stately Edifice the Commissioners sat, about whom I ask'd some Questions, but found my Friend too shie to give me satisfaction; saying, *If I tell you the Truth, I'm a Fool to my self; if False, unjust to my Friend; and make you become a Lyar to the World, I shall therefore instead of what you expect, give a Proverbial Caution, viz. They are a parcel of Edge-Tools, with whom there is no Jest; and he that attempts to Eat Fire to please a Crowd, if he finds cause to complain he has Burnt his Mouth, maketh himself but a Laughing-stock.*

By the advice of my Companion, we turn'd back till we came to a place call'd *Pig-Hill*, which resembling the steep descent down which the Devil drove his Hogs to a *Bad-Market*, I suppose it is therefore honour'd with the aforesaid Title; in regard to which, they are always in condition of turning the Stomach

of a Jew, or Poisoning a Scotchman; and can satisfy an Epicurian Appetite, or save a Lady's Longing, with Pig or Pork, in any Hour of the Day, or any Day in the Year: the Cooks, according to report, keeping many Spaniel Bitches, as Wet Nurses, for the due suckling of their Sows Babbies; which adds, they say, such a Sweetness to their Flesh, that they Eat as fine as any Puppy-Dog, and all such Persons who are admirers of this Luxurious Food, may the whole Winter have it there ready Drest, without the Danger of Fly-Sauce, which is more than in Summer I'm able to promise you: All the Elements contribute to their Cooking of every Squeaker they dress; he is first scalded in Water, then dry'd in the Air, and half bak'd in the Sun; then Roasted by the Fire, afterwards dissected by a Cholerick Executioner, and his Quarters dispos'd on to several Gates of hungry Citizens, where Teeth are the Port-Cullies, as if the poor Pig had been convicted of a Plot, and died a Traytor.

As we walk'd up the Hill, as Lazily as an *Artillery* Captain before his Company upon a *Lord-Mayor's day*, or a *Paul's* Labourer up a Ladder with a Hod of Mortar, we peep'd in at a Gateway, where we saw three or four Blades well drest, but with Hawkes Countenances, attended with half a dozen Ragamuffinly Fellows, showing Poverty in their Rags, and Despair in their Faces, mixt with a parcel of young wild Stripplings like Run-away Prentices: I could not forbear enquiring of my Friend about this Ill-favour'd multitude, patch'd up of such awkward Figures that it would have puzzled a Moor-Fields Artist well read in Physiognomy, to have discover'd their Dispositions by their Looks.

That House, says my Friend, which they there are entering, is an Office where Servants for the Plantations, bind themselves to be miserable as long as they Live, without an especial Providence prevents it,

it, &c. Those fine Fellows who look like Foot-men upon a Holy-day, crept into cast Suits of their Masters, that want Gentility in their Deportments answerable to their Apparel, are Kidnappers, who walk the Change, and other parts of the Town, in order to seduce People, who want Services, and Young Fools crost in Love, and under an uneasiness of mind, to go beyond Seas, getting so much a head of Masters of Ships, and Merchants who go over, for every Wretch they trapan into this Misery. Those Young Rakes, and Tatterdemallions you see so lovingly hearded, are drawn by their fair Promises to sell themselves into Slavery, and the Kidnappers are the Rogues that run away with the Money.

Now, says my Friend, I'll show you a Towering Edifice, erected thro' the Wisdom and Honesty of the City; as a very high Memorandum of it's being laid low, either by a Judgment from Heaven for the Sins of the People, or by the Treachery of the *Papists*, according to the assertion of the *Monument*; who I suppose as Ignorant of the matter as my self; for that was neither Built then, nor I Born: so I believe we are equally as able to tell the Truth of the Story, as a *Quack Astrologer* is by the assistance of the Signs and Planets, what was the Name of *Moses's* Great Grand-Father, or how many Quarts of Water went to the Worlds drowning. You'll be mightily pleas'd with the Loftiness of this Slender Column, for it's very height was the first thing that ever occasioned wry Necks in *England*, by the Peoples staring at the Top on't. To the Glory of the City, and the everlasting Reputation of the worthy Projectors of this most high and mighty *Babel*; it was more savingly than honestly Built, by the Poor *Orphans* Money; many of them since having beg'd their Bread; and the Charitable Elders of the City have given them a Stone. Look ye now, you may see it; pray view it, and give me your Opinion.

What is it of no use but only to Gaze at? Yes, yes, says my Friend; Astrologers go often to the top on't, when they have a mind to play the Pimp, and see *Mars* and *Venus* in Conjunction; tho' the chief use of it is for the improvement of Vintners Boys and Drawers, who come every week to exercise their Supporters, and learn the Tavern-Trip by running up to the *Balcony*, and down again, which fixes them in a Nimble step, and makes them rare Light-heeld Emissaries in a Months Practice. Do you observe the Carving, which contains the King and his Brother's Picture? They were cut by an Eminent Artist, and are looked upon by a great many Impartial Judges to be a couple of extraordinary good figures: Pray what think you? I know you have some Judgement in Proportion.

Why truly, said I, they are the only Grace and Ornament of the whole Building; but 'tis a thousand pities the Stones form'd into so Noble an Order, should be so basely purchas'd, to the ruin of so many thousand Fatherless and Widdows; but I suppose it was Politically done, to fix such a Testimonial of their Loyalty upon a Structure so unjustly rais'd, that the one might in some measure wash away the Stain of the other; and to prevent the high flown Loyalists to reflect upon their Treachery to the poor *Orphans*, since they may pretend (tho' they cheated 'em of their Money) 'twas with a pious design of setting up the Kings Picture, in reverence to his Person, who all the World knows they had a wonderful respect for; and in honour to the City, which to be sure was as dear to them as their Lives and Fortunes. Tho' I have heard their chief drift in this memorable Undertaking was, to get Estates to themselves without mistrust; that they might enjoy them without molestation.

As you say, this Edifice, as well as some others, was not projected purely as a Memorandum of the Fire, or
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an Ornament to the City; but to give those corrupted Magistrates who had the Power in their Hands, the opportunity of putting Two Thousand Pounds into their own Pockets, whilst they paid one towards the Building. I must confess all that I think can be spoke in Praise of it, is, *'Tis a Monument to the City's shame, the Orphans Grief, the Protestants Pride, and the Papists Scandal; and only serves as a high-crown'd Hat, to cover the Head of the old Fellow that shows it.*

When my Friend had thus oblig'd me with a full Prospect of our Metropolitan May-Pole, we turn'd up *Gracechurch-Street*, in order for *Gresham Colledge*, where we met a Fellow in a Gown, with a piece of Prodigality, call'd a Mace, upon his Shoulder; and another, like one of *Justice's* Sumpter-Horses, laden with Scales, Weights and Measures; a third Arm'd like a Round-headed Cuckold, marching to Horn-Fair, with a Pick-Ax. These advanced in the Front, Attended with a Troop of Loyterers in Gowns, who Hobbled after, with as much Formality as a parcel of Gossips at a Christening, to the Parish-Church, behind Mother Grope, and her fine Mantle. They had match'd themselves together with abundance of Discretion; mix'd Fat and Lean, like so many *Scotch Runts* in *Smithfield-Market*, amongst the like number of *Lincoln-shire Oxen*, that I thought it a lively representation of *Pharaoh's-Dream*, appearing to me as a true Emblem of Plenty and Famine: For one part of them look'd as if they had half eat up the other. By and by, they pitch'd down a Triangular Device, with as many Legs as *Tyburn*; and began of a sudden to be all as busie as so many Sheriffs Men at an Execution. I enquir'd of my Friend how these Mortals were Dignified or Distinguish'd, and what was the weighty Affair they were so pryingly Engaged in? He told me these were a part of the worthy Members of the *Quest*, whose Business was to Inspect Weights and Measures, taking care that eve-

ry Shop-keepers Yard, be of the Standard length, whilst the Wife (sitting behind the Counter) laughs in her Sleeve all the time they're Measuring. Also to give warning for the mending of Pavements, and removing all Nuisances under the Penalty of a Fine. Their Meeting is generally at a Hall, except they have a *Quest-House*, from whence they go to Church to Prayers, and return back to be Drunk. They detect very few People in their Faults, for they Honestly take care not to injure their Neighbours, but inform them when they shall walk their Rounds, that they may remove their false *Weights* and *Measures* out of the way; and have larger ready to produce to conceal the Roguery. The Inhabitants of every *Precinct* are oblig'd to give 'em their Company at Dinner; where he that does not behave himself Generously, and purchase his Security at the expence of half a piece, shall be surely return'd upon the *Jury* the next Impanel. They have an old Custom of Brewing Spic'd-Ale; and he that does not take care to send his Wife a Jug-ful, runs the hazzard by his Negligence, of raising an evil Spirit in his Family, that no Conjuror can lay in a Fortnight. They have as many several Offices amongst 'em, as are in a Noble-mans Family, *viz.* *Foreman*, *Controulor*, *Treasurer*, *Steward*, *Butler*, &c. They have a Groat a House from each Inhabitant, besides their Fines, with which they Feast their ingurgitating Stomachs with luxurious Excesses. The *Questmens* Generosity and the *Aldermans* Humility are commonly equal: The *Quest* contribute in every Ward, thro' Bennevolence, their Crowns a piece, to give his Worship a Collation in respect to his Dignity.

From hence we pass'd, without any thing remarkable, till we came to *Wise-Acres-Hall*, more commonly call'd *Gresham-Colledge*, which we enter'd as gravely as a couple of Eleemosinary Smoakers in *M—u's* Shop,

Shop, or a couple of sanctified *Harlots* into *B——s* Meeting-house; we step'd thro' a little Brick Court, and then came into a Spacious Quadrangle, where, in a Melancholy *Cloister*, we saw a Peripatetick walking, ruminating, as I suppose, upon his *Entities*, *Essences*, and *Occult Qualities*, or else upon the *Philosophers stone*; looking as if he very much wanted it; his steps he measur'd out with that exactness and deliberation, that, I believe, had just such a Number fail'd by bringing him to the end of the *Cloister*, he would have been in a great Passion with his Legs; during his perambulation, his Eyes were fix'd upon the Pavement, from whence I conjecture, he could see as well into a Mill-stone as another; all the time we observ'd him, he took great care to follow his Nose, fearing, I suppose, if he had turn'd his Guide towards either Shoulder, he should have lost his way, and have wandred upon some other Stones out of that direct line to which he had confin'd his walk: His Countenance was Mathematical, having as many Lines and Angles in his Face, as you shall find in *Euclid's Elements*; and look'd as if he had fed upon nothing but *Cursus Mathematicus* for a Fortnight; he seem'd to scorn the use of Gloves as much as *Diogenes* did his Dish, crossing his Arms over his Breast, and warming his Hands under his Armpits, his Lips quak'd as if he'd had an Ague in his Mouth; which tremulous motion I conceiv'd was occasion'd by his Soliloquies, to which we left him. My Friend conducted me up a pair of Stairs, to the Elaboratory-keeper's Apartment, and desir'd him to oblige us with a Sight of the Rarities; who very curteously granted us the Liberty; opening his Ware-house of *Egyptian Mummies*, old musty Skeletons, and other antiquated Trumpery: The first thing he thought most worthy of our Notice, was the *Magnet*, with which he show'd some notable Experiments, it made a Paper of Steel-Filings Prick up themselves one upon
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on the back of another, that they stood pointing like the Bristles of a *Hedge-hog*; and gave such Life and Merriment to a parcel of Needles, they danc'd the Hay, by the motion of the Stone, as if the Devil were in 'em; the next things he presented to our view were a parcel of Shell-Flies almost as big as *Lobsters*, arm'd with Beaks as big as those of *Jack-daws*: Then he commended to our observation that wonderful Curiosity the *Unicorns* Horn; made as I suppose, by an Ingenious Turner, of the Tusks of an *Elephant*; it is of an excellent Virtue; and, by report of those that know nothing of the matter, will expell Poison beyond the *Mountebanks Orvieton*: Then he carry'd us to another part of the Room, where was an *Aviary* of Dead Birds, Collected from the extream parts of *Europe, Asia, Africa, and America*; amongst which were an *East-India Owl*, a *West-India Bat*, and a Bird of *Paradise*, the last being Beautified with Variety of Colours, having no discernable Body, but all Feathers; Feeding, when alive, upon nothing but Air, and tho' 'tis as big as a Parrot, 'tis as light as a Cobweb; it is reported by the Sage *Philosophers* of this Society, That a Feather of this Fowl, carry'd about you, is an Infalible security against all Evil Temptation; for which Reason they have pretty well pick'd it, to carry home Presents of it to their Wives and Daughters. Then he usher'd us among sundry sorts of Serpents, as the *Noy, Pelonga, Rattle-Snake, Alligator, Crocodile, &c.* That looking round me, I thought my self hem'd in amongst a Legion of Devils: When we had taken a survey of these Pincushion Monsters, we turn'd towards the Skeleton of Men, Women, and Monkeys, Birds, Beasts, and Fishes; Abortives put up in Pickle, and abundance of other Memorandums of Mortality; that they look'd as Ghostly as the Picture of *Michael Angelo's* Resurrection; as if they had Collected their scatter'd Bones into their Original Order, and were about

about to March in search after the rest of the Appurtenances.

When we had taken this short view of the Wonders of the World, and had crost the hand of our Rarree-show Interpreter with a piece of Silver, who like the Crooked Oratour to the Abby-Tombs, made a notable Harangue upon every Bauble in his Store-House, gluttied with the Sight of those Rusty Reliques, and *Philosophical Toys*, we determin'd to steer our Course towards *Bedlam*; so remov'd from *Maggot-mongers-Hall*, to survey *Madmans-Colledge*. In the mid-way, between both, my Friend bid me take Notice of a Man, who was Shuffling along in as much haste as a Scrivener to make a Will, or a poor Quack to a Rich Patient; that Man, says he, That walks like a *Mercury*, as if he had Wings to his Heels, is a *Topping Vertuosa*, and a Member of the *Royal Society*; he is by his Profession a Labourer to a Physician, but has made himself, by a curious inspection into Mysteries of Universality, a *Jack of all Trades*, and is thought by the Learned, to be as knowing a *Philomat* as he that has peep'd seven Years into a *Pitch-Barrel*; he's a wonderful Artist at the cleansing of a foul Stomach, or the Sweeping of a Gut; and was one of the chief Promoters of Mens Ease, who brought that savory Receptacle call'd a Close-Stool, to its true Perfection; he publishes a Weekly Paper for the Improvement of Trade and Husbandry; wherein, for the benefit of the Publick, he has inserted the most choice Receipts for the making of *Pancakes*, *Fritters*, *Pudings*, *Dumplings*, also to make *Porridge* or *Thick-milk*, that ever were extant; he likewise thro' his Wisdom and Generosity, has taught the World at the expence of half a Crown to sweeten a Dozen of Glafs-Bottles, which you may buy new for two Shillings; also how at thirty Shillings charge we may improve an Acre of Land not Valluable at one Shilling, to be worth Twenty; amongst

mongst the rest, he is a *Joyner of Sexes*, and will Learnedly prove, upon such Occasions, *That Generation was the main end of our Creation*; whatever Match he makes, he seldom fails of his double Reward; that is, to get Money on one side, and Curses on t'other; for he is a Man of that Conscience and Consideration, that he generally takes care to couple those who are worth Money, to such who want it.

Thus we prattled away our time, till we came in Sight of a Noble Pile of Building, which diverted us from our former discourse, and gave my Friend the Occasion of asking me my Thoughts of this Magnificent Edifice: I told him, I conceiv'd it to be my *Lord Mayor's Palace*, for I could not imagine so stately a Structure could be design'd for any Quality inferior; he smil'd at my Innocent Conjecture, and inform'd me this was *Bedlam*, an Hospital for Mad-folks: In truth, said I, I think they were Mad that Built so cost-ly a *Colledge* for such a Crack-brain'd Society; adding, It was pity so fine a Being should not be possessed by such who had a Sense of their Happiness; sure, said I, it was a Mad Age when this was Rais'd, and the chief of the City were in great danger of losing their Senses, so contriv'd it the more Noble for their own Reception; or they would never have flung away so much Money to so foolish a purpose: You must consider, says my Friend, this stands upon the same Foundation as the *Monument*, and the Fortunes of a great many poor Wretches lies Buried in this Ostentatious Piece of Vanity; and this, like the other, is but a Monument of the Cities Shame and Dishonour, instead of it's Glory; come let us take a walk in, and view it's inside.

Accordingly we were admitted in thro' an Iron-gate, within which sat a Brawny *Cerberus*, of an Indico-colour, leaning upon a Money-box; we turned in thro' another Iron-Barricado, where we heard
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Such a ratling of *Chains*, drumming of *Doors*, *Ranting*, *Hollowing*, *Singing*, and *Running*, that I could think of nothing but *Don Quevedo's* Vision, where the Damn'd broke loose, and put Hell in an Uproar. The first whimfie-headed Wretch of this Lunatick Family, that we observ'd, was a merry Fellow in a Straw-Cap, who was talking to himself after this manner, *That he had an Army of Eagles at his Command*; then claping his hand upon his Head, Swore by his *Crown of Moon-shine*, he would *Battel all the Stars in the Skies* but he would have some *Clarret*: In this interim, came a Gentleman to stare at him with a Red-face: No wonder, said his Aereal Majesty, *Clarret is so scarce*; look there's a Rogue carry's more in his *Nose*, than I, that am Prince of the Air, have had in my *Belly* this *Twelvemonth*. If you are Prince of the Air, said I, Why don't you Command the Man in the *Moon* to give you some? To which he reply'd, *The Man in the Moon's a sorry Rascal*. I sent to him for a dozen *Bottles* but t'other Day, and he Swore by his *Bush*, his *Cellar* had been dry this *Sixmonths*; but I'll be even with the Rogue, I expect a *Cloud Laden with Claret* to be sent me by the *Sun* every day; and if a *Spoonful of Lees* would save him from *Choaking*, the *Old Drunken Whores-Bird* should not have a drop.

We then mov'd on till we found another remarkable Figure worth our observing, who was peeping thro' his *Wicket*, eating of *Bread and Cheese*, talking all the while like a *Carrier* at his *Supper*, chewing his Words with his *Viſtuals*, all that he Spoke being in Praise of *Bread and Cheese*; *Bread was good with Cheese, and Cheese was good with Bread, and Bread and Cheese was good together*; and abundance of such Stuff; to which my Friend and I, with others, stood *Listening*; at last he Counterfeits a *Sneeze*, and shot such a mouthful of *Bread and Cheese* amongst us, that every Spectator had some share of his Kindness, which made us retreat; he calling after us *Masters, Masters*; some
were

went back to hear what he had to say, and he had provided them a plentiful Bowl of Piss, which he cast very successfully amongst them, crying in a Laugh, *I never give Victuals, but I give Drink, and you're Well-come Gentlemen.*

The next unhappy Object amongst this Shatter-Brain'd Fraternity, was a Scholar of St. John's Colledge in Cambridge, who was possess'd with Melancholy, but very inoffensive, and had the Liberty of the Gallery; this was a very Musical Man, which is thought to be one great Occasion of his Distemper: My Friend walk'd up to him, and introduc'd some talk, to divert himself with a few of his Frensil Extravagancies. Another Lunatick in his Intervals, who had the Liberty of ranging the House, Catches hold of my School-fellows Arm, and express'd himself after this manner, *Do'st thou know, Friend, what thou art doing? Why thou art talking to a Madman, a Fiddling fellow, who had so many Crotchets in his Head, that he crack'd his Brains about his thorow Bases.* Prithee, says my Companion, What was the Occasion of Thy Distemper? To which he answer'd, *I am under this Confinement for the Noble Sins of Drinking and Whoring; and if thou hast not a care, it will bring thee into the same Condition.*

We peep'd into another Room, which smelt as strong of Chamber-lie, as a Bottle of *Sal Armoniac*, where a Fellow was got as hard at word, as if he'd been treading *Mortar*: What is it Friend, said I, thou art taking all this Pains about? He answer'd me thus, still continuing in Action, *I am trampling down Conscience under my Feet, least he should rise up and fly in my Face; Have a care he does not fright thee, for he looks like the Devil; and is as fierce as a Lion, but that I keep him Muzzled; therefore get thee gone, or I will set him upon thee.* Then fell a clapping his Hands, and cry'd *Halloo, balloo, balloo, balloo, balloo*; and thus we left him Raving.

Another was holding forth with as much vehemence

mence against Kingly Government, as a Brother of Common-wealth Doctrine, rails against Plurality of Livings: I told him he deserv'd to be Hang'd for talking of Treason. Now, says he, *You're a Fool, we Madmen have as much Priviledge of Speaking our minds, within these Walls, as an Ignorant Dictator, when he Spews out his Nonsense to the whole Parish. Prithee come and live here, and you may talk what you will, and no body will call you to Question for it: Truth is persecuted every where abroad, and flies hither for Sanctuary, where she sits as safe as a Knave in a Church, or a Whore in a Nunnery. I can use her as I please, and that's more than you dare do. I can tell Great Men such bold Truths as they don't love to hear, without the danger of a Whipping Post, and that you can't do: For if ever you see a Madman Hang'd for speaking Truth, or a Lawyer whip'd for Lying, I'll be bound to prove my Cap a Wheel-Barrow.*

We then took a walk into the Womens Apartment to see what whimsical Figaries their wandering Fancies would have them to entertain us withal.

The first that we look'd upon, stood stradling with her Back against the wall, crying, *Come, John come; your Master's gone to Change. I believe the poor Fool's afraid of Forfeiting his Indentures. Did you ever see the like? Why, sure you won't serve your Mistress so, John, will you? Hark, bark, run you Rogue, your Master's come back to Shop. Yes, you shall have a Wife you old Rogue with seven hundred Pounds, and be married Six Years, and not get a Child. Eye for shame, out upon't! A Husband for a Woman, a Husband for the Devil. Hang you, Rot you, Sink you, Confound you.* And thus at last she run raving on in the highest degree of Madness.

Another was talking very merrily, at her Peeping Hole, to a Crowd of Auditors most of them young Wenches. A foolish Girl, amongst the rest, ask'd the Madwoman *how old she was?* Who reply'd, *She was old enough to have Hair where the other had none.*

Which

Which made the Young Creature betake her self to her Heels to avoid the Mockery of the rest. In this Interim came by a Beauish Blade, with his Wig very much Powder'd, *Look, look, cries Bess of Bedlam, yonder goes a Prodigal Puppy, an Extravagant Rascal, that has got more Flower in his Wig, than my poor Mother has in her Meal-Tub to make a Pudding with-all.*

The next poor Object that happen'd under our Observation, was a Meager old Gray Headed Wretch, who look'd as wild as an Angry Cat, and all her Tone was, *The Wind is——blow Devil, blow; the Wind is——Blow, Devil, blow*; a Seaman who was a staring at her, and listening to what she said, must needs be inquisitive how the Wind sat, asking her, *Where is the Wind Mother?* She hastily replying, *The Winds's in my A--s: Blow, Fool, Blow*: Being so pleas'd she had sold him a Bargain, that she fell into an extravagant Fit of laughter, in which we left her.

Having pretty well tir'd our selves with the Frantick Humours and Rambling Ejaculations of the Mad-Folks, we took a turn, to make some few Remarks upon the Looseness of the Spectators, amongst whom we observ'd abundance of Intriguing; Mistresses we found were to be had of all Ranks, Qualities, Colours, Prices and Sizes; from the Velvet Scarf, to the Scotch-plaid Petticoat: Commodities of all sorts went off, for there wanted not a suitable Jack to every Jill. Every fresh comer was soon engaged in an Amour, tho' they came in Single they went out by Pairs; 'tis a new Whetstone's Park, now the old ones Plough'd up, where a Sports-man at any Hour in the Day may meet with Game for his purpose; 'tis a conveniency to London as the Long Cellar to Amsterdam; where any Stranger may purchase a Purge for his Reins, at a small expence, and may have a Pox by chance flung into the bargain; All that I can say of it, is this, *'Tis an Alms-House*
for

for Madmen, a Showing Room for Whores, a sure Market for Leachers, and a dry Walk for Loiterers.

We needed now no Clock to give the Hour of the Day; our Stomachs, as true as those of the *Change*, went One; and after redeeming our Liberties from this Piss-Burn'd Prison, at the Expence of two-pence, we were led by our Appetites into a Cook's Shop; and when we had refresh'd Nature with a necessary supply of what she most coveted, we march'd towards the *Royal Exchange*, to which Traders were trotting in as much haste, as *Lawyers* to *Westminster*, or Butchers to *Smithfield*.

The Pillars at the Entrance of the Front *Porticum*, were adorn'd with fundry Memorandums of old Age, and Infirmary, under which stood here and there a *Jack in a Box*, like a Parson in a Pulpit, selling Cures for your Corns, Glass-Eyes for the Blind, Ivory Teeth for Broken Mouths, and Spectacles for the weak-sighted; the Passage to the Gate being lin'd with Hawkers, Gardeners, Mandrake-sellers, and Porters; after we Crowded a little way amongst this Miscellaneous Multitude, we came to a *Pippin Mongers* Stall, Surmounted with a *Chymists* Shop; where *Drops*, *Elixirs*, *Cordials*, and *Balsams*, had justly the Preheminence of *Apples*, *Chestnuts*, *Pears* and *Oranges*; the former being Rank'd in as much order upon Shelves, as the Works of the Holy-Fathers in a Bishops Library; and the latter being Marshall'd with as much exactness as an Army ready to engage; here is drawn up several Regiments of *Kentish Pippins*, next some Squadrons of *Pearmains*, joyn'd to a Brigade of *Small-Nuts*, with a few Troops of *Booncritons*, all form'd into a Battalion; the Wings compos'd of *Oranges*, *Lemons*, *Pomegranates*, *Dry'd-Plumbs*, and *Medlars*; the Decade of these lower gross Bodies drawn over the *Helm*, are fitted by the help of *Ginger*, *Nutmeg*, and *Liquorish*, to stand upon the upper Shelf, under a Saleable Title, to Cozen Madmen

and Fools out of their Health, and their Money; and to let you know its truly prepar'd, it is made by him who may write himself *Physician, Chymist, Apothecary, Confectioner, and Costermonger.*

We then proceeded and went on to the *Change*, turn'd to the Right, and Jostled in amongst a parcel of Swarthy Buggerantoes, Preternatural Fornicators, as my Friend call'd them, who would Ogle a Handsome Young Man with as much Lust, as a True-bred *English Whoremaster* would gaze upon a Beautiful Virgin. Advertisements hung as thick round the Pillars of each Walk, as Bells about the Legs of a Morris-Dancer, and an Incessant Buz, like the Murmurs of the distant Ocean, stood as a *Diapason* to our Talk, like a *Drone* to a *Bagpipe*. The Wainscote was adorn'd with Quacks Bills, instead of Pictures; never an Emperick in the Town, but had his Name in a Lacquer'd Frame, containing a fair Invitation for a Fool and his Money to be soon parted; and he that wants a dry Rogue for himself, or a Wet-Nurse for a Child, may be furnish'd here at a Minutes warning. After we had squeez'd our selves thro' a Crow'd of *Bumfirking-Italians*, we fell into a Throng of strait-lac'd Monsters in Fur, and Thrum-Caps, with huge Logger-Heads, Effeminate Wastes, and Buttocks like a *Flanders-Mare*, with slovenly Mein, Swinish Looks, whose upper lips were gracefully adorn'd with T—d-colour'd Whiskers, these with their Gloves under their Arms and their Hands in their Pockets, were Grunting to each other, like Hogs at their Pease; these, my Friend told me, were the Water-Rats of *Europe*, who love no Body but themselves, & Fatten upon the Spoils, & Build their own Welfare upon the Ruin of their Neighbours.

We had no sooner Jostled thro' this Cluster of Commonwealth's Men, but we were got amongst a parcel of Lank-Hair'd Formalists, in Flat Crown'd Hats, and short Cloaks, walking with as much State
and

and Gravity as a Snail o'er the Leaf of a Cabbage, with a Box of Tobacco-Dust in one Hand, and the other employ'd in charging their Nostrils, from whence it drops into the Mustachoes, which are always as full of Snuff as a Beaus Wig full of Powder; every Sentence they spoke was grac'd with a Shrug of the Shoulders; and every Step they took, was perform'd with as much leisure as a Cock strides; these, my Friend told me, were *Spaniards*; Says he, you may know them by the Smell, for they Stink as strong of Garlick as a *Polonian* Sausage.

These were confus'dly Jumbled among People of sundry Nations, as our Neighbouring Anticks, the *French*; who talk more with Heads and Hands, than with their Tongues; who commonly Speak first, and Think afterwards; step a *Minuet* as they walk, and sit as graceful on an *Exchange Bench*, as if in a great Saddle; their Bodies always Dance to their Tongues, and are so great Lovers of Action, that they were ready to wound every Pillar with their Canes, as they pass'd by, either in *Ters*, *Cart*, or *Sacoon*.

There likewise were the Lords Vagabonds the *Jews*, who were so accurs'd for their Infidelity, that they are generally the richest People in all Nations where they Dwell; these, like the *Spaniards*, were such great consumers of the Wicked Weed in Snuff, that their upper lips look'd as if they excreated thro' their Nostrils, and had forgot to use Bumfodder. These, says my Friend, are the Hawks of Mankind, the Spies of the Universe, the only Trade-Politicians, subtle Knaves and great Merchants.

Here were also a few Amber-Necklace Sellers, as my Friend call'd 'em; Men with Fur Caps, Long-Gowns, and grave Countenances, seeming Wise in their Looks, Noble in their Garb, and Stately in their Carriage; retaining something of the old *Grecian* Grandure in their comely Deportment; among whom

there was one very Handsome young Fellow, which my Companion bid me take particular Notice on; for says he, that Spark in the Red-Gown was very Familiar with some of our Sweet lip'd Ladies of the City, and was very much Admir'd and Courted by several topping Benefactresses at this end of the Town, to receive their Favours; till the Fool, Proud of his Happiness, must needs boast of their Kindnesses to the Disreputation of his Humble Servants; that they all discarded him with such hatred and contempt, That he is now become the Scorn and Ridicule of every Woman in the City.

Pray, said I, What Tall Sober-look'd Gentleman is that, in so grave a dress, in the Long Black Wig, and formal Hat, that stands as level in the Brim as a Pot-lid, he seems to be wonderfully Reverenc'd by a great many much Finer than himself? That Man, says my Friend, is the greatest Merchant we have in *England*; and those Fellows that keep a Stern, and now and then come upon his Quarter with their Top-Sails lower'd, are Commanders of Ships, who are Soliciting for Employment, and he that plies him so close, they call *Honour and Glory*, who lately bore Command in the Service; he was originally a poor Fisherman, but did a very Notable Exploit, by the help of his Man *Jack*, that recommended him to a Commission; but either for want of Discretion or Honesty, is turn'd out; and I suppose rather than return to his Nets, he is willing to enter into Merchants Service.

The next Walk we went into, were a parcel of Swords-Men in Twisted Wigs, and Lac'd Hats, with broad Faces, and flattish Noses, saluting one another commonly by the Title of Captain; but look'd as if they had been a great while out of Commission, for most of them were very much out of Repair; some like Gentlemen without Estates, and others like Foot Men out of Places, many of them picking their Teeth, often

often plucking out large Tobacco Boxes to cram a wad in their Mouths, as if most of their Food was Minc'd-Meat.

The other sort were a kind of lean Carrionly Creatures, with Reddish Hair, and freckly Faces, being very much given to Scratching and Shrugging, as if they held Loufiness no Shame, and the Itch no Scandal; stooping a little in the Shoulders, as if their Backs had been us'd to a Pedlars Pack; amongst them was a poor Parson, who came to the wrong place to look for a Benefice; these I found were a Compound of *Scotch* and *Irish*, who look'd as if they rather came to *Seek* for Business, than *Dispatch* any.

We now were come to the Back Gate of the *Change*; on the East-side of which, sat a parcel of Women, some looking like Jilts who wanted Cullies, and others like Servants who wanted Places.

We past by them, and Squeez'd amongst Coasters and *English* Traders, who were as busie in Out-witting one another, as if Plain-dealing was a Crime, and Cozenage a Vertue.

Take Notice, says my Companion, of that Camel-back'd Spark, he is dignified with the Title of my Lord, and has as many Maggots in his Head, as there are holes in a Cullender, tho' the Rickets have crush'd him into that lump of Deformity, he has the Happiness, or Curse, I know not whether, to have a very handsome Woman to his Wife, whose prevailing Glances, have tempted such Custom to his Shop, that he can afford to spend three or four Hundred Pounds a Year in a Tavern, without doing himself a prejudice, which she very generously allows him to do out of her gettings, as some Censorious People are apt to imagine, as a gratuity for his Toleration for her Liberty of Conscience; she is never without a Shop-full of Admirers, whom she Poisons with her Eyes, and bubbles as she pleases; give her her due, she's as Beautiful as an Angle, but

-s Subtile as the Devil, as Curteous as a Curtesan; but sharp as a Needle; very Free, but very Jiltish; very Inviting, yet some say very Vertuous.

Now, says my Friend, we are got amongst the Plantation-Traders. This may be call'd *Kidnappers Walk*; for a great many of these *Jamaicans* and *Barbadians*, with their Kitchen-stuff Countenance, are looking as sharp for Servants, as a Gang of Pickpockets for Booty; but we have given these their Characters already in the *Trip to Jamaica*, therefore we shall speak but little of them here; I'll warrant you if they knew the Author was among them, they'd hussle him about, as the Whigs would a *Jacobite* at the Election of a Lord-Mayor; or the Quakers a Drunken Ranter that should disturb them at their Meeting.

Pray said I, what is the meaning of that Inscription in Golden Capitals over the Passage, *My Lord Mayors Court*? My Friend reply'd, That was the Nest of *City-Cormorants*, who by saving a little out of many Mens Estates, raise great ones to themselves; by which means they teach Fools Wit, and bring Litigious Knaves to Repentance.

Within that Entry is an Office of Intelligencce, pretending to help Servants to Places, and Masters to Servants; they have a knack of Bubbling silly Wenches out of their Money; who loiter hereabouts upon this expectancy, till they are pick'd up by the Plantation Kidnappers, and Spirited away into a State of Misery and Whoredom.

Now, says my Friend, let us walk on the middle of the Change, and view the Statue; this, says he, is the Figure of King *Charles II.* and those are Stock-jobbers, who are hovering about him, and are by report a pack of as great Knaves as ever he had in his Dominions; the rest are a mix'd Multitude of all Nations, and not worth describing. Now I'll conduct

duct you up Stairs, to take a view of the Fair Ladies, and so adjourn to the Tavern, and refresh our selves with a Bottle.

Accordingly we went up, where Women sat in their Pinfolds, begging of Custom, with such Amorous Looks, and Affable Tones, that I could not but fancy they had as much mind to dispose of themselves, as the Commodities they deal in: My Ears on both sides were so baited with *Fine Linnen, Sir, and Gloves and Ribbons, Sir*, that I had a Milliner's and a Sempstrefs's Shop in my Head for a Week after: Well, says my Friend, what do you think of all these pretty Ladies? I answer'd, I thought of them as I did of the Sex; I suppos'd they were all ready to obey the Laws of Nature, and answer the end of their Creation. Says he, This Place is a Nursery for Wives, the Merchants Seraglio; for most that you see here, come under *Chaucers* Character of a Sempstrefs, and so we'll leave them.

*She keeps a Shop for Countenance,
And S—— for Mountenance.*

T H E
London-Spy.

P A R T IV.

A Description of a Quakers Tavern in Finch-Lane. The Quakers Method of Drinking. A Song. A Character of the Vintner. The Spy and his Friend go to the Angel in Fenchurch-street; from whence they were Committed to the Poultry Counter; which the Spy Describes. Their Examination before a Justice. A Poetical Curse on the Constable. Remarks on Bow-Church Steeple. The Giants in Guild-Hall. The Sheriffs Court. The Court of Conscience. The Pictures of the Judges. On an Old Man with a great Nose. A Man that goes half Naked. Upon one in St. Pauls Church-Yard.

BEing now well tired with the days Fatigue, our thirsty Veins and drooping Spirits call'd for the assistance of a Cordial Flask. In order to gratifie our craving Appetites with this Refreshment, we stood a while debating whither we should Steer our Course, and what Tavern we should chuse to enrich our Minds with unadulterated Juice. My Friend recollected a little sanctified *Aminadab* in *Finch-lane*, whose Purple *Nectar* had acquir'd a Singular Reputation amongst the Staggering Zealots of the Sober Fraternity, who are allow'd of late to be as good Judges of the comfortable Creature, as a *Protestant Priest*, or a *Latitudinarian Fuddle-cap*, who (as Rooks play) drink Wine on Sundays.

To

To this Salutiferous Fountain of Nature's choicest Juleps, our inclinations led us, tho' we knew the little Ruler of the Mansion intended it chiefly for Watering the Lambs of Grace, and not to succour the Evil off-spring of a Reprobate Generation.

When we had entred our Land of Promise, which overflow'd with more Healthful Riches than either Milk or Honey, we found all things were as silent as the Mourning Attendants at a Rich Mans Funeral; no ringing of *Bar-Bell*, bawling of *Drawers*, or ratling of *Pot-lids*; But a general hush ordered to be kept thro' the whole Family, as a warning to all Tiplers at their entrance, how they make a Noise to awake the Spirit, lest it move the Masters and Drawers to stand still when you call 'em; and refuse to draw you any more Wine, for fear the inward Man should break out into open disorder.

In the Entry we met two or three blushing Saints, who had been holding forth so long over the Glass, that had it not been for their flapping Umbrella's, Puritanical Coats, and diminutive Cravats, shap'd like the Rose of a Parsons Hat-band, I should have taken them by their Scarlet Faces, to be good Christians. They pass'd us by as upright and as stiff, as so many Figures in a *Raree-show*; as if a touch of the Hat, had been committing of Sacrilege; or a Ceremonious Nod, a rank Idolatry.

A Drunken-look'd Drawer, disguis'd in a Sober-Garb, like a Wolf in Sheeps Cloathing, or the Devil in a Fryars Habit, shew'd us into the Kitchen, where we told him we were desirous of being, as Crickets covet Ovens, for the sake of warmth: Several of Father *Ramseys* slouching Disciples sat hovering over their Half-pints, like so many Coy Gossips over their Quarterns of Brandy, as if they were afraid any body should see 'em; they cast as many froward looks upon us Swords-men, as so many Misers would do upon a couple

couple of spunging Acquaintance; as if they took us for some of the wild *Irish*, that should have Cut their Throats in the beginning of the Revolution.

However we bid our selves Welcome into their Company; and were forc'd for want of Room, the Kitchen being well fill'd, to mix higgie-de piggle-de, as the Rooks amongst the Crows upon the Battlements of a Church-Steeple: They leering at us under their Bongrace with as much contempt as so many *Primitive Christians* at a couple of *Pagans*.

We, like true Protestant Topers, who scorn the Hypocrisie of Tipling by half Pints, as if we drank rather to wash away our *Sins* than our *Sorrows*, appear'd bare-fac'd, call'd for a Quart at once, and soon discover'd our Religion by our Drinking; whilst they, like true Puritans, gifted with abundance of holy Cheats, will never be Catch'd over more than half a Pint, tho' they'll drink Twenty at a Sitting.

The Wine prov'd extraordinary, which indeed was no more than we expected, when we found our selves furrounded with so many Spiritual Mum-chances, whose Religious Looks shew them to be true Lovers of what the Righteous are too apt to esteem as the chiefest Blessing of Providence.

We had not sat long, observing the Humours of the drowthy Saints about us, but several amongst them began to look as chearful, as if they had drown'd the terrible apprehensions of Futurity, and thought no more of Damnation, than a Whore of a Twelve-months standing.

The Drawer now was constantly imploy'd in replenishing their Scanty Measures; for once warm'd, they began to drink so fast, 'twas the Business of one Servant to keep them doing. Notwithstanding their great aversion to external Ceremony, one pluck'd off his Hat, and ask'd his next Neighbour, *What do'st think Friend, this cost me? But before thou tellest me, let me Drink;*

Drink; and I hope thou understand'st my meaning. This I suppose, was the Canting Method of paying more than ordinary Veneration to some peculiar thoughts; which by this stratagem were render'd Intelligible to each other: For I took Notice this Allegorical method of drinking some obliging Health, was observ'd thro' the whole Society, with reverence of uncover'd Heads, under a crafty pretence of examining into the price of each others Hats; and when they were desirous to Elevate their Lethargick Spirits with the circulation of a Bumper, one fills it, and offers the prevailing Temptation to his left Hand Companion, in these words, saying, *Friend, does the Spirit move thee to receive the good Creature thus plentifully?* The other replies, *Yea, Do thou take and enjoy the Fruits of thy own Labour, and by the help of Grace I will drink another as full.* Thus did the liquourish Saints quaff it about as merrily, after their precise Canting manner, as so many Countrey Parsons over a Tub of Ale, when freed from the remarks of their censorious Parishoners; till, like reprobate Sinners, who have not the fear of Providence before their Eyes, they were deluded by Satan into a Wicked State of Drunkenness.

By this time the subtile Spirits of the Noble Juice had given in us fresh motion to the Wheels of Life, and Coroborated those springs which impart Vigour and Activity to the whole Engine of Mortality; and my Friend must needs be so frolikesome to Tune his Pipes, and entertain us with a Song, in order to try whether those who were deaf to Reason and good Manners, had any Ears towards Musick with their Wine, which are usually held to be such inseparable Companions, that the true Relish of the one, can never be Enjoy'd without the Assistance of the other: And because the words happen'd in some measure applicable to that present Juncture, I have thought it not amiss to insert 'em.

SONG

S O N G.

WHY should Christians be restrain'd
From the brisk enliv'ning Juice,
Heaven only has ordain'd
(Thro' Love to Man) for humane use?
Should not Claret be deny'd
To the Turks, they'd Wiser grow;
Lay their Alchoran aside,
And soon believe as Christians do.

C H O R U S.

For Wine and Religion, like Musick and Wine,
As they are Good in themselves, do to Goodness incline;
And make both the Spirit and Flesh so divine,
That our Faces and Graces both equally shine:
Then still let the Bumper round Christendom pass,
For Paradise lost may be found in a Glass.

Just as my Friend had ended his Sonnet, in came the little Lord of the Tippling Tenement, about the height of a Nine-pin, with his Head in a Hat of such Capacious Dimensions, that his Body was as much drown'd under the disproportion'd Brims of this unconscionable Castor, as a Pigmy under the Umbrage of a Giants Bongrace, or a Mouse crept into a Close-stool-pan. He was button'd into a plain Vestment that touch'd no part of his Body but his Shoulders; his Coat being so large, and his Carcase so little, that it hung about him like a Maulkin upon a cross-stick in a Country Peas-field: His Arms hung dangling like a Mobs Taffy mounted upon a Red-herring upon St. David's-day, and his Legs so slender, they bid defiance to any Parish Stocks.

He waited a little while the motion of the Spirit;
and

and when he had compos'd his Countenance, and put himself into a fit posture for *reproof*, he breaks into this following Oration, *Pray, Friend, forbear this Prophane hollowing and hooting in my House, the wicked Noise thou makest among my Sober Friends, is neither Pleasing to them nor me; and since I find the Wine is too powerful for thy Inward-man, I must needs tell thee, I will draw thee no more of it. I therefore desire thee to Pay for what thou hast had, and depart my House, for I do not like thy ways, nor does any Body here approve of thy Ranting doings.*

We were not much surpriz'd at this piece of Fanatical Civility, it being no more than we expected; but the manner of his Delivery, render'd his words so very diverting, that we could not forbear laughing him into so great a Passion, that the looks of the little Saint, discover'd as great a Devil in his Heart, as a Pious Disciple of his bigness could be well possess'd with: Then according to his Request, we paid our Reckoning, and left him in a Condition of Vinegar and Crabs Eyes, upon a great ferment.

From thence (pursuant to my Friends inclinations) we adjourn'd to the Sign of the *Angel* in *Fenchurch-street*, where the Vintner, like a double-dealing Citizen condescended as well to draw Carmans Comfort, as the Consolatory Juice which Nature has bestow'd on more deserving Mortals. There my Friend had the good Fortune to meet with some of his Acquaintance with whom we Joyn'd, and made up, together, as pretty a Tippling-Society, as ever were drawn into a Circumference, from the Noble Center of a Punch-Bowl; tho' [our] Liquor was the Blood of the Grape, in which we found that delectable Sweetness, that so many thirsty Pigs round a Trough-ful of Ale-grounds, could not have exprest more satisfaction in their Grunts, than we did in our merry Songs and Catches.

Time now taking the Advantage of our carelessness,
prun'd

prun'd his Wings, and fled with such Celerity, that he had brought the Noon of Night upon our Backs before our Thoughts had measur'd out a sufficiency of the Noble Creature to our craving Appetites ; and as we were contending with the drouie Master for the other Quart, who should come in and put an end to our Controversie, but a Tall, Meagre, Carrionly *Cony-fumble*, and with him his Crazy Crew of Cornigerous Halberteers, who look'd, together, like *Judas* and his Accomplices, or a parcel of *Tom-T——d-Men* with their long Poles coming to Gauge a Vault? When he had given us a fair Sight of his Painted Authority, which he stamp'd down upon the boards before him, with as much threatening Violence, as a *Jack-Adams* in a *Musick-House*, at the end of every strain, when dancing with a Quarter-staff ; then, with as much Pride as a Loobily Mayor of a Country Corporation, he open'd his Mouth, like *Balaam's* Ass, and thus Spake ; *Look you, d'ye see me, Gentlemen? 'Tis an unseasonable time of Night for People to be Tippling ; every honest Man ought to have been in his Bed an hour or two ago.* That's true, said I, for no body ought to be up so late, but Constables and their Watches ; at which some of the Company titter'd ; which gave great offence to the Cholerick Conservator, who commanded us instantly to be gone, or he would commit us to the Counter. A Wine-Cooper in the Company, being well acquainted with this shred of Authority, us'd importunate Solicitations for the Liberty of drinking another Quart, saying, *Pray, Mr. Constable, don't be thus severe with us ; 'twas but last Night you and I were drinking at a later hour together, I therefore hope you won't deny us the Priviledge your self has so lately taken.* This bitter Reflection, tost into the very Mouth of a Magistrate, had such an unsavory relish, that he could not swallow it ; but commanded his Black-guard to take us to the *Poultry-Counter* ; who presently fell on, like so many Foot-Pads ; first secur'd

secur'd our Weapons, and then led us along by the Elbows, in Triumph to the Rats-Castle, where we were forc'd to do Pennance till the next Morning, in Obedience to the Will of a *Cucumber Cormorant*, a *Taylor* good Lord! At whom I had flung a Remnant of hard words, which made the Cross-leg'd Nit-cracker more particularly my Enemy.

After we had pass'd thro' a spacious Porch, where Knaves in a forenoon may be seen in Clusters as thick as Pick-Pockets round *Tyburn* at an Execution, or Beggars at a Hall Gate upon a Festival day, we came to a frightful Grate, more terrible than the Scene of Hell in *Circe*, where three Knocks of Authority were given at the Gate, a single-headed *Cerberus*, in a fur Cap, let fall a Chain, from the Back of a Barricado, that made a more terrible ratling in our Ears, than the Tongue of a Scold, or a *Clap* of *Thunder*: Then with a Key much bigger than *St. Peters*, in which there was enough Iron to have made a Porridge-Pot, and consisted of more Wards than are Parishes in the City, he open'd the Wicket of the Poor-Mans Furgatory, into which they thrust us, one upon the back of another like so many Swine into an Hogs-stie. The Turn-Key was so civil to offer us Beds, but, upon such unconscionable terms, that a Salt Sinner might have hired a Feather'd Conveniency in a Bawdy-House, with a Downy Bed-fellow into the bargain, for less Money than they exacted for the Sheets; so, like good Husbands, we thank'd him for his Love, but refus'd his *Courtesie*.

After we had taken two or three turns in a Pav'd-yard, viewing the Strength and Loftiness of our Garison by Star-light, we began to reflect upon the Mischance we had fallen under; and look'd as simple as so many Knight Errants forc'd into an Enchanted Castle. As we were thus ruminating upon our present Circumstances, we heard the Laughing of many Voices mixed

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ed with the confus'd wranglings of a different Society : We ask'd the under Turn-key the meaning of this promiscuous Noise ; who told us, the Prisoners on the *Common-side* were driving away Sorrow ; and making themselves merry with some of their Pastimes: Upon which we made it our choice to be of their Society, and desir'd admittance (accordingly) amongst 'em, as a means to pass away the tediousness of the Night with some diversion ; and also that we might Judge the better of Confinement, and the hardships of a Prison.

When we first enter'd this Apartment, under the Title of the *Kings-Ward*, the mixtures of Scents that arose from *Mundungus-Tobacco*, foul *Sweaty Toes*, *Dirty Shirts*, the *Sh——t-Tub*, stinking *Breaths*, and uncleanly *Carcasses*, Poison'd our Nostrils far worse than a *Southwark Ditch*, a *Tanners Yard*, or a *Tallow-chandlers Melting-Room*. The Ill-looking Vermin, with long Rusty Beards swaddled up in Rags, and their heads some cover'd with Thrum Caps, and others thrust into the tops of old Stockings ; some quitted their Play they were before engag'd in, and came hovering round us, like so many *Canibals*, with such devouring *Countenances*, as if a Man had been but a Morfel with 'em, all crying out *Garnish, Garnish*, as a Rabble in an Insurrection, crying *Liberty, Liberty*. We were forc'd to submit to their Doctrine of Non-resistance, and comply with their demands, which extended to the Sum of Two Shillings each. Having thus Paid our Initiation Fees, we were bid Welcome into the *Kings-Ward* ; and to all the Priviledges and Immunities thereof. This Ceremony being ended, the Lowlie Assembly of Tatterdemallions, with their fingers in their Necks, return'd to their Sports, and were as merry as so many Beggars in a Barn ; some of them form'd a high Court of Justice, by whom a Criminal

Criminal was to be try'd for Cracking his Lice between his Teeth, and Spitting out the Bloody Skins about the Ward, to the great Nufance of the good Subjects of *England* under Confinement in the *Poultry*: The Culprit mov'd the Court to allow him Counsel, which was granted; and there happening to be amongst them a Fat *York-shire* Attorney who was committed for foul Practice, and extorting undue Fees, the Offender at the Bar chose him as his Advocate, who indeed was very industrious in the defence of his Client, till a couple of unlucky Rogues, who were privately appointed to manage the Design, came on a sudden, charg'd with their hands-full of Sir-reverence out of the excreting Tub, mix'd up with Soot and Tallow, and as the poor Pleader was gaping to the Court, with abundance of intention, they slap'd it into his Mouth, as Poulterers do Paste when they cram Capons; and what, by the strength of his Jaws he bit off with his Teeth, and would not suffer to be internally apply'd, they anointed his Face with, till they made him stink like a *Tom-T——d-Man*, and look as Beautiful as a Chimney-Sweeper.

This put the Court, as well as the other Spectators, into an excessive laughter, to see the poor Lawyer Spit, Splutter, Spew, and run about Swearing and Cursing, Raving, and Crying, like a *Bedlamite*, that had broke his Chains, they having hid the Bucket of water, that he had nothing either to gargle his Mouth, or recover his Face to its Natural Complexion: Every Body was glad to escape his fury, by keeping at a distance; none came within the reach of his Arms, or the scent of his Breath, which you may be sure stunk as bad as a House of Office; till at last he seizes a Young Fellow, who had no hand in the matter, and blow'd upon him like a Bear upon a Dog, till he had almost poison'd him; and so besmeer'd him with Kisses, that they look'd as like one another in the Face as the two

Images of St. *Dunstan's* Dial. In revenge of which, the Young Sufferer retir'd to the Stink-Tub, as a good fortrefs well stor'd with Ammunition, there fish'd for Pellats, which he cast so thick upon his Adversary, that he made him look and stink like a Bogg'd Bayliff; and now and then a Random-Shot hit a stander-by, which had like to have begot him more Enemies: What the Lawyer could gather from the Ground, and pick off his Garment, he most Manfully return'd; and fighting Cunning, being much upon the Dodg, an unlucky Bullet flew over his Shoulder, and shot a broken Perfumer just in the Face, whose Nostrils being us'd to Odoriferous Scents, were the more Offended at the unsavory misfortune, which came with such angry force, from a provok'd Enemy, that the major part of his Face was eclips'd by the Stinking Messenger of War.

Both sides maintain'd the Battle with great bravery, till their Ammunition was quite spent, which forc'd them to end their Quarrel in a few hard Words. But notwithstanding they gave equal Testimonials of their undaunted Courage, yet I must needs tell you, they came off, saving your Presence, in a very Shitten Condition.

When the foul mutiny was thus ended, which began in a Sir-reverence, a general Search was made after the Bucket of Water, in order to wash off their Impurities, with which, in the heat of Passion, they had wofully defil'd each other; after a sedulous enquiry, they found the hidden Element, which by cleaning their Hands and Faces, they soon died of a Beastly Complection.

By this time most of the Pediculous Inhabitants of these uncomfortable Confiners, being well tired with the Pastimes of the Night, were sitting Naked in their Cabins over-hauling their Shirts, and pressing their Eight-leg'd Enemies to death between their Thumb-nails,

nails, wheresoe'er they found them; every now and then came a frightful Figure from aloft, clawing his own Flesh for Madness, he was so Loulie; turns his Buttocks o'er the edge of a Wooden conveniency, let fly, and away scowers up again: At last descends a Fellow in a Mourning Surplis, and in his hand a Wooden Porridge-Dish, whose Hair stood as if *Medusa*-like, it had been turned into Snakes; whither should he trot, but to the Pail of Water, where the Dunghil-scented Combatants had wash'd off their Mire, and quaffs off a couple of Bumpers very favourly; but as soon as it was done, he found it left an unpalatable Relish behind it, which made poor drowthy *Barnaby* fall a Spitting and Cursing, the *Plague D——n the Pump, it is grown so Rotten, and makes the Water taste so strong of the Tree, that we shall be all Poison'd*: This unlucky Deception of the innocent mistaken Wretch, rais'd amongst my Friends and I, a great deal of Merriment; who, like the rest of Mankind, were under a natural Propensity to laugh at mischief. The Fellow had got Drunk in the Cellar, and went to Bed before the Prisoners began their Revels, and knew nothing of the Feud had been rais'd by the droppings of the Fundament, which occasion'd him to be thus deceiv'd.

Now the whole Family were grow as silent as so many Hogs when their Bellies are full, nothing being heard but Snoaring, except now and then a Crack from the stretching of a Louses Skin, or an ingrateful Sound from the untunable Drone of a filthy Bagpipe, which is never heard, but by the assistance of a stinking Breath: With this sort of Musick were our Ears entertain'd all Night; and that my Eyes might be oblig'd with answerable satisfaction, I thought it now the only time to look about me, where I observ'd Men lay pil'd in Cabbins one upon another, like Coffins in a Burying Vault, possessing

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only the same allowance above Ground, as the Dead do under, their Breadth and Length, that's all. Other poor Curs, that wanted the conveniency of Kennels (being supernumerary to the Sleeping Huts) were lain some upon Benches, as if they had been bred up Courtiers Footmen: Other coil'd underneath, like Dogs, and slept as sound as Low-Country Soldiers: Some lay round the Fire, almost cover'd with Ashes, like Potatoes roasting, with their Noses in Conjunction with one anothers A——s, like Hogs upon a Dunghill: These I suppose were tender Mortals bred up at the Forge, and as great Enemies to cold Weather, as the Mad-fellow that walks about the Town Naked. Another was crept into a corner, and had whelm'd over his Head the Ashes Tub, and so made a Night-Cap of an Ale-firkin, to defend his head from the coldness of the Weather.

With these sort of Observations we past away the dull hours of Confinement till the Morning; and were all asglad to see day-light again, as a Man would be to see the Sun, that had tumbled by accident into a neglected Cole-Pit: Our Fellow Sufferers began now to awake, stretch and yawn, and hawk up their Soot-colour'd Flegm, congeal'd in their Filthy Stomachs, with unwholsome Belch, and nasty *Oroonoko*. Every one stinking as he rows'd from his warm Den, like a Fox newly unkenneld. Now, I must confess, I was forc'd to hold my Nose to the Grate, and Snuff hard for a little fresh Air; for I was e'en choak'd with the unwholesome Fumes, that arose from their uncleanly Carcasses: Were the Burning of Old Shooes, Draymens Stockings, the dipping Card-matches, and a full Close-stool pan, to be prepared in one Room, as a Nosegay to torment my Nostrils, it could not have prov'd a more effectual Punishment.

At last I heard the Keys begin to Rattle, which tho' they were indifferent Musick over Night, they
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were very pleasing to my Ears in the Morning. The Turn-Key now, according to my wishes, let us into the Yard, where we drew a little new Breath, and belch'd into the World those Pestilential Seeds which were drawn into our Bodies, from the three fatal Sisters, Filth, Poverty, and Laziness.

We now thought it necessary to fortifie our Stomachs with a Mornings Draught, and accordingly descended into the Cellar, for the same purpose; where every Captive that had either Money or Credit, was for posting with all speed.

Now we were happily come into the Conversation of the Ladies, who (poor Creatures) in tatter'd Garments, and without Head-cloaths, look'd as if they were just deliver'd from the rude hands of an unmerciful Rabble. One among the rest, who had something more than ordinary in her Person, to recommend her to our Notice, I drank to, and beg'd the favour of her company, which without much importunity she granted; and after a little talk, I took the freedom to ask her what she was in for: She hesitated a little, at last told me, she was at the Suit of a Tally Man in *Hounds-ditch*, for things to the value of four Pounds; and that he offer'd to Kiss it out, but she would not let him; for which reason he Arrested her, and had run her up to an Execution. But I suppose Madam (said I) you have heartily repented since, that you refus'd the offer. No Sir, she replied, rather than I would gratifie the desires of such unmerciful Rogues as either Tally-man, Pawn-Broker, or Bayliff, I would prostitute my self to the honest Porters in the Town: For I'd have you to know, Sir, I scorn to defile my Body with such Vermin, such inhuman Knaves, that can't be content to cheat People out of their Money, but must Cozen them out of their Liberty too. Here are but Thirteen poor Wretches of us on the Common-side, and Twelve of 'em were brought in upon the Tally Account; and if Providence shew us no

more Mercy than our Creditors, here they may keep us as examples of their Cruelty, to frighten others in their Books to turn either Whore or Thief, to get Money to be Punctual to their Payments, which many have been forc'd to do, to my certain Knowledge, to satisfy the hungry demands of those Unconscionable Usurers.

I was mightily pleas'd with the Womans Talk, because I thought it reasonable to believe there was abundance of Truth in't. For People that are poor to pay such unreasonable extortion as *Cent per Cent*, it's a Scandal to the Laws, an Enemy to the Publick Good, a great oppression of the Poor, a shame to Christianity; and all to gratifie the Miserly Lusts of Insatiate Consciences.

I rose up and peep'd a little, to survey this Subterranean Boozing Ken; and found it divided by as many Partitions, as the *Temple-House* of Office, tho' I confess it smelt not quite so sweet: The Walls were Varnish'd with the slime of Snails; and had nothing to cover their Nakedness in the coldest of Weather, but a Tiffany Cobweb wherein hung Spiders as big as Humble-Bees that had not been molested with a Broom since they were enliven'd. The Tables and Benches were of Sturdy Oak, handed down thro' many Ages to Posterity, and look'd of that venerable Antiquity, as if they had been faithful Servants to some great Man in the first Year of Jubilee. Like undutiful Children, we trod and Spit upon the bare Skin of our first Parent, Earth; for 'twas floor'd like a Barn, tho' it stunk like a Stable; for every Body Piss'd as they sat, without the use of a Chamber-Pot.

By this time came down the Constable who committed us, with a Countenance as white as the Head of a *Rumford-Calf*; and both his Sleeves arm'd with Spanish Needles of all sorts and sizes, with here and there a Remnant of Blasting-Thread and Stitching-Silk, hanging upon his Coat and Stockins. His Shoes, behind

behind in the Quarters, being polish'd with the Sweat of his Heels, of a Jet-colour, to show his Profession requires him to be often Slip-shod. By Virtue of his painted Rowling-pin, he remov'd us from the Plagues of *Scotland*, and carry'd us before our Betters, Sir *Milk* and *Maycril*, to answer what Mr. *Stablecunt*, could alledge against us. When his Worship had set his Band to rights, and Dress'd his Countenance with abundance of Gravity, he betakes himself to his Elbow-chair, plac'd within a Bar, to keep unmannerly transgressors at their due distance, and also to secure his Corns from the careless Affronts of whispering Constables, who are commonly proud to be seen standing between Justice and the People. Our business was soon dispatch'd; 'twas a case so familiar to his Worship, that he had it at his Fingers ends, without consulting of *Keeble*: For all the charge delivered against us was Tipling at an unreasonable hour, and refusing to go home according to the command of Authority. But Mr. *Buckram* being highly displeas'd at some aggravating Words I had given him over Night, told his Wisdom I threaten'd him; and said I won'd make him pay five Pound an hour for Detaining of me. *How!* says Sir *Serious*, *Pray what are you, that you Value your Time at so precious a Rate? Or that dare speak such affrightning words to the Face of the Kings Representative?* I reply'd, An't please your Worship, I am a Gauger, and was out last Night about the Kings Business as well as Mr. *Constable*; and the King, for ought I know, has sustain'd two or three Hundred Pounds damage by my being detain'd from my Duty for which I look upon it Mr. *Constable*, must be answerable; for I assure him, I will give a report of the matter to the *Commissioners*.

This put his Gravity to his heels and ha's. *I must confess Mr. Constable, (said he) You did not do well to commit one of His Majesties Officers; it was very unad-*

wisely done of you. Well, Gentlemen, paying your Fees, you may go about your Business, I have nothing further to say to you.

Had it not it been for the assistance of a few Brains and a little Confidence, I had been bound over to the Sessions: But I Bless my Stars, a lucky Providence prevented the misfortune; and restor'd us to our former Liberty. Being now glad we had shak'd off the Yoke of Confinement at so easie a Rate, without paying for either Drunkenness, Swearing, or the like, which are as commonly accumulated upon any Transgressors under our Circumstances, as it is to find Canvas, Stay-tape, and Buckram, in a Taylors Bill. As we had been Fellow-Sufferers together, there was no parting without a Glass; so we went to the *Rose Tavern* in the *Poultry*, where Wine, according to its Merit, had justly gain'd a Reputation; and there in a Snug Room, warm'd with Brush and Faggot, over a Quart of Good Claret, we laugh'd at our Nights Adventure, and curs'd the Constable. And that all others who fall into his clutches, may do like, I have given them the same Words to their Assistance.

*May Rats and Mice
Consume his Shreds,
His Patterns and his Measures;
May Nits and Lice
Infest his Beds,
And Care confound his Pleasures.*

*May his long Bills
Be never paid;
And may his Help-mate Horn-him;
May all his Ills
Be Publick made;
And may his Watchmen Scorn-him.*

May

*May Cucumbers
Be all his Food,
And Small-Beer be his Liquor;
Lustful Desires
Still fire his Blood,
But may his Reins grow weaker.*

*When old may be,
Reduced be
From Constable to Beadle,
And live until
He cannot feel.
His Thimble from his Needle.*

After we had drank a refreshing Glass, my Friend and I took leave of our Companions; and concluded to take a turn in *Guild-hall*, which he told me was a fine Place; and my Lord Mayors chosen Dining-room, upon his Day of Triumph. As I came out of the Tavern, Bumpkin-like, I could no more forbear staring at *Bow-Steeple*, than an Astrologer could looking at a *Blazing-Star*, or a Young Debauchee at a fine Woman: But I wonder'd the Projector of such a Noble Pyramid, should form so mean a Model for the Church; which compar'd together, are just the reverse of *St. Andrews Holbourn*, the one being like a Woman with a Beautiful Face joyn'd to a Deform'd Body, and the other, like an old Pigmy's Head upon a young Giants Shoulders. But, Pray, said I, What is the meaning of that terrible Monster upon the Top, instead of a Fane, or Weather-Cock? Why, that (says my Friend) is a Brazon Dragon, exalted as an Emblem of the Church's Persecution: The *Dissenters* once look'd Devilishly a Squint at it, but now they dread it no more, than *More of More-hall* did the Dragon of *Wantley*.

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From thence we Jostled thro' a parcel of busie Citizens, who blunder'd along with as much speed towards the *Change*, as Lawyers in Term time towards *Westminster-Hall*, till we turn'd down *King-street*, and came to the Place intended; which I enter'd with as great Astonishment, to see the Giants, as the *Morrocco* Ambassador did *London*, when he saw the Snow fall: I ask'd my Friend the meaning or design of setting up those two Lubberly preposterous Figures; for I suppose they had some peculiar end in't? Truly, says my Friend, I am wholly Ignorant of what they intended by 'em, unless they were to show the City what huge Loobies their Forefathers were, or else to fright stubborn Apprentices into Obedience; for the dread of appearing before two such Monstrous Loggerheads, will sooner reform their Manners, or mould 'em into a Compliance of their Master's Will, then carrying 'em before my Lord Mayor, or the Chamberlain of *London*; for some of them are as much frightened at the Names of *Gog* and *Magog*, as little Children are at the terrible sound of *Raw-Head* and *Bloody-Bones*.

Pray, said I, What are yon cluster of People doing, that seem all as busie as so many Fools at the Royal Oak-Lottery? Truly, said my Friend, you are something mistaken in your comparison; if you had said *Knaves*, you had hit it, for that's the S——s C——t; and I must needs give 'em that Character, That I never yet knew one *Fool* among them, tho' they have to do with a great many. All those Tongue-Padders, who are Chattering within the Bar, are Picking the Pockets of those that stand without. You may know the Sufferers by their Pale Faces; the Passions of Hope, Fear, and Revenge, hath put them into such disorder, they are as easie to be distinguish'd in a Crowd by their Looks, as an Owl from a Hawk, or a Country Esquire from a Town Sharper.

He's a very comely Gentleman, said I, that sits upon the Bench; and puts on as pleasing a Countenance, as
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if, like a God, he view'd with Pleasure the Jars and Discords of contending Mortals, that Fret and Fume beneath him.

My Friend reply'd, He might well look merrily who sits the playing of so many great Games, and is sure always to be on the Winning-side. For you must know, says he, these Courts are like Publick Gaming-Tables, the Steward's the Box-keeper, the Councel and Attorneys are the Sharpers, and the Clients the Fools that are bubbled out of their Money.

Pray what is that Crowd doing at the other end of the Hall? That, my Friend told me was a *Court of Conscience*, whose business it is to take care that a Debtor, of a Sum under forty Shillings, shall not pay Money faster than he can get it. 'Tis a very reasonable Establishment, without Jestings, for the prevention of poor Peoples ruin, who lie at the Mercy of a parcel of Rascally Tally men, and such like Unconscionable Traders, who build their own Well-fare upon the Miseries and Wants of others. There are several other Courts held here, besides what we now see sitting, but this I think does the most good of any of 'em, except to the Lawyers; and they look upon it with as evil an Eye, as the Devil look'd over *Lincoln*.

Pray, said I, whose graceful Pictures are these, that are so great an Ornament to the Place? My Friend reply'd, They were the grave Sages of the Law. Sure, said I, he was no skillful Artist that Painted 'em. Do but see how black he has made some of the Palms of their Hands. Poh, Poh, crys my Friend, I find you are no Judge of Painting; why it must be so, that's nothing but the Shadow: Don't you see the Light strikes full upon the back of the hand, and consequently the inside must appear Dark; that's true (said I) I thank you for making me so much the Wiser: I must confess it is an Art I have no knowledge in. Pray whose Pictures are those at the upper-end? Those, reply'd

reply'd my Friend, are the King and the Late Queen *Mary*; and those in black Gowns, with the Purse before them, are such who have been Chancellors. Bless me! said I, Painting is a fine Art: How stedfastly all those in black look upon the King? But, to my thinking, all those who come after in Red, Squint with one Eye upon his Majesty, and the other wistfully upon the Purse and Mace.

Away, away, says my Friend, that's nothing but your foolish Fancy; I shall apply the old Proverb to you, *As the Fool thinketh, the Bell clinketh*. We have seen all we can see here at this time, I'll go and show you *St. Pauls*, and by that time, I reckon you'll have got you a good Stomach to your Dinner.

According to my Friends Proposal, we steer'd our Course towards the famous Cathedral; and as we pass'd along *Cheap-side*, we met an Old Fellow with a Nose (bless my Eye-sight!) 'twas as long almost as a Rowling-Pin, and I am sure as big at the end as a Foot-ball; beset with Carbuncles and Rubies; no *Princes* Nose could have appear'd more Glorious; and look'd as fresh as the Gills of an Angry Turkey-cock; and was so rare a Fence for his Mouth, that whoever Fights him, must first knock off the Gnomon of his Face, or he could never propose to do his Teeth any Damage. I wonder (said I) he should be so foolish to walk the Streets in Publick: Certainly if he would keep Private, and only show himself in *Bartholomew-Fair*, amongst the *Arabian* Monsters, he might make his Nose worth two or three hundred Pound a Year to him. Says my Friend, It's nothing now, to what it is some times; you see it in the Wane: He's forc'd to have it par'd every full Moon, it grows so fast. I see by its Redness it has been done lately; I'll warrant you he has had a Pound or two of Stakes cut off on't within this Day or Two. I vow, said I, 'tis very strange; methinks my Nose begins to swell at the
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very thoughts of him. Sure this is *Tom Jolly*, the Song was made on, is he not?

No, says my Friend, This is a good honest fellow, a Tally-man; and is a true Toper of Claret; he will sit Twelve hours in a Tavern before he can fill his Nose, when he has replenish'd which, he Staggers home; and the Bottle-end being Spungy, he Squeezes it again into his Mouth and has the pleasure of Drinking on't a second Time; and will live longer, they say, by sucking his Nose, than a Bear can by licking his Paws. Marry, said I, that may well be, for if you tell me Truth, his Nasal Runlet affords much the better Liquor.

We had not gone much further, but we met with a fellow stark Naked from the Waste upward, arm'd with a lusty Cudgel; I concluded he must be either Fool or Madman, to expose his bare flesh to the sharp Pinches of so cold a Season; But however, I enquir'd of my Friend if he knew the meaning of his ridiculous Whimsie? Who Reply'd, He had heard he was a Man of good Parts and Learning; and from thence did believe he was a kind of self-will'd *Philosopher*, who had a mind to broach some new Principles, and make People believe he first left off his Cloaths to keep him warm, and ever since has refus'd to put 'em on for fear he should catch cold by wearing 'em. But I fancy he has made but few Profelytes; he has gone in this manner many Years, till his Skin is by the Weather as hard as the outward part of a Draymans Shooe: I met him the last Snowy Day we had, going into the Fields (instead of a mouthful) to take his Belly full of fresh Air; and esteems it much better walking then, than at Mid-summer.

By this time we were come to *Cheapside-Conduit*, Pallisado'd in with Chimney-sweepers Brooms. These we pass'd, and enter'd into *Pauls Church-yard*; where our Eyes were surpris'd with such a Mountainous heap

heap of Stones, that I thought it must require the Assistance of a whole Nation for an Age to remove 'em from the Quarry, and pile 'em upon one another in such admirable Order, and to so Stupendious a height.

We turn'd to the Right, where Booksellers were as Plenty as Pedlars at a Fair; and Parsons in their Shops as busily searching after the Venerable Conceits of our Worm-eaten Ancestors, as if they came thither for want of Brains, or a Library, to patch up a seasonable Discourse for the following Sunday.

Pray, says my Friend, take Notice of that Old Lanthorn-Jaw'd Peripatetick, so thoughtfully Perambulating in his Ware House of *Roman* Saints, Religious Heathens, and Honest Sociable Moralists. He looks so like a Modern Polititian, as if thro' the whole course of his Life, he had studied nothing but *Machiavel*. In all seasons of the Year you may find him walking in his Shop; and (like a *Spanish* Farrier, that shoes Horses in his Cloak) he is never to be seen without his Hanging Coat at all Times, and in all Business: For as the Satyr in the *Fables*, could with the same Breath, blow hot and cold; so is his *Irish* Mantle possess'd of the like qualities; for he wears it in the Winter to keep him warm, and in the Summer as an Umbrella to skreen his wither'd Carcase from the scorching Sun-beames. Tho' he has but a small Head, he has a great deal more Brains than a Goose; and never gave any Body an occasion to call him Fool that ever dealt with him. He's so far a true bred *Englishman* as to be a great Enemy to the Interest of *France*, for he rails mightily against Taverns, and never Drinks Wine, but when he's Treated. He's a little too Cunning to be too Honest, and too Miserly to be Generous; Loves nothing more than his Money, and hates nothing so much as to part with it: calls Generosity, Folly; Charity, Extravagance; over

Over-reaching, Wisdom ; Niggardliness, Discretion ; and Unconscionable Extortion, but a lawful Interest. Since *Winchester* Quarts were thrown out of Fashion, he never was known to Drink strong Drink but once, and then Treated by his Apprentice, who had found at the Door a piece of Money, and being upon his Masters Ground, he claim'd the right ; and after some little contest about the matter, they agreed to spend it.

It now being about Three a Clock, we concluded to go into *Pauls*, an Account of which, I shall give in my next.

The

T H E
London-Spy.

P A R T V.

Remarks upon a Picture-shop. On a Musick-shop. On a Blind Ballad-Singer. On St. Paul's Church. On the Working of the Labourers there. On the Fire at St. Paul's, and what Use the Dissenters make of it. On the Quire. A Country-mans Observation upon the Church. Remarks upon the People that Walk there. On the Woollen-Drapers Prentices. On the Prerogative-Office, with Observations on Heraldry, &c. Upon a Popular Weasel; The Ecclesiastical Court, and Doctors-Commons; Ludgate; The Sessions-House in the Old-Baily, and Newgate. Remarks upon Smithfield-Market. On the Crown-Tavern at Duck-Lane-end. A Description of the Salesmen in Long-Lane, and a Curse upon them in Verse. Remarks on the Bear and Raggedstaff; on a parcel of Hog-Drivers; on the Sheep-Pens; on the Lane-Hospital, and the Blew-Coat Boys.

IN our Loitering Perambulation round the outside of Pauls, we came to a Picture-sellers Shop, where as many Smutty Prints were staring the Church in the Face, as a Learned Debauchee ever found in *Aretine's* Postures. I Observ'd there were more People gazing at these loose Fancies of some Lecherous Graver, than I could see reading of Sermons at the Stalls of all the Neighbouring Booksellers. Among the rest of the Spectators, an old Citizen had mounted his Spectacles upon his Nose, and was busily peeping

peeping at the Bawdy Representation of the Gentleman and the Milk-Maid. Pray Father, said I, what do you find in that Immodest Picture worth such serious Notice? *Why, I'll tell you, Young Man,* says he, *I cannot without wonder behold in this Painting the Madness and Vanity of you young Fellows, with what Confidence you can take a Bear by the Tooth, without the Dread of the Danger.* I rather believe, said I, you gratified some sensual Appetite, by giving Titillation to your Vicious Thoughts, from the Obscenity of the Action. To which he reply'd, *Indeed Mr. Inquisitive, you are much mistaken; but if thy Head had been where his Hand is, I should have view'd it with much more Pleasure, To have thought in what a pretty Condition thy Nose had been;* And away he shuffled, with Compassion towards his Corns, as stiff as a *York-shire* Bullock into *Smith-field* Market, very Merry at his Jest; and chattering to himself like a Magpy that has Bilk'd a Gunner.

We Walk'd a little further, and came amongst the Musick Shops, in one of which were so many Dancing-Masters Prentices, Fiddling and Piping of *Bories* and *Minuets*, That the Crow'd at the Door cou'd no more forbear Dancing into the Shop, than the Merry Stones of *Thebes* could refuse capering into the Walls, when Conjur'd from Confusion into Order, by the Power of *Orpheus's* Harmony. Amongst 'em stood a little Red-Fac'd Blade, beating Time upon his Counter, with as much Formality, as if a *Bartholomew-Fair* Consort, with the assistance of a *Jack-Pudding*, had been ridiculing a *Italian* Sonetta in the Balcony, to draw People into the Booth; and was as Prodiggally Pert, in giving his Instructions to the rest, as a Young Pedagogue Tutoring a Disciple in the hearing of his Father. We added two to the Number of Fools; and stood a little, making our Ears do Penance to please our Eyes, with the conceited Motions

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of

of the Heads and Hands, which mov'd too and fro with as much deliberate Stiffness, as the Two Wooden Horologists at *St. Dunstan's*, when they strike the Quarters.

We left these Jingle-Brains to their Crotchets, and proceeded to the West-end of the Cathedral; where we pass'd by abundance of Apples, Nuts, and Ginger-Bread, till we came to a Melancholly Multitude, drawn into a Circle, giving very serious Attention to a Blind Ballad-Singer, who was Mournfully setting forth the wonderful usefulness of a Godly Broad-side, proper to be stuck up in all Righteous and Sober Families, as a means to continue the Grace of God before their Eyes; and secure even the little Lambs of the Flock, from the Temptations of *Satan*. After he had prepared the Ears of his Congregation, with a tedious Preamble, in Commendation of his Divine Poem; being mounted upon a Stone, above his Blew-Apron Auditory, he began with an Audible Voice to Lirick it over, in a Psalm Tune, to the great Satisfaction of the Penitent Assembly; who Sigh'd and Sob'd, Shook their Heads, and Cry'd; shewing a Greater Sorrow and Contrition for their Sins (which I believe indeed were great) than the Pious Assembly at *Megs's* Dancing-School, when the Reverend Doctor holds forth upon Death and Judgment. At last he came to the Terrible Words of Hell and Damnation, which he Sang out with such an Emphasis, that he put the People a Trembling, as if they had all been troubled with a *Tertian-Ague*: Who liking not the harsh sound of such Inharmonical Bugbear-Words, began to sneak off, like a Libertine out of a Church, when the Parson galls the old Sores of his Conscience, by pressing too hard upon his Vices. Many Charitable Christians, bought his Religious Sonnets, because he made 'em himself; wond'ring how a Blind Man should see to Pen such marvellous good things; and remember

ber to Sing them by Heart, without the help of his Eye-Sight.

From thence we turn'd thro' the West Gate of St. Paul's Church-Yard; where we saw a parcel of Stone-Cntters and Sawyers, so very hard at work, that I Protest, notwithstanding the Vehemency of their Labour, and the Temperateness of the Season, instead of using their Handkerchiefs to wipe the Sweat off their Faces, they were most of them blowing their Nails. Bless me! Said I to my Friend, sure this Church stands in a Colder Climate than the rest of the Nation, or else those Fellows are of a strange Constitution, to seem ready to Freeze at such Warm Exercise. *You must Consider*, says my Friend, *this is Work carry'd on at a National Charge; and ought not to be hasten'd on in a hurry; for the greatest Reputation it will gain when its Finish'd, will be, That it was so many Years in Building.* From thence we mov'd up a Long Wooden Bridge, that led to the West-Porticum of the Church, where we intermix'd with such a Train of Promiscuous Rabble, That I fancy'd we look'd like the Beasts driving into the Ark, in order to Replenish a new Succeeding World.

The first part that I observ'd of this inabruptible Pile, were the Pillars that sustain'd the Covering of the Porch. I cannot but conceive, said I, that Legs of this Vast Strength and Magnitude, are much too big for the Weight of so small a Body it supports. In answer to which, my Friend repeats me this following Fable.

There was a Little Carpenter, and he hew'd himself a Mighty strong Stool out of the whole Timber, to sit and Smoke a Pipe on at his Door: A Passenger coming by, seeing such a Disproportion between the Man and his Seat, took an Occasion to ask him, *Why he had made such a huge Clumsy Stool for such a Pigmy of a Man?* He replyed, *He lik'd it himself, and car'd*

whether any Body else did or not: Adding, *He intended it to serve the Childrens Children of his Grand Children: And besides the stronger it is, says he, if any Body finds fault, the better able it is to bear their Reflections.*

From thence we enter'd the Body of the Church; the Spaciousness of which we could not discern for the Largeness of the Pillars. What think you now, says my Friend? Pray how do you like the Inside? I'll tell you, said I, I must needs answer you as a Gentleman did another, who was a great Admirer of a very Gay Lady, and ask'd his Companion, whether he did not think her a Woman of Extraordinary Beauty? Who answer'd, *Truly he could not tell, she might be so for ought he knew; for he could see but very little of her Face for Patches. Poh, Poh, says the other, You must not Quarrel at that, she designs them as Ornaments.* To which his Friend reply'd, *Since she has made them so Large, fewer might have serv'd her turn; or if she must wear so Many, she might have Cut 'em less; and so I think by the Pillars.*

We went a little further, where we Observ'd Ten Men in a Corner, very busie about Two Mens Work; taking as much care that every one should have his due proportion of the Labour, as so many Thieves, in making an Exact division of their Booty. The wonderful piece of difficulty, the whole Number had to perform, was to drag along a Stone of about three Hundred Weight, in a Carriage, in order to be hoisted upon the Moldings of the Cupula, but were so fearful of dispatching this Facile Undertaking with too much Expedition, that they were so long in hauling on't half the length of the Church, that a couple of Lusty Porters in the same time, I am certain, would have carry'd it to *Paddington*, without Resting of their Burthen.

From thence we approach'd the Quire, on the North-side, the entrance of which, had been very much Defac'd

fac'd by the Late Fire, occasion'd by the Carelesness of a Plumber, who had been mending some defective Pipes of the Organs; which unhappy Accident has given the Dissenters so far an opportunity to reflect upon the use of Musick in our Churches, that they Scruple not to vent their Spleen, by saying, 'Twas a Judgment from Heav'n upon their Carvings, and their Fopperies, for displeasing the Ears of the Almighty with the Prophane Tootings of such abominable Cat-Calls: Tho' some of the most Learned amongst 'em, and in particular Mr. Baxter, were of a different Opinion, as to the use of grave Musick in Holy Places; and so highly extoll'd and commended to all Christians the Usefulness of it, that in his *Christian Directory*, he expresses these Words, viz. *As Spectacles are a Comfortable Help to the Reading of the Divine Scriptures, so Musick serves to Exhilerate the Soul in the Service of Almighty God.* —

Afternoon Prayers being now ready to begin, we pass'd into the Quire, which was adorn'd with all those graceful Ornaments, that could any ways add a becoming Beauty to the Decency, Splendor, and Nobility of so Magnificent a Structure; which indeed consider'd abstractly from the whole, is so Elegant, Awful, and well-compos'd a Part, that nothing but the Glorified Presence of Omnipotence can be worthy of so much Art, Grandure, and Industry as shines there, to the Honour of God, and Fame of Humane Excellence.

When Prayers were over, which indeed was perform'd with that Harmonious Reverence, and Exhilerating Order, sufficient to reclaim the Wickedness of Men, from following the Untunable Discord of Sin; and bring them over to the Enlivening Harmony of Grace and Goodness; we then return'd into the Body of the Church, happily intermix'd with a

Crow'd of Good Christians, who had concluded, with us, their Afternoons Devotion.

We now took Notice of the vast distance of the Pillars, from whence they turn the Cupula, on which, they say, is a Spire to be erected three Hundred Foot in height, whose Towering Pinnacle will stand with such Stupendous Loftiness above *Bow-Steeple* Dragon, or the *Monuments* Flaming Urn, that it will appear to the Rest of the Holy Temples, like a Cedar of *Lebanon* among so many Shrubs, or a *Goliath* looking over the Shoulders of so many *Dauids*.

As we were thus gazing with great Satisfaction, at the Wondrous Effects of Humane Industry; raising our Thoughts by degrees, to the Marvellous Works of Omnipotence, from those of his Creatures, we Observed an Old Country fellow leaning upon his Stick, and staring with great amazement up towards Heaven, thro' the Circle from whence the Arch is to be turn'd: Seeing him fix'd in such a ruminating Posture, I was desirous of knowing his Serious Thoughts, in order to discover which, I ask'd him his Opinion of this Noble Building; and how he lik'd the Church? *Church!* reply'd he, 'tis no more like a Church than I am. *Ads-beart!* Its more by half like a Goose Pye I have seen at my Landlords; and this Embroider'd hole in the middle of the Top, is like the Place in the upper Crust, where they put in the Butter. I could not forbear laughing at the odness of Slouch's Notion; and hoping to hear something further from him that might give us a little Diversion, we continued his Company. Prithee, said I, honest Country-man, since thou do'st not believe it to be a Church, what place do'st thou take it to be? *Why,* says he, *I'll warrant you now thou think'st me to be such an Arrant Fool I can't tell, but thou art mistaken; for my Vather was a Trooper to Oliver Crowell, and I have heard him say many a time, he has set up his Horse bare; and do you think the Lord will ever Dwell in a House made out of a Stable?* That was done, said I, by a parcel of
Rebellious

Rebelious People, who had got the upper-hand of the Government; and car'd not what Murder, Sacriledge, Treason, and Mischief they Committed: But it was a Church before it was converted to that Heathenish use, and so it is now. *Why then, says Roger, I think in good Truth the Cavaliers are as much to blame in making a Church of a Stable, as the Roundheads were, in making a Stable of a Church; and there's a Rowland for your Oliver; and so good-by to you.* Away he trudg'd, like the true Off-spring of Schismatical and Rebellious Ancestors; expressing in his looks no little Malice and Contempt towards the Magnificency of the Building, which they have been always ready to deface, when they have had any opportunity.

We now began to Stifle our Sober and more Elevated Thoughts and Contemplations; and form in our selves a sutable Temper, to a different Undertaking; which was to observe some Disconsolate Figures which were wandring about the Church, like Mice in an empty Barn, or Snails in a Vintners Cellar; as if their Melancholly thoughts had tempted them foolishly to look for what they were assur'd they should not find; some of them look'd as pale as if troubled with the Hypochondry, and fancy'd themselves to be walking in some Subterranean Cavern, far remote from that Transitory World in which they had once been Sinners. These had their Eyes cast down, as if they had great regard to their Foot-steps, as if they were under some Melancholly Apprehension (if they took not great care) of slipping into a Bottomless-Pit, from whence there is no Redemption.

Others walking with their Arms Across, staring about with their Eyes, directed altogether upwards, as if they were so deeply fallen in Love with the Beauty of the Building, that their Senses were Ravish'd with each Masterly stroke of the skilful Stone-Cutter. Amongst the rest, here and there a Lady, who look'd as Wild and Wanton, as if (tho' she was admiring the Church)

Church) she thought more on a Gallant, than she did on her Devotions; and would rather sing a Song, than say her Prayers; or see a Play, than hear a Sermon.

The next that we remark'd, were a kind of a Cuckoldy Row of penurious Citizens, consisting in Number of about half a dozen; who, I suppose, had taken Sanctuary in the Church to talk Treason with safety, or because it was Cheaper walking there, than sitting in a Coffee-house: Their Heads, Tongues, Hands, and Eyes, were all eagerly in Motion, shewing they were extraordinary intent upon some wonderful Projection. At last I conjectur'd from words which I over-heard, they were some of the shallow-brain'd *Cullies*, who were drawn in by the *Land-Bank*, and were fumbling out a Method of licking themselves whole, by cheating of other People. These, I thought, like the *Money-Changers*, ought to have been whip'd out of the Temple.

There was nothing offer'd worth our further Observation, except a parcel of Wenches fit for Husbands, playing at Hoop and Hide among the Pillars, who were full able enough, and, I suppose, willing, of an Evening to help the young Work-men home with their Tools, if they would venture to thrust them into their *Custody*. This revelling of Girls I thought was very indecent; and ought to be carefully prevented, lest the *New-Church* be polluted far worse than the *Old* one; and instead of a Stable be defil'd with worse Beasts than Horses.

From thence we made our Egress on the South-side; and quitted the *Consecrated* bounds of this Holy *Leviathan*; and cross'd a Dirty Kennel to take a view of a parcel of cleanly Beau Prentices, who were walking in their Masters Shops with their Perriwigs just Comb'd out of Buckle, well drudg'd with the Barbers Powdering Puff, the extravagant use of which, made them

them appear so Party-Colour'd, That their upper Parts look'd like Millers; and their Coats, from the Waste downwards, hanging in as many folds as a Watermans Dublet, to show there was more Cloth in the Skirts of one Tunica, than any of their Ancestors wore in a whole Suit. But thus much may be said in excuse of 'em, They may the better afford it, because they are *Woollen-Drapers*.

By this time we were come to an Arch, where we turn'd in, on the left hand of which many Scutcheons were hung out, as if Funerals were more in Fashion at this End of the Town, than any part I had yet seen. Had I been skill'd in Heraldry, I might have Blazon'd the Vanity of a great many Noble Families, who are apt to Boast of their Coats of Arms, tho' there are blots which denote *Treason* in one, *Cowardice* in another, *Illegitimacy* in a third, and *Murder* in a fourth, &c. Yet the Vulgar understanding them not, they are sometimes Reverenc'd for that Painted Distinction, which they ought to be Asham'd of. I ask'd my Friend the meaning of all these Gawdy Hieroglyphicks being hung out in so private a Thorough-fare. You are mistaken, says he, this is a Place of Great Business; for most Persons who Travel in Dead Mens Shoes are Necessitated to come this way, and ask leave of those who never knew one of their Family, whether they shall Enjoy that which no Body has any Right to but themselves: And that Shop where you see so many good Colours flung away upon Paper, like so much Gold upon Ginger-bread, belongs to a *Herald Painter*, who indeed (give him his due) is as honest a Man as ever guided Pencil; and has taken as much pains, at his own expence, to detect a Knave, and prevent the Publick's being Cheated, as ever his Neighbour did to subdue a Stubborn Conscience, and make it pliable to his Own and the Nation's Int'rest: This is his Office, who upon just grounds laid open the Funeral Interloper

Interloper, the Robber, instead of Preserver of the Dead; the Cozener of the Living, the Corrupter of Gentlemens Coachmen, the Invader of Tradesmens Properties, the Undervalluer of poor Mens Labour, the Fool of an Embalmer, and the Knave of an Undertaker.

Pray, said I, whose great House is that on the Right-hand, which, tho' it looks so stately, it appears as plain as a Physicians Coach, or a Gouty States-mans Horse-Litter? Why that, reply'd my Friend, was a large Trap set by the Government to Catch the *Popular Weazel*, so much talk'd of, who stood so long tottering in the beginning of the Revolution, between Hawk and Buzzard, but at last he snap'd at the Bait, and was taken; and from a Man of a Discontented Conscience, is become as well satisfied since, as if *De Jure* and *De Facto* had never been a point in Question. This is the Seat of him, to his everlasting praise be it spoken, who serv'd his Followers as *Saul* did the *Gentiles*, and became a Convert to the Faith in Fashion: There being this Difference to be consider'd, The one got a Better Name, and a Worse Living; The other a Better Living, but a Worse Name. He has been Baited Fifty times worse than ever the *Tyger* was; for every Scribling Mungrel in the Town has had a fair snap at him, till at last they *Uncas'd* him, but all to little purpose; for his Case since is so well amended, that there are but three Dangers which he stands in fear of, *viz.* The coming of King J——s, the Scolding of his Wife, and a Consumption.

That place, says he, on the Left-hand, is a Spiritual Purgatory, to torment *Fornicators* and *Adulterers*: Where they bring many Sinners to *Penance*, but very few to *Repentance*. And use to Excommunicate People out of the Church, for not Going thither. That methinks, said I, is like forcing a Man to Forbear such Victuals which he cannot endure to Eat, or
Debarring

Debarring him of such Company, which he always hated to keep. This Liberty of Conscience, says my Friend, has been a Devillish Thorn in their sides; for in the Joyful days of Church-Persecution, they us'd to have two or three Brace of Dissenters every Morning for Breakfast, but now the Office is dwindled into such a Vacancy of Business, that their Neighbouring Vintner despairs of ever being made an Alderman; for the *White-horse* Ale-house has run away with most of his Customers.

Pray, said I, whither does that Passage lead, where those Country Fellows stand gaping and staring about? That, reply'd my Friend, is *Doctors Commons*; and they are come to Town about the Probat of some last dying Will and Testament, Administration, Caveat, or some such Business. It's a wonder none of the Spiritual Cormorants have seiz'd them yet, for they are generally as quick-sighted as Hawks, and love as dearly to Prey upon a Country Curmudgion, as a Hound does upon Horse-flesh. In that Court Live the Learned Readers of the Law Civil, who made such a terrible bustle with the Poor Word *Abdication*; but after all their Debates and Consultations, could not, with the assistance of their Magick, Conjure up any other Puzzling *Crambo*, so proper for their purpose; and at last did approve that the Word might stand instead of a better.

We adjourn'd from thence back into *Paul's Church-Yard*, and turn'd Westward into a famous Street, wherein a Noble Postern was presented to our View, the stateliness of its Appearance made me inquisitive with my Friend what they call'd this Edifice; to what purpose Built, and to what use Converted. Who told me it was call'd *Ludgate*, rais'd both as an Ornament and Security of the City. And thro' a Caritable Compassion to Unfortunate Citizens, it is made a Commodious Prison for Freemen; furnish'd with such Conveniencies,

veniences, and so plentifully supply'd with Provisions by the Gifts of Good People, and other certain Allowances, that many live better in it, than ever they did out on't; and are so fallen in Love with their *Confinement*, that they would not change it for *Liberty*.

After we had shot the Arch, we turn'd up a street, which my Companion told me was the *Old-Baily*: We walk'd on till we came to a great Pair of Gates; it being a remarkable Place, according to my usual Custom, I requested my Friend to give me some further knowledge of the matter, who Inform'd me it 'twas *Justice-Hall*, where a Doooms-Day Court was held once a Month, to Sentence such Canary-Birds to a Penitential Psalm, who will rather be choak'd by the Product of Hempseed, for living Roguishly, than exert their Power in Lawful Labour, to purchase their Bread Honestly. In this narrow part of the Street, into which we are now passing, many a such Wretch has taken his last Walk; for we are going towards that famous University, where, if a Man has a mind to Educate a hopeful Child in the Daring Science of Padding; the Light finger'd Subtlety of Shop-Lifting; the excellent use of Jack and Crow, for the silently drawing Bolts, and forcing Barricadoes; with the knack of Sweetning; or the most ingenious dexterity of Picking Pockets, let him but enter him in this Colledge on the Common side, and Confine him close to his Study, but for three Months, and if he does not come out Qualified to take any Degree of Villany, he must be the most Honestest Dunce that ever had the Advantage of such Eminent Tutors.

From thence my Friend led me thro' a Place call'd *Gilt spur-street*, and brought me to a Spacious Level, which he told me was distinguish'd by the Name of *Smithfield-Rounds*, which entertain'd our Nostrils with such a Savoury Scent of Rostmeat, and surpriz'd my
Ears

Ears with the Jingling Noise of so many Jacks, that I star'd about me like a Country Bumpkin in *Spittle-fields*, amongst so many Throasters Mills; and seeing such a busie Number of Cooks at Work, I thought my self in the Kitchen to the Universe; and wonder'd where the Gluttons could Live, who were to devour such vast Quantities of sundry sorts of Food, which run so merrily round before Large Fires, in every Greasie Mansion. We soon deliver'd our squeamish Stomachs from the Surfeiting Fumes, that arose from their Rotten-Roasted Diet, which made the Street stink like a *Hampshire* Farmers Yard, when Singeing of a Bacon-Hog.

And from thence we proceeded to the Rails, where Country Carters stood Arm'd with their Long-Whips, to keep their Teams (upon Sale) in a due *Decorum*, who were drawn up into the most tightly order with their fore-feet Mounted on a Dung-hill, and their Heads dress'd up to as much advantage as an Inns-of-Court Sempstres, or the Mistres of a Boarding School: Some with their Manes Frizzled up, to make 'em appear high Wither'd, that they look'd as Fierce as one of *Hungess's* Wild-Boars. Others with their Manes Plaited, as if they had been Ridden by the Night-Mare: And the Fellows that attended 'em made as uncouth Figures as the Monsters in the Tempest: Amongst these Cattel, here and there, was the Conductor of a Dung-Cart, in his Dirty Surplice, wrangling about the Price of a Beast, as a wary Purchaser; and that he might not be deceived in the Goodness of the Creature, he must see him stand three fair Pulls at a Post, to which the Poor Jade is ty'd, that he may exert his Strength, and shew the Clown his Excellencies; for which he strokes him on the Head, or claps him on the Buttocks, to recompence his Labour.

We went a little further, and there we saw a parcel

cel of Ragged Rapscallions, mounted upon Scrubbed Tits, scowring about the Rounds, some Trotting, some Galloping, some Pacing, and others Stumbling; Blundering about in that Confusion, that I thought them, like so many Beggars on Horse-back, Riding to the Devil; or a Parcel of *French* Protestants upon *Dover* Road, scrambling Poste-Haste up to *Pick-a-dilly*.

Pray Friend, said I, what are those Eagle-Look'd Fellows, in their Narrow Brimm'd White-Beavers, Jockeys-Coats, a Spur in one Heel, and Bended-Sticks in their Hands, that are so busily peeping into every Horses Mouth, and saunter about the Market like Wolves in a Wilderness, as if they were seeking whom they shou'd Devour? Those Blades, says my Friend, are a Subtle sort of *Smithfield-Foxes*, called *Horse-Courfers*, who Swear every Morning by the Bridle, they will never from any Man suffer a Knaveish Trick, or ever do an Honest one. They are a sort of *English Jews*, that never deal with any Man but they Cheat him; and have a rare Faculty of Swea-ring a Man out of his Senses, Lying him out of his Reason, and Cozening him out of his Money; If they have a Horse to sell that is Stone Blind, they'll call a Hundred Gods to Witness he can see as well as you can. If he be down-right *Lame*, they will use all the Asseverations that the Devil can assist 'em with, that its nothing but a Spring-Halt. If he be as Rotten as a Town Stallion, who has been Twenty times in the Powdering Tub, they will warrant, upon their Souls Damnation, he's as Sound as a Roach. And if he be Twenty Years old, they'll Swear he comes but Seven next Grass, if they find the Buyer has not Judgment enough to discover the Contrary.

I perceive, said I, this is a Market for Black Cattel as well as Horses: Yes, reply'd my Friend, if we had come in the Morning, you would have seen the Butchers

Butchers as Busy in handling the Flanks and Arses of Oxen, as now the Jockeys are in Fumbling about the Jaws of Horses: But now the Market is almost over; yet you may see some *Welsh* Runts, and *Scotch* Carrion, which wait for the coming of *Shore-Ditch* Butchers, who Buy 'em up for the *Spittle-fields* Weavers, and the Poorer sort of *Hugonots*, who have taken possession of that part of the Town; and, like the *Scots*, have no great kindness for Fat Meat, because they never us'd to Eat any in their own Countrey.

Come, says my Friend, now we are here, we'll take a turn quite Round, and then we shall escape nothing worth observing. In order to compleat our circular Walk, we mov'd on; but had as many stinking whiffs of *Oroonoko* Tobacco blown into our Nostrils, as would have cur'd an Afflicted Patient of the Tooth-Ach, or put a Nice Lady into a gentle Salivation.

By this time we were come to an Arch, about the middle of the Row, where a parcel of Long-leg'd Loobies were stuffing their Lean Carcases with Rice Milk and Firmity, till it run down at each corner of their Mouths back into their porringers, that each of them were a true Copy of *Martin Barwel's* Feeding the Cat with Custard: We pass'd by these devouring Gang of Milk-sops, and came up to the corner of a narrow Lane, where *Money for Old Books* was writ upon some part or other of every Shop, as surely as *Money for Live Hair*, upon a *Barbers* Window. We took a short turn into it, and so came back, where we saw a couple of poor Schollars, with disconsolate Looks, and in Threadbare Black Coats, Selling their Authors at a penny a pound, which their Parents perhaps had purchased with the Sweat of their Brows. And a Parson almost in every Shop, searching the Shelves with as much Circumspection to find out a Book worth purchasing, as ever Cock us'd upon a Dunghill of Rubbish, when he's scraping for an Oar worth pecking.

Being

Being now pretty well tired with our Days Journey, we concluded to Refresh our selves with one quart of Claret, before we walk'd any further; and being near the Sign of *Honours Fountain*, the *Crown*, the Representation of which Royal Diadem, I thought no Vintner would presume to distinguish his House by, unless he had Wine in his Cellar fit to bless the Lips of Princes; to experience the Truth of which Notion, we step'd in, where the Jolly Master, like a true Kinsman of the *Bacchanalian* Family, met us in the Entry with a Manly Respect; and bid us welcome. We desir'd he would shew us up staires into a Room forward; accordingly in his own proper Person, like a Complaisant Gentleman Usher, he conducted us into a large stately Room; where, at first Entrance, I discern'd the Masterly Strokes of the fam'd *Fuller's* Pencil, the whole Room being Painted with that commanding Hand, that his Dead Figures appear'd with such Lively Majesty, that they begot Reverence in us the Spectators, towards the Awful Shadows; our Eyes were so Delighted with this Noble Entertainment, that every Glance gave new Life to our weary Senses.

We now beg'd him to oblige us with a Quart of his Richest Claret, such as was fit only to be drunk in the presence of such Heroes, into whose Company he had done us the Honour to introduce us. He accordingly gave directions to his Drawer, who return'd with a Quart of such inspiring Juice, that we thought our selves Translated into one of the Houses of the Heavens, and were there Drinking Immortal Nectar, amongst Gods and Goddesses. My Friend, like myself, was so wonderfully pleas'd at this Obliging Usage, that he was very Importunate with me to Scribble a few Lines in Commendation of our present State of Happiness, which to gratifie his desire, I perform'd; and presented to the Reader.

Who

WHO can such Blessings, when they're found resign?
*An Honest Vintner, Faithful to the Vine;
A Spacious Room, Rare Painting, and Good Wine?*

*Such Tempting Charms what Mortal can avoid?
Where such Perfections are at once enjoy'd,
Who can be Dull, or who be ever Cloy'd?*

*If you would Love, see there fair Pallas stands,
How Chaste her Looks? How Fine her Breasts and Hands?
Her Eyes raise Wonder, and your Heart Commands.*

*If you to Wit or Musick wou'd aspire,
Gaze at the Nine, that Blest Harmonious Quire,
They'll Kindle in your Thoughts new sparks of Fire.*

*If to the Warlike Mars you'd be a Friend,
And learn to bravely Conquer and Defend,
See Ajax and Ulysses there Contend.*

*If neither Love nor Arms your Fancy Suit;
Nor wish to be Wise, Musical or Stout;
Here Wine will make you truly Blest without.*

By this time we had Tippled off our Salubrious Juice; and Business denying us Leisure to Renovate our Lives with t'other Quart, we took our leaves, with a promise to recompence this respectful Usage, at a better Opportunity. We had not gone above Ten Strides from the Door, but we saw a Cluster of Tun-Belly'd Mortals, with Malignant Aspects, Arm'd with sturdy Oak of an unlawful Size; looking as sharp upon every Passenger, as if, Canibal like, they were just ready to devour 'em. I enquir'd of my Friend, what he took those Ill-favoured Crew to be, whose Bull-Dog Countenances, and Preposterous Bo-
dies,

dies, bespoke 'em betwixt Men and Monsters? These Fellows, says my Companion, which you seem to be so much Amaz'd at, are nothing but Serjeants, who are waiting to give some-Body a Clap on their Shoulder: This Corner is their Plying Place; and is as seldom to be found without a Rogue, as *Grays-Inn* Walks without a Whore, or *New-gate-Market* without a Basket-Woman. We mov'd on from thence, till we came to the Corner of a Street, from whence a parcel of Nimble-Tongu'd Sinners, leap'd out of their Shops, and swarm'd about me like so many Bees about a Honey-Suckle; some got me by the Hands, some by the Elbows, and others by the Shoulders; and made such a Noise in my Ears, that I thought I had Committed some Egregious Trespass unawares, and they had seiz'd me as a Prisoner: I began to struggle hard for my Liberty; but as fast as I Loos'd myself from one, another took me in Custody. Wounds! said I, what's the matter? What wrong have I done you? Why do you lay such violent Hands upon me? At last a Fellow with a Voice like a Speaking Trumpet, came up close to my Ears, and sounded forth *Will you Buy any Cloaths?* A Pox take you, said I, you are ready to Tear a Mans Cloaths off his Back, and then ask him whether he'll buy any. Prithee let mine alone, and they will serve me yet this Six Months: But they still hustled me backwards and forwards, like a taken Pick-Pocket in a Crow'd, till at last I made a Loose, and scamper'd like a Rescu'd Prisoner, from a Gang of Bailiffs; my Friend standing all the while and laughing at me. Pray said I, what's the meaning of these unmannerly Clip-Nits using Passengers with this shameful Incivility? Certainly 'tis greater Pennance for a Man to walk through this confounded Wardrobe, than 'tis run the Gauntlet. But what is the meaning they did not treat you after the same manner? You must know,

know, says he, they can distinguish a Country Man as well by his Looks, as you can a Parson by his Robes; being a parcel of unlucky Vermin, they teize a Stranger to the Town as much to make themselves Sport, as to promote the Sale of their Goods; and if they had got you up a little higher, they wou'd have handed you quite thro' the Lane; for its like a Gulph, when you're a little way enter'd, the Current will carry you thro'. The Masters of those Shops will give you as much Wages for one of those Tongue-Padding Sweetners, who stand Sentinel at their Doors, as an Illiterate Mountebank will allow to a good Oratour, *i. e.* Fifty Shillings or Three Pounds a Week. They are like the Jack-all to the Lyon, they catch the Prey for the Master; and if once they but get you into their Shops, they as certainly cheat you before you get out again, as you go in with Money in your Pocket: For they will out-Wheedle a Gipsie, out-Swear a Common Gamester, out-Lie an Affidavit-Man, and out-Cozen a Tally-man. They will make up new Cloths and sell them for Second hand, and get more Money by 'em, than the Toppingst Taylor in Town ever got by a Young Heir, when he made his Cloaths upon Credit. They are a pack of the sharpest Knaves about *London*; and are as great a Grievance to the Publick, as the *Royal-Oak* Lottery. Since they have served me so affrontively, and you have given me such a hopeful Character of 'em, I'll lend them a few of my good Wishes, to Revenge my self of their Rudeness to me.

MAY the Cockroach and Moth,
Eat such Holes in their Cloth,
That the Prime-Cost may never return in;
But must all be laid by,
For a Black Rusty Dye,
Fit for Dead-mongers Lacquays to Mourn-in.

*May their Second hand Stocks,
Of Coats, Breeches and Cloakes,
Hang by till they're quite out of Fashion;
And like Userers Bags,
May they Rot into Rags,
And Provoke the Damn'd Knaves to a Passion.*

*May their Taylor, ne'er Trust,
Nor their Servants prove just;
And their Wives and their Families vex 'em:
May their Foreheads all Ake,
And their Debtors all Break;
And their Consciences daily perplex 'em.*

*With their Whores may they Sport,
Till their Noses fall short,
And have none but a Quack to come nigh 'em;
And in Fluxing become
Lame, Deaf, Blind, and Dumb,
That a Man may walk quietly by 'em.*

Having thus taken our Farewel of those Hempen-look'd Tormentors we strol'd along till we came into a corner, where the Image of a Bear stood out upon a Sign Post, perk'd up on his Arse, with a great Faggot-Bat in his Claws, that he look'd like one of the City-Waits playing upon the Double Curtell. Beneath the Effigies of his Uglinefs, a parcel of Swine lay Couchant in the Dirt, attended with a Guard of lousie Ragamuffins, with one Hand in their Necks and the other in their Codpieces, looking like some of the Devils Drovers, who had brought his Hogs to a fair Market; smelling as Frouzily together, as so many Fitches of Rusty Bacon, or Bruins Bed-Chamber in the Bear-Garden.

We Jogg'd on from thence, to relieve our Noses from their Sweaty Feet, and nasty Jackets that outstunk a Dog-kennel, and cross'd over, Fetlock Deep
in

in Mud and Filthiness, to the Sheep-Pens: Where a parcel of Dirty Mongrels did the Drudgery of their worse look'd Masters; and reduc'd each stragling Innocent to his proper Order and *Decorum*. Butchers were here as Busy as Brokers upon Change; and were groping their Ware, with as much Caution, to know whether they are Sound and wholesome, as a Prudent Sports-man would a New she-Acquaintance of a Loose Conversation. Money, in every House seem'd to be a plentiful Commodity; for every Russet-colour'd Clown was either Paying or Receiving, to the great uneasiness of such who pass'd by and wanted it. We walk'd on till we came to the end of a little stinking Lane, which my Friend told me was *Chick-Lane*; where Measly Pork, and Neck-Beef stood out in Wooden Platters, adorn'd with Carrots, and Garnish'd with the Leafs of Mary-golds: Where, Carriers and Drovers sat in Publick View, stuffing their Infatiate Appetites, with greasie Swines Flesh, till the Fat Drivel'd down from the Corners of their Mouths, as Spittle from the Lips of a Changeling.

Having now seen all the Market could afford, we cross'd the Rounds and went into a Lofty Cloister, which my Friend told me was *Lame-Hospital*: Where a parcel of Wretches were hopping about, by the assistance of their Crutches, like so many *Lincoln's-Inn-Field* Mumpers, drawing into a Body to attack the Coach of some Charitable Lord. Women were here almost as Troublesome as the *Long-Lane* Clickers, and were so importunate with us to have some dealings with them, that we had much ado to forbear handling their Commodities. I look'd about me, and could not forbear taking notice of two things, viz. The *Prettiness* of the Place, and the *Homeliness* of the Women. Sure, said I, the Noblemen never come hither to choose themselves Mistresses; for, I protest, I can scarce see one among them handsome enough to make a Wife for a Parson.

As many *Names* were pencil'd out upon the Walls, as if there had been the Genealogy of the twelve Tribes, or a publick Register of all the Topping Cuckolds in the City. I ask'd my Friend the meaning of this long Catalogue of Esquires and Worships, who told me. they were the Names of the Benefactors, Ostentatiously set up, that every Passenger may see what a number of charitable Lord Mayors and Aldermen we have had in our Famous Metropolis: And indeed it was politically done of the Governors; for its a great Encouragement for others, who Glory in their Good Deeds, to do the like: Who, if it was not for seeing their Names in great Letters, to Vainly beget amongst Men an Opinion of their Piety, would no more dispose of a Groat to charitable Uses, than they would give a Portion to a Daughter who has pleas'd herself in the choice of her Husband, without the consent of her Father. You may imagine by the number of the Names, it is largely Endow'd, there being several other Branches belonging to the same Foundation, as *Kingsland Hospital*, and *St. Thomas's* in *Southwark*. And Pray, said I, what are these Hospitals for? My Friend answered, for the receiving of Sick and Lane Soldiers and Seamen, and other Poor Wretches, that can make Interest; and here they keep 'em upon Water-gruel and Milk-porridge, till they are either Dead or Well, and then they turn them either into this Wide World, or the next, about their Business.

We went from thence (thro' a Narrow Entry, which led us by a parcel of Diminutive Shops, where some were buying Gloves, some smoking Tobacco, others drinking Brandy) into a famous Piazza, where one was Selling of Toys, another Turning of Nut-crackers, a third, with a pair of Dividers, marking out such a parcel of Tringum-Trangums, to understand the Right Use of which, is enough to puzzle the Brains of an *Esculapius*. From hence we pass'd into another

another Cloister, whose Rusty Walls and Obsolete Ornaments denoted great Antiquity; where abundance of little Children, in Blue Jackets and Kite-Lanthorn'd Caps, were very busy at their several Recreations. This, says my Friend, was Originally Founded by *Edward* the Sixth, for the Education of Poor Children; but has been largely improv'd since by additional Gifts; and is one of the Noblest Foundations in *England*. No Youth can have the Advantage of a better Education, and are afterwards provided for according as they're qualified, being sent either to Sea, Trades, or the University. There is a ridiculous Story Reported, and Credited by many People, which is, *That a Gentlewoman possess'd of great Riches, when she came to Dye, gave her whole Estate to this Hospital, leaving behind her a Poor Sister, for whom she neglected to make any Provision, who having the Expectancy of the Estate after the others Decease, and finding herself unhappily disappointed, and Reflecting too deeply upon her Unfortunate Condition, and the unkindness of her Sister, broke her Heart; and upon her Death-Bed, rashly Pronounced the Curse of some Distemper always to attend the Hospital, ever since whith time it has not been freed from the Itch:* But I look upon this Tale to be very Fabulous; for indeed it would be very wonderful that so many hundred Children, tho' look'd after with all the cleanliness imaginable, should at any time be all free from those Distempers to which they are chiefly Incident.

After we had 'taken a Turn round the Cloister, we made our Egress towards *Newgate-Street*, in order to pay a Visit to *Physicians Colledge*, and some other Neighbouring places; an Account of which, for want of room, I shall defer till my Next.

T H E

London-Spy.

P A R T VI.

The Colledge of Physicians Describ'd; with Observations thereupon. Remarks upon Fleet-Bridge, and the Humours of the People; with the Character of a Horse-Mountebank. The Character of a Quack in Verse. Remarks upon Fleet-Ditch. Bridewel Describ'd; the miserable condition of one of the Criminals; the manner of Trying 'em: The Correction given there to Young-Women no proper way to Reform 'em: A Poem on the Antient and Modern State of Bridewel. A Ramble to Mobs-Hole in Essex; a Description of the Hunters Feast, with the Humours of the Guests.

WENOW proceeded to survey *Physicians Colledge* which we found illustrated with so Loft and large a *Porticum*, that when we had entered it were no more in proportion to the spacious Lanthorn o'er our Heads, than a Cricket to a Bisket-Bakers Oven, or *Tom Thumb* to the *Pudding-Bowl*. Pray, said I, what is the Cause of that great Painted Tub that stands upon Wheels? It looks as if it was design'd as a Whimsical Cottage for some Maggot-Brain'd *Diogenes*: I hope there are no such fantastical Humorists among this Learned Society? No, no, reply'd my Friend, you are much beside the Cushion; that Engine is a kind of a *Syringe*, design'd to cure such Houses by Injection, that are under an Inflammation: From whence a Learned Physician of those times, took up a new notion of curing

curing a *Gonorrhoea*, till by the practice of his upstart Measures, he has *Pox'd* half the Town, to the great Satisfaction of his Fraternity, but so much to the *Plague* and *Terror* of his Patients, that it is believed fallen *Noses* will be as much in Fashion about *Soho* and *Pickadilly* in a little time, as Scars amongst *Prize-Fighters*, or short Snouts among Ladies Lap-Dogs. Pray, said I, explain your Allegory; I do not readily understand what you mean by your *Syringe*, &c. Why, if you must have it in plain Terms, says he, that which I term'd so, is a Device to cast Water into Houses that by accident have taken Fire; from whence, I suppose the Doctor undertook to extinguish, after the like manner, all *Venerical* heats struck by Humane Stones and Steel into the *Tinder-Box* of Generation.

There are a Couple of fine Statues, plac'd opposite to each other, pray who do they Represent? The one, says my Friend, is the Kings, and the other that Worthy Charitable good Christian Sir John Cutler, who, as a means, I suppose, the better to secure his own Health, and Long Life, by the faithful assistance of this Anti-mortal Society, was in his Life-time so great a Benefactor to this Learned Corporation, that when the Fire in Sixty fix, had consum'd their Colledge in *Amen-Corner*, and the Ground being but a Lease, he lent them money to Purchase this Foundation, and to Build thereon this stately Edifice; which they, thro' the mistaken hopes they had of his Generosity, receiv'd from him as a Gift, and to express their Gratitude for so Bountiful a Donation, have Publickly return'd him thanks, for what the Mudling *Cresus* never intended to perform, Dedicating several Books to him, wherein, like poor Poets, they express'd their unparell'd Veneration to so Liberal a Patron, till at last their flatteries had so prevail'd upon the frankness of his humour, that he thank'd them kindly for their thanks, and prais'd them highly for their praises; but
told

told them plainly, He fear'd there was a Misunderstanding between them, for that he had not given them a Groat, as he knew on, but only assisted them at an unhappy Juncture, with the Lent of some Money, to recover their ancient Grandure, then buried in Ashes, which he expected in a little time they would make a just Return of. This Disappointment so astonish'd the *Gallenian* Fraternity, that they look'd as Disconsolate one upon another, as so many broken Gamsters at a Hazard-table, hoping his Worship would take it into his further Consideration, and not give them so bitter a Pill to Purge out the grateful Relish of so sweet an Expectancy as they had been under. A little time after this Conference had pass'd between 'em, the palefac'd Master of the Ceremonies conducted the old Gentleman to the next World, in Mercy to his Surviving Relations, who have since demanded the Money of the Colledge, the dread of Refunding which, hath put some of them into as Loose a condition, as if they had lately fed upon nothing but their own Physick.

What Priviledges, said I, extraordinary are Granted to them in their Charter, above what are held by other Physicians, who are not of their Society? Many, reply'd my Friend, and these in particular, *viz.* No Person, tho' a Graduate in Physick of *Oxford* or *Cambridge*, and a Man of more Learning, Judgment and Experience than one half of their Members, shall have the Liberty of practising in, or within seven Miles of *London*, without License under the Colledge Seal; Or in any other part of *England*, if they have not taken some Degree at one of the Universities; They have also power to administer an Oath, which they know by Experience is as practicable to be broke the next Day, as 'tis to be taken; They can likewise Fine and Imprison Offenders, in the Science of Physick, and all such who presume to Cure a Patient

ent

ent, when they have given 'em over, by more excellent Measures than ever were known by their Ignorance; They have also the Priviledge of making By-Laws, for the Interest of themselves, and Injury of the Publick, and can purchase Lands in Right of the Corporation, if they could but find Money to pay for 'em; They have authority to examine the Medicines in all *Apothecaries* Shops, to Judge of the wholesomeness and Goodness of many Drugs and Compositions they never yet understood; They are likewise exempt from troublesome Offices, as *Jury-men*, *Constables*, &c. Being no ways oblig'd to keep Watch or Ward, except with a Rich Patient, where they are assur'd to be well paid for their Labour; They have also the liberty to Kill as many as they please, provided they do it *Secundum Artem*, and no Law shall call them to an Account. They are freed from the bearing of Arms, or providing of *Ammunition*, except *Pill*, *Bolus*, or *Potion*, or such as Destroy the Bodies of Sick Persons they know not how to Cure: Any Member of the Colledge may practice Chirurgery, if he will but take pains to understand it. They lately Committed a more able *Physician* than themselves without Bail or Main-prize, for Male Practice, in Curing a Woman of a dangerous Ulcer in her Bladder, by the use of *Cantharides*, which they affirm not fit for Internal Application, tho' the *Patient's* Life was saved by taking on't; which shews they hold it a greater Crime to Cure out of the common Method, than it is to Kill in it: And in prosecuting their Antagonist for the contempt of *Galen* and *Hippocrates*, they charg'd him for the doing that Good, which themselves wanted either will or knowledge to perform, and made themselves all Fools in Attempting to prove the other a Knave, who procur'd his Discharge at the Kings Bench Bar, without a Tryal, and now sues them for false Imprisonment; and has inform'd against 'em in the *Crown Office*, as common Disturbers. They

They rail mightily in their Writings against the Ignorance of *Quacks* and *Mountebanks*, yet, for the sake of *Lucre*, they License all the Cozening Pretenders about Town, or they could not Practice; which shews it is by their Toleration that the People are Cheated out of their Lives and Money; and yet they think themselves so Honest, as to be no wayes answerable for this Publick Injury; as if they could not Kill People fast enough themselves, but must depute all the Knaves in the Town to be Death's Journey-men. Thus do they License what they ought carefully to Suppress; and Practice themselves what they Blame and Condemn in others; And that the Town may not be deceiv'd by *Apothecaries*, they have made themselves *Medicine-Mongers*, under a pretence of serving the publick with more faithful preparations; in order to perswade the World to a belief of which, they have publish'd Bills, where, in the true *Quacks* Dialect, they tell you the Poor shall be supply'd for nothing; but whoever is so Needy as to make a Challenge of their Promise empty handed, will find, according to the *Mountebanks* saying, *No Money, No Cure*. The disposal of their Medicines they leave to a Boy's Management, who scarce knows *Mercurius Dulcis* from *White-Sugar*, or *Mint-Water* from *Aqua-fortis*: So that People are likely to be well serv'd, or Prescriptions truly observ'd by such an Agent.

From thence my Friend conducted me to *Bridewell*, being Court day, to give me the Diversion of seeing the Letchery of some Town Ladies cool'd by a Cat of Nine-tailes: But in our Passage thither meeting with some remarkable Accidents, I think it may contribute something to the Readers satisfaction to give a Rehearsal of them.

As we came down *Ludgate-bill*, a couple of Town Bullies (as I suppose by their Behaviour) met each other, *Damn ye, Sir*, says one, *why did you not meet me Yesterday*

day Morning according to Appointment? Damn you, Sir, for a Cowardly Pimp, reply'd the other, I was there, and waited till I was Wet to the Skin, and you never came at me. You lie like a Villain, says to'ther, I was there, and stay'd the time of a Gentleman; and draw now, and give me Satisfaction like a Man of Honour, or I'll Cut your Ears off. You see, says the Valiant Adversary, I have not my Fighting Sword on, and hope you are a Man of more Honour than to take the Advantage of a Gentleman. Then go home and fetch it, says Don Furioso, like a Man of Justice, and meet me within an Hour in the Kings-Bench-Walks in the Temple, or the next time I see you, by Jove's Thunder-bolts, I will Pink as many Eylot-holes in your Skin, as you have Button-holes in your Coat; and therefore have a Care how you Trespass upon my Patience. Upon the Reputation of a Gentleman, I will Punctually meet you at your Time, and Place; reply'd the other, and so they Parted.

Bullies, like Dunghill-Cocks, will strut and Crow,
But few or none dare stand the Sparring Blow,
So does the Peevish Mongrel take delight
To snap and snarl, show Teeth, but dare not Bite;
Oft Mischief makes, but still the danger shuns;
He Creeps and Fawns, or else turns Tail and Runs.
So Cowards often do their Swords Unsheath,
But Cow'd and Daunted with the fear of Death,
Thus tamely shew their Blades, as fearful Curs their Teeth.

We mov'd on till we came to Fleet-Bridge, where Nuts, Ginger-bread, Oranges and Oysters, lay Pil'd up in Moveable Shops that run upon Wheeles, attended by Ill-looking Fellows, some with but one Eye, and others without Noses. Over against these stood a parcel of Trugmoldie's, in Straw-Hats and Flat-Caps, selling Socks and Furmity, Night-Caps and Plumb-Pudding. Just as we pass'd by, a Feud was kindling between

two Rival Females, who from the Brimstone of *Lust*, had blown up such a Fire of *Jealousie* between 'em, that one call'd the other *Adulterous Bitch* and charg'd her with *Lying* with her Husband, and *Robbing* her of his Love: Then falling into Tears, express'd herself further in these Words, *Have I lent you the Money out of my Pocket, the Gown off my back, and my Petticoat off my Arse, to be thus ungratefully rewarded? You know Hussiff, I have given you the very Bread out of my Mouth; but before you shall take my Bedfellow from my Belly, you Whore, I'll Tare your Eyes out; and then with Teeth and Nails, made a Violent assault upon her Rival, who Roar'd out for help, and crying out she was quick with Child, the Mobb hearing her plead her Belly, where moved to Compassion, and so parted 'em, their Coifs having receiv'd the greatest Dammage in the Fray.*

Just as the squabble was ended, before the Rabble was dispers'd, who should be stumbling along upon his Hide-bound Prancer, but one of the *Horse-Mountebanks*; who seeing so rare an opportunity to hold forth to a Congregation already assembled, Spurs up his Foundred *Pegasus*, and hauls into the middle of the Crowd, plucks out a Pacquet of Universal *Hodg-Podg*, and thus begins an Oration to the Listening Herd.

Gentlemen, you that have a Mind to be Mindful of preserving a sound Mind in a Sound Body, that is, as the Learned Physician Doctor Honorificabilitudinitatibusque has it, Manus Sanaque, in Cobile Sanaquorum, may here at the expence of twopence, furnish himself with a parcel, which tho' it is but small, yet containeth mighty things, of great Use, and Wonderful Operation in the Bodies of Mankind, against all Distempers, whether Homogeneal or Complicated; whether deriv'd, from your Parents, got by Infection, or proceeding from an ill Habit of your own Body.

In the first Place, Gentlemen, I here present you with a little inconsiderable Pill to look at, you see not much bigger

ger than a Corn of Pepper, yet in this Diminutive Pampharmica, so powerful in effect, and of such excellent Vertues, that if you have Twenty Distempers lurking in the Mass of Blood, it shall give you just Twenty Stools, and every time it operates it carries off a Distemper; but if your Blood's Wholesome, and your Body Sound, it will work with you no more than the same quantity of Gingerbread. I therefore call it, from its admirable Qualities, *Pillula Tondobula*, which signifies, in the Greek, The Touch-stone of Nature: For by taking of this Pill you will truly discover what state of Health or Infirmary, your Constitution is then under.

In the next Place, Gentlemen, I present you with an excellent outward application, call'd, a Plaister; good against Green Wounds, Old Fistula's and Ulcers, Pains and Aches, Contusions, Tumours or Kings-Evil, Sprains, Fractures, or Dislocations, or any Hurts whatsoever, receiv'd either by sword, Cane, or Gun-shot Knife, Saw, or Hatchet Hammer, Nail, or Tenter-book, Fire, Blast, or Gunpowder, &c. And will continue its Vertue beyond Credit; and as useful seven Years hence as at this present Moment, that you may lend it to your Neighbours in the time of Distress and Affliction; and when it has perform'd Forty Cures, 'twill be ne'er the Worse, but still retain its Integrity. *Probatum Est.*

The next unparalell'd Medicine contain'd in this my little Two-penny Beneficence, is an admirable Powder, good to fortifie the Stomach against all Infections, Unwholesome Damps, Malignant Effluvia's that arise from Putrid Bodies; and the like. It also is a rare Cordial to strengthen and chear the Heart under any Misfortune; and will procure such an Appetite, being drank a little before Dinner, that a Man of an ordinary Stomach may eat a Pound of Suffolk Cheese, and twice the quantity of Rye-Bread, and still have as good an Appetite to a Sir-Loin of Roast-Beef, as if he had not eat a bit in a Fortnight. This most excellent Preparation is also the most powerful Antivermineous Medicine

Medicine ever given in England, Scotland, France or Ireland; and if either your selves, or your Children are troubl'd with that Epidemical Distemper, Worms, which destroy more Bodies than either Plague, Pestilence, or Famine, give, or take this infus'd in a little warm Ale, instead of Wormseed and Treacle, and you will find these devouring Vermin, these Deaths Agents, that Burrow in our Bodies, as Rabbits in a Warren, come creeping out at both ends, like Lice of a Beggars Doublet when he hangs it in the Sunshine. It is also a most rare Dentrifrice, and cleanses all foul, and fastens all loose Teeth, to a Miracle. This Powder I call my Pulvis Lubberdatus, because in my Travels I first gave it amongst the Dutch when I was a Student at Leyden: Where, Gentlemen, I would have you to know, I took my Degrees, altho' I expose myself to the Worlds Censures, by appearing thus Publick, for the Good of my own Country, which at all times (it's well known) I have been very ready to serve.

The last, and most useful *Medicine* prepar'd throughout the whole Universe, is this my Orvietan, whose Vertues are such, it will, equally with the Unicorns-Horn, expel the Rankest Poison. It is absolutely Necessary for all Persons to carry in their Pockets, for who knows how the Passions of Love, Fear, Anger, Despair, Jealousie, or the like, by the subtle insinuation of Satan, who is watchful of all opportunities, may prevail upon you to offer violence to your most precious Lives, by taking Rats-bane, Mercury, Arsenick, Opium, and the like. Why, who, I say, would be without a *Medicine*, to relieve themselves under such Misfortunes, which would not only hurry 'em to Death, but to Damnation? It is also the best Sudorifick, in all Colds and Fevers that ever can possibly be taken; working out the Distemper by gentle Perspiration, and fortifies the Heart against all Fainting and Swooning, also the Brain against all Dizziness and Swimmings; and is, upon the word of a Physician, the greatest Cordial the most Eminent Doctor can prescribe, or Patient take.

I do assure you Gentlemen, the Colledge of Physicians offer'd to admit me as a Member of their Society, if I would make but a discovery only to themselves of this most excellent and admirable Secret; No, hold you me there a little, Gentlemen, (said I) I shall then make you as Wise as my Self, and should I do that, pray who would be a Fool then? Why truly my self; for I would have you to know, Gentlemen, I have more manners than to reflect upon such a Learned Society.

This piece of Impudence so tickled the Ears of the Brainless Multitude, that they began with as much Eagerness to untye their Purfes, and the Corners of their Handkerchiefs, and were as free of their Pence, as they would be to buy Apples by the Pound, or see a Poppet-show; that it was as much as ever the Doctor could do to deliver out his Physick fast enough; his industrious Lies, taking as well with the Mob, as a Treasonable Ballad, or a disgusted Statesmans Pamphlet, upon the turn of a Government. Thus they continued flinging away their Money, of all Ages, from Sixty to Sixteen; many of them looking as if they could scarce command as much more till next Saturday Night they received their Wages; till either the Doctor broke the Crowd of their Money, or the Crowd the Doctor of his Physick, I know not whether; but away Trotted he on Horse-back with their Pence, whilst his Patients were glad to Trudg away on foot with his Pacquets.

Pray, says my Friend, what do you think? Is it not a Shame to our *English* Physicians to suffer such a parcel of Ignorant, Illiterate, and Impudent Vagabonds to Cozen poor Innocent Wretches out of their Money publickly in the Streets, who want it themselves to purchase Bread and Necessaries? I can't imagine what can be urg'd as an excuse for the Tolerating such Rascals to drain the Pockets of the Poor by preposterous Lies, jumbled into a Senseless Cant, to perswade the

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People to believe them really that, to which they are only a Scandal. And as a means to dissuade the Publick from their foolish Opinion of these Emperical Vagabonds, or their Medicines, which are only made from a parcel of perish'd Drugs, ground promiscuously together, without Art or Rule, and so made up into sundry sorts of species, to allure the Ignorant; I have here given a true portraicture of such a Scandalous Fellow, who makes it his Business to Cheat the Common-people by his lying Assertions, and fallacious Insinuations, not only out of their Money, but often out of their Health, which is far more valuable.

A Character of a Quack.

*A Shame to Art, to Learning, and to Sence;
A Foe to Vertue, Friend to Impudence;
Wanting in Natures Gifts and Heaven's Grace,
An Object Scandalous to Human Race;
A Spurious Breed by some Jack-Adams got;
Born of some Common Monstrous God-knows what:
Into the World no Woman sure could bring
So vile a Birth, such an Unmanlike thing.
Train'd from his Cradle up in Vices School,
To Tumble, Dance the Rope, and Play the Fool.
Thus Learn'd he strols with some Illit'rate Quack,
Till by long Travels he acquires the Knack,
To make the sweepings of a Drugsters shop,
Into some unknown Universal slop:
On which some senseless Title he bestows,
Tho' what is in't, nor Buy'r or Seller knows.
Then Lazy grown, he doth his Booth forsake,
Quitting the Rope and Hoop, and so turns Quack.
Thus by base means to Live, does worse pursue;
And Gulls the Poor of Life and Money too.*

From thence we took a turn down by the Ditch-
side

side, I desiring my Friend to inform me what great advantages this costly Brook contributed to the Town, to Countervail the Expence of Seventy four Thousand Pounds, which I read in a very Credible Author was the Charge of its making: He told me he was wholly unacquainted with any, unless it was now and then to bring up a few Chaldron of Coles to 2, or 3 pedling *Fewel-Merchants*, who sells them never the cheaper to the poor for such a Conveniency: And as for those Cellars you see on each side, design'd for Ware-houses, they are render'd by their dampness so unfit for that purpose that they are wholly useless, except for Lightermen to lay their Tails in, or to harbour Frogs, Toads, and other Vermin. The greatest good that ever I heard it did, was to the Undertaker, who is bound to acknowledge he has found better Fishing in a muddy Stream, than ever he did in clear Water,

We then turn'd into the Gate of a stately Edifice, my Friend told me was *Bridewell*, which to me seem'd rather a Princes Palace, than a House of Correction; till gazing round me, I saw in a large Room a parcel of Ill-looking Mortals stripp'd to their Shirts like Hay-makers, pounding a Pernicious Weed, which I thought from their unlucky-aspects, seem'd to threaten their Destruction. These, said I, to my Friend, I suppose are the Offenders at work; pray what do you think their Crimes may be? Truly said he, I cannot tell you; but if you have a mind to know, ask any of them their Offence, and they will soon satisfy you. Prithee, Friend, said I, to a Surly Bull-neck'd Fellow, who was thumping as lazily at his Wooden-Anvil, as a Ship Carpenter at a Log in the Kings-yard at *Deptford*, What are you Confin'd to this Labour for? My Hempen Operator, leering over his Shoulder, cast at me one of his hanging Looks, which so frighten'd me, I step'd back, for fear he should have knock'd me on the Head with his Beetle, *Why, if you must know, Mr.*

Tickle-tail, says he, taking me, as I believe, being in Black for some Country Pedagogue, *I was committed hither by Justice Clodpate, for saying I had rather hear a Black-bird Whistle Walsingham, or a Peacock Scream against Foul Weather, than a Parson talk Nonsense in a Church, or a Fool talk Latin in a Coffee-House: And I'll be Judg'd by you that are a Man of Judgment, whether in all I said there be one Word of Treason to deserve a Whipping-Post.* The Impudence of this Canary-Bird so dash'd me out of Countenance, together with his unexpected Answer, that like a Man Surfeited with his Mistresses Favours, I had nothing to say, but heartily wish'd my self well out of their Company; and just as we were turning back to avoid their further Sawciness, another calls to me, *Hark you Master [in Black of the same colour of the Devil, can you tell me how many thumps of this Hammer will soften the Hemp so as to make a Halter sit Easie if a man should have occasion to wear one?]* A third crying out, *I hope, Gentlemen, you will be so Generous to give us something to Drink, for you don't know but we may be hard at Work for you?* We were glad with what expedition we could, to escape their Impudence. Going from the Work-room to the Common-side, or place of Confinement (where they are Lock'd up at Night) thro' the frightful Grates of which uncomfortable Appartment, a Ghastly Skeleton stood peeping, that from his terrible Aspect, I thought some Power Immortal had imprison'd Death that the World might Live for ever. I could not speak to him without dread of danger, least when his lips open'd to give me an answer, he should poison the Air with his contagious Breath, and Communicate to me the same Pestilence which had brought his infected Body to a dismal Anatomy: Yet mov'd with pity towards so sad an Object, I began to enquire into the Causes of his sad appearance, who, after a Penitential Look, that call'd for Mercy and Compassion, with
much

much difficulty he rais'd his feeble Voice a degree above silence, and told me he had been Sick Six-weeks under that sad Confinement, and had nothing to comfort him but Bread and Water, with now and then the refreshment of a little small beer. I ask'd him farther, what Offence he had Committed that brought him under this unhappiness? To which he answer'd, He had been a great while discharg'd of all that was charg'd against him, and was detain'd only for his Fee's; which, for want of Friends, being a Stranger in the Town, he was totally unable to raise. I ask'd him what his Fees amounted to; who told me *Five-Groats*. Bless me! Thought I, what a Rigorous Uncharitable thing is this, that so Noble a Gift, intended, when first given, to so good an End, should be thus perverted! And what was design'd to prevent People's falling into Misery, thro' Laziness or Ill-Courses, should now be corrupted by such Unchristian Confinement, as to Starve a poor Wretch, because he wants Money to satisfy the demands of a Mercenary *Cerberus*, when discharg'd of the Prison by the Court! Such severe, nay Barbarous Usage, is a shame to our Laws, an unhappiness to our Nation, and a scandal to Christianity.

From thence we turn'd into another Court, the Buildings being like the former, Magnificently Noble; where straight before us was another Grate, which prov'd the Women's Apartment: we follow'd our Noses and walk'd up to take a view of their Ladies, who we found were shut up as close as Nuns; but like so many Slaves, were under the Care and Direction of an Over-seer, who walk'd about with a very flexible Weapon of Offence, to Correct such hempen Journey-women who were unhappily troubled with the Spirit of Idleness. These smelt as frowisly as so many Goats in a Welsh Gentlemans Stable, or rather a Litter of piss-tail Children under the care of a Parish Nurse; and look'd with as much Modesty as so ma-

ny *Newgate* Saints Canoniz'd at the *Old Baily*; being all as Merry over their shameful Drudgery, notwithstanding their miserable Circumstances, as so many Jolly *Crispin's* in a Garret, or *Vulcan's* in a Cellar o'er the merry Clinks of their Anvil. Some seem'd so very Young, that I thought it very strange they should know Sin enough at those Years to bring them so early into a State of Misery: Others so Old, that one would think the dread of the Grave, and thoughts of Futurity, were sufficient to reclaim 'em from all Vice had they been train'd up never so Wickedly; some between both, in the Meridian of their Years, and were very pretty, but seem'd very Lewd, that *Mes-salina*-like, they might be Tired, but never Satisfied. Pray, Sir, says one of them, how do you like us? You look very wishfully at us? What do you think of us? Why, truly, said I, I think you have done something to deserve this Punishment, or else you would not be here. If you'll believe me, without Blushing, I'll tell you the Truth: I happen'd to live with an Old Haberdasher, and when my Mistress was out of the way, he us'd to tickle my Lips with a Pen-feather, and at last she Catch us, and had me before Justice Over-doe, who Committed me hitber, where I have had more Lashes on my Back, than ever my Belly deserv'd.

Don't believe her, Master, crys another, She's as ar-rant a Strumpet as ever earn'd her Living at two pence a Bout; and was Committed hitber for Lying so long on her Back that her Rump grew to the Bed-Cloaths till she could not rise again. She's one of Posture Moll's Scholars, and can show you how the Water-men shoot London-Bridge, or how the Lawyers goe to Westminster. What do you think, replies the other, this Buttocking Brimstone came hitber for? I'll tell you, Master, says she, because I believe you have no good Guess with you, 'twas for pick-ing a Country-mans Pocket of his Pouch, and hiding it in an Oven, but when she came to be search'd, the Fool having

forget

forgot to take up the strings, was discover'd in her Roguery, and sent here to be Lash'd; and does not she deserve it, Sirs, for trusting Money in a Box, that has neither Lid nor Bottom to it? I could not but wonder to hear this Impudence from Women, more especially when I consider'd they were under such Shame, Misery, and Punishment, which a Man might reasonably imagine would work upon the most corrupted Minds, to abominate those base Practices which brought 'em to this Unhappiness.

Being now both tired with, and amazed at the Confidence and Loose Behaviour of these Degenerate Wretches, who had neither Sense of Grace, Knowledge of Vertue, Fear of Shame or Dread of Misery, my Friend Reconducted me back into the first Quadrangle, and led me up a pair of Stairs into a spacious Chamber, where the Court was sat in great Grandure and Order. A Grave Gentleman, whose Awful Looks bespoke him some Honourable Citizen, being mounted in the Judgment-Seat, Arm'd with a Hammer, like a *Change-Broker* at *Lloyds-Coffee-House*, and a Woman under the Lash in the next Room, where Folding Doors were open'd, that the whole Court might view the Punishment; at last down went the Hammer, and the Scourging ceas'd; that I protest, till I was undeceiv'd, I thought they had sold their Lashes by Auction. The Honourable Court, I observ'd were chiefly Attended by Fellows in Blew-Coats, and Women in Blew-Aprons. Another Accusation being then deliver'd by a Flat-cap against a poor Wench, who having no Friend to speak in her Behalf, Proclamation was made, *viz.* *All you who are willing E—th T—ll, should have present Punishment, Pray hold up your Hands:* Which was done accordingly: And then she was order'd the Civility of the House, and was forc'd to shew her tender Back, and tempting Bubbies to the Sages of the Grave Assembly,

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who were mov'd by her Modest Mein, together with the whiteness of her Skin, to give her but a gentle Correction.

Finding little knowledge to be gain'd from their proceedings, and less Pleasure and Satisfaction from their Punishments; my Friend and I thought it better to retire, and leave them to be Flog'd on till the Accusers had satisfied their Revenge, and the Spectators their Curiosity.

Now, says my Friend, Pray give me your thoughts of what you have seen, whether you think this sort of Correction is a proper method to reform Women from their Vitious Practices, or not? Why truly, said I, if I must deliver my Opinion according to my real Sentiments, I only conceive it makes many Whores, but that it can in no measure Reclaim 'em: And these are my Reasons.

First, If a Girl of Thirteen or Fourteen Years of Age, as I have seen some here, either thro' the Ignorance or Childishness of their Youth, or Unhappiness of a stubborn Temper, should be guilty of Negligence in their Business, or prove Headstrong, Humour some, or Obstinate, and thro' an ungovernable Temper, take Pleasure to do things in disobedience to the Will of their Master and Mistress, or be guilty of a trifling Wrong or Injury, thro' Inadvertency, they have Power at Home to give them Reasonable Correction, without exposing 'em to this Shame and Scandal, which is never to be wash'd off by the most Reform'd Life imaginable; which unhappy Stain makes them always shun'd by Vertuous and good People, who will neither entertain a Servant, nor admit of a Companion under this Disparagement; the one being fearful of their Goods, and the other of their Reputation, till the poor Wretch by her Necessity is at last drove into the hands of Ill Persons, and forc'd to betake her self to bad Conversation, till she is insensibly

sensibly corrupted, and made fit for all Wickedness.

Secondly. I think it a shameful indecency for a Woman to expose her Naked Body to the Sight of Men and Boys, as if it was design'd to feast the Eyes of the Spectators, or stir up the Beastly Appetites of Lecherous Persons, than to correct Vice, or reform Manners; therefore I think it both more Modest, and more Reasonable they should Receive their Punishment in the View of Women only, and by the hand of their own Sex.

Thirdly, As their Bodies by Nature are more tender, and their Constitutions allowed more weak, we ought to shew them more Mercy, and not Punish'em with such Dog-like Usage, unless their Crimes were Capital,

I believe, reply'd my Friend, you are aiming to curry Favour with the fair Sex: This Lecture to a Town Lady, if you had a Mind to be wicked, would save you Money in your Pocket; tho' indeed, what you have urg'd seems no more than reasonable. I think, I have now shew'd you all this place affords; so we'll take our Leaves on't, but I hope you will give us a few Lines upon it, and then we'll seek some new Diversion. I could not but Gratifie my Friends request, and what I did to oblige him, I here present unto the Reader.

On Bridewel:

*'Twas once the Palace of a Prince,
If we may Books confide-in,
But given was by him long since,
For Vagrants to reside-in,*

*The Crumbs that from his Table fell,
Once made the Poor the Fatter;
But those that in its Confines dwell,
Now feed on Bread and Water.*

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*No Ven'son now whereon to Dine;
No Frigasies nor Hashes;
No Balls, no Merriment, or Wine,
But Woful Tears and Slashes.*

*No Prince or Peers, to make a Feast,
No Kettle-Drums or Trumpets,
But art become a shameful Nest,
Of Vagabonds and Strumpets.*

*Where once the King and Nobles sat,
In all their Pomp and Splendor;
Grave City Grandeur nods its Pate,
And threatens each Offender.*

*Unhappy thy Ignoble Doom,
Where Greatness once Resorted;
Now Hemp and Labour fills each Room,
Where Lords and Ladies sported.*

We now departed *Bridewell*; and willing to refresh our selves with the smoaking of one Pipe, turn'd into a Neighbouring Coffee-house, where glancing upon an old *Flying Post*, we put our selves in Mind of my Dame *Butterfield's* Invitation to her *Essex Calf and Bacon*, with her Six Brass Horns, to accomodate Sportsmen with the delightful harmony of Hunting: And believing a Relation of this unusual Feast might be Welcome to the Publick, my Friend and I agreed to move with the Stream; and give our selves a Country Walk to the Place appointed: I am sensible it is something of a Digression, or rather a Deviation from the Title: But tho' the Feast was in the Country, yet the Guests were *Londoners*; and therefore what we observe among'em may be reasonably admitted.

Fearing Time should be Elaps'd, and cut short our intended

intended Pastime, we Smoak'd our Pipes with greater Expedition, in order to proceed on our Journey, which we began about Eleven a Clock; and marching thro' *Cheap-side*, found half the People we either met, or over-took, equip'd for Hunting; walking backwards and forwards, as I suppose, to shew one another their Accoutrements. The City Beaus in Boots as black as Jet, which shin'd, by much rubbing, like a stick of Ebony; their Heels arm'd with Spurs, the travelling Weapons to defend the Rider from the Laziness of his Horse, carefully preserv'd bright in a Box of Cotton, and dazzled in the Eyes of each beholder like a piece of Looking-glass; their Wastes hoop'd round with *Turkey-Leather* Belts, at which hung a Bagonet, or short Scymitar, in order to cut their Mistresses Names upon the Trees of the Forrest: In the right Hand a Whip, mounted against the Breast like the Scepter of a Kings Statue upon the *Change*, adorn'd with twisted Wigg's and Crown'd with edg'd Casters; being all over in such Prim and Order, that you could scarce distinguish them from Gentlemen. Amongst 'em were many Ladies of the same Quality, ty'd up in Safeguards so be-knotted with two-penny Taffaty, that a Man might guess by their Finery, their Fathers to be Ribbond-Weavers. We crowded along, mix'd among the Herd, and could not but fancy the major part of the Citizens were Scampering out of town to avoid the *Horse-Plague*. We mov'd forward, without any discontinuance of our Perambulation, till we came to the *Globe* at *Mile-End*, where a *Pretious Mortal* made us a *Short-hand* Complement, and gave us an Invitation to a Sir-Loine of Roast Beef, out of which Corroborating Food we renew'd our Lives; and strengthening our Spirits with a Flask of rare Claret, took leave of my Friends Acquaintance; and so proceeded.

By this time the Road was full of Passengers, every
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ry one furnish'd with no small Appetite to Veal and Bacon. Citizens on Crowds, upon *Pads*, *Hackneys*, and *Hunters*; all upon the *Tittup*, as if he who Rid not a Gallop was to forfeit his Horse. Some Spurring on with that speed and chearfulness, as if they intended never to come back again: Some Double, and some Single. Every now and then drop'd a Lady from her Pillion, another from her Side-Saddle; some shewing the Milky-way to Bliss, others their *Bugbears* to the Company, which, tho' it made them Blush, it made us Merry: Sometimes a Beau would tumble and dawb his Boots, which, to shew his Neatness, he would clean with his Handkerchief. *Horses*, *Coaches*, *Carts*, *Waggon*s, and *Tumblers*, all Occupy'd by *Men*, *Women*, *Children*, *Rich*, *Poor*, *Gentle*, and *Simple*, having all *Traveling Conveniencies* futable to their Quality. In this Order did we March, like *Aaron's* Profelites, to Worship the Calf, till we came to the New-raisd Fabrick, call'd *Mobs Hole*, where the Beast was to be Eaten. The House was surrounded with the Mobility, that it look'd like the *Welsh Cow-keepers-Camp*, consisting of a number of both Sexes, of all sorts and sizes, sufficient, instead of one, to have Eaten all the *Calves* in *Essex*. We press'd hard to get into the House, which we found so full, that when I was in, what with the smell of Sweat, Stinking Breaths, and Tobacco, I thought there was but a few Gasps between this Place and Eternity. Some were Dancing to a Bag-pipe; others Whistling to a Base-Violin, two Fiddlers scraping *Lilaburlero*, my Lord Mayors Delight, upon a couple of Crack'd Crowds, and an old *Oliverian* Trooper Farting upon a Trumpet. My Friend and I being willing to get as far out of the Noise as we could, climb'd up into a Garret, where we found a single Lady, in her Safeguard, rectifying her Commode from the abuses of the Wind. I thought my self oblig'd in Civility, to make some little use of so fair an Opportunity; and accordingly

accordingly Welcom'd her to *Mobs Hole*; and at last talk'd her into so compliant a humour, that I perceiv'd she was as willing to give us her Company, as we could be to ask it; till we had brought our selves in danger of intailing that Trouble and Expence upon our selves, which, to tell you the truth, we thought it prudence to avoid; so by a cooler sort of treatment than we first began with, we gave her delicious Ladyship some Reasons to believe she might go a little further and fare better; accordingly she took her leave, and squeez'd down Stairs, to shew her *Marmalet-Looks* and Inviting Airiness upon the Parade; where Tag, Rag, and Bob-tail, were promiscuously Jumbled amongst City Quality, from Beau to Booby, and the Merchants Lady to the Thumb-ring'd Ale-Wife.

Being now left by our selves, in a Room not much bigger than a Hoghead,, furnish'd with nothing but a little Bed-stead, and that of an uneasy height to sit on, that notwithstanding our tedious walk of Seven long Miles, at our Journeys End we could find no Resting-place; but either to lie down like Dogs, or lean like Elephants, finding as much difficulty to get a little Drink by reason of their number, as the Rabble at a Conduit that runs Wine upon a States Holy-day: When with abundance of Pains, and as much Patience we had Liquor'd our Throats with two or three slender-Body'd Mugs of Country-Guzzle, we jostled down two narrow Pair of Stairs, and increas'd the numberless Troop of Gazing Animals, who were differently disposed to divers Exercises, some Cramming down *Veal* and *Bacon*, to allay the Fury of their Cormorant Appetites, having no Table-Cloth but Grass, or Seats but Ground; others Projecting better for their Ease, had made a Table of a Horse-Block, and blow'd their Noses in the same Napkins with which they wip'd their Fingers; some were climb'd into an Arbonr, on the top of an old Tree, where they sat Hooping

Hooping and Hallowing, like so many Owls, but could get no-Body near 'em to bring 'em either Drink or Victuals: Some Ladies in their Coaches, Mask'd, who, I suppose, wanted to give some Cully a cast home that would pay the Coachman; others on Horse-back Bare-fac'd, conducted thither by their Fathers Prentices; and many Hundreds of both Sexes on Foot, some Smoaking, some Drinking, others Cursing and Swearing, thro' want of that Refreshment, which the more Industrious Spectators had very painfully procur'd. In the Interim we were thus walking, to take Notice of the sundry Humours and Transactions of the Buz-zing Multitude, came four Merry Dames in a Coach, and Lighted by me; one trick'd up like an old Maid with a Gold Chain about her Neck, Patches on her Wrinckled Face, and her Ill-shap'd Carcase splendidly set off with a very Gay Apparel, her Eyes looking Angry with a Hot Rheum cast up into her Head by the staleness of her Virginity; the rest wore Motherly Countenances, and look'd as if they had understood trap this 20 Years: I Welcom'd them to *Mobs Hole*, and began to entertain 'em, with some talk applicable to the present Juncture; at last the old Gentlewoman, whom I suppos'd a Maid, took the freedom to ask me, *What it was a Clock by my Watch?* Truly, Madam, said I, *I have not one about me; but if you please to turn about, and look at the Sun with those Virgins Eyes of yours, a Lady of your Judgment may understand the Hour of the Day by his distance from the Horizon.* Says another of 'em, *May be the Gentlemans Watch is down, and he is ashamed to show it us.* To which I Reply'd, *Indeed, Madam, if it be, I can see nothing in your Ladyships Face that will wind it up again.* Why, Sir, says a third, *does Faces use to wind up Watches?* Yes, Madam, answer'd I, *such a one as I carry about me, which is made without Wheels; and will give such a Lady as you are, a better time of the Day when it's Standing, than other Watches do*
by

by their Motion. Bless me! Sir, says the Fourth, yours is the strangest Watch that I ever heard on; I wish you would be so kind as to let a Body see it. Truly, Madam, says I, 'tis without a Case, and unfit to be Pluck'd out in Publick Company, or otherways I would be very willing to Oblige you. She Replying, I am sorry to hear it is so much out of Order; but if it wants nothing but a Case, you don't know but I may present you with one, if I think 'twill fit. I found I should be out-talk'd npon this Subject, and was glad to make an Excuse to quit their further Conversation; and from thence went into the Kitchen, Built up of Furzes, in the open Air, to behold their Cookery; where the Major part of the Calf was Roasting upon a Wooden Spit: Two or three great Slivers he had lost off his Buttocks, his Ribs par'd to the very Bone, with holes in his Shoulders, each large enough to Bury a Sevil Orange, that he look'd as if a Kennel of Hounds had every one had a Snap at him. Under him lay the Flitch of Bacon of such an *Ethiopian* Complexion, that I should rather have guess'd it the side of a *Blackamore*: It looking more like a *Canibals* Feast, than a *Christian* Entertainment. My Appetite was so far from coveting a Taste, that I had a full Meal at the very Sight of their Dainties; and I believe, for the future, shall have as great kindness for *Veal* and *Bacon*, as an *Anabaptist* Preacher has for the *Church Liturgy*. Being soon glutted with the view of this unusual piece of Cookery, we departed from thence, and hearing a great bustle in the Upper-Room of an Out-House, we went up Stairs to see what was the matter, where we found a poor Fidler, Scraping over the Tune of *Now Ponder well you Parents Dear*; and a parcel of Country People Dancing and Crying to't. The Remembrance of the Uncles Cruelty to the poor Innocent Babes, and the *Robin-Red-Breasts* Kindness, had fix'd in their very Looks such Signs of Sorrow and Compassion, that their Dancing seem'd rather a Religious

gious Worship, than a Merry Recreation. Having thus given our selves a Prospect of all that the place afforded, we return'd to Stratford, where we got a Coach, and from thence to London.

T H E

London-Spy.

P A R T VII.

The Spy's Return from Mobs-Hole in a Coach; with Remarks thereupon. The Diversion he met with on the Thames. Remarks on the Play-House in Dorset-Garden, and the Inhabitants of Salisbury-Court. A Description of a famous Tobacco-Shop in Fleet-Street. Remarks on White-Fryars, with a Poem on the same. A Description of the Temple; with Reflections upon the Sharpers, &c. Remarks on the Motto of a Sundial, and a Song thereupon. A Description of May-Fair.

WHEN our *Stratford Tub*, by the assistance of its Carrionly Tits of different Colours, had out-run the Smoothness of the Road, and enter'd upon *London-stones*, with as frightful a Rumbling as an empty Hay-Cart, our Leathern-Conveniency being bound in the Braces to its Good-Behaviour, had no more Sway than a Funeral Herse, or a Country Waggon, That we were jumbled about like so many Pease in a Childs Rattle, running at every Kennel-Jolt a great hazard of a Dislocation: This we endured till we were brought within *White-Chappel-Bars*, where we lighted from our stubborn Caravan,
with

with our Elbows and Shoulders as Black and Blew as a Rural *Joan*, that had been under the Pinches of an angry *Fairy*. Our weary Limbs being rather more Tir'd, than Refresh'd, by the Thumps and Tosses of our ill-contriv'd Engine, as unfit to move upon a Rugged Pavement, as a Gouty Sinner is to halt o'er *London-Bridge* with his Boots on. For my part, said I, if this be the Pleasure of Riding in a Coach through *London-streets*, may those that like it enjoy it; for it has so loosen'd my Joints in so short a Passage, that I shall scarce recover my former Strength this Fornight; and indeed, of the two, I would rather choose to cry *Mouse-Traps* for a Livelyhood, than be oblig'd every day to be drag'd about Town under such Uneasiness: And if the Qualities Coaches are as troublesome as this, I would not be bound to do their Pennance for their Estates. You must Consider, says my Friend, you have not the right knack of humouring the Coaches Motion; for there is as much Art in Sitting a Coach finely, as there is in Riding the Great Horse; and many a younger Brother has got a good Fortune by his Graceful Lolling in his Chariot, and his Genteel Stepping in and out, when he pays a Visit to her Ladyship. There are a great many such Qualifications amongst our true *French-Bred* Gentlemen, that are Admir'd amongst our nicer Ladies now-a-days, besides the smooth Dancing of a Minuet, the making a Love-Song, the neat Carving up a Fowl, or the thin Paring of an Apple.

Pray, Friend, said I, don't let us trouble our selves about how the Ladies choose their Husbands, or what they do with their Gallants, but consider how we shall get to the other end of the Town; for my Pedestals are so Cripp'd with our Whimsical Peregrination, that I totter like a Founder'd Horse, or an old Sinner when his Corns are tender. To which, says my Friend, you have express'd such a dislike to a Coach, that I know not which way to get you thither, if you

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cannot

cannot Walk it, except you can make your Supporters carry you down to the Bridge, and there we may take Water at the *Old Swan*, and Land at *Salisbury-Court*, and then we shall be properly plac'd to proceed on our further Ramble.

I accordingly submitted to my Friends Advice; and hobbled down to the Water-side, with as much uneasiness, as a Badger walks upon even Ground, or a Bear down-hill, where a Jolly Grizzle-Pated *Cheron* handed us into his Wherry, whips off his short Skirted Doublet, whereon was a Badg, to shew whose Fool he was, then fixes his Strecher, bids us Trim the Boat, and away he Row'd us; but had not Swom above the length of a West-Country Barge, before a scoundrel crew of *Lambeth* Gardeners attacked us with such a Volley of saucy Nonsense, that it made my Eyes stare, my Head ake, my Tongue run, and my Ears tingle: One of them beginning with us after this manner, *You couple of treacherous Sons of Bridewell B——s, who are Pimps to your own Mothers, Stallions to your Sisters, and Cock-Bawds to the rest of your Relations; Who were begot by Huffling, spew'd up, and not Born; and Christen'd out of a Chamber-pot; How dare you show your Ugly Faces upon the River of Thames, and Fright the Kings Swans from holding their heads above Water?* To which our well-fed Pilot, after he had clear'd his Voice with a Hem, most manfully Reply'd, *You Lousie starv'd Crew of Worm-pickers, and Snail-Catchers; You Offspring of a Dunghill, and Brothers to a Pumkin, who can't afford Butter to your Cabbage, or Bacon to your Sprouts; You shitten Rogues, who worship the Fundament, because you live by a Turd; who was that sent the Gardener to cut a hundred of Sparragrass, and dug twice in his Wives Parsley bed before the Goodman came back again? Hold your Tongues, you Knitty Radish-mongers, or I'll whet my Needle upon mine A--s and sew you Lips together.* This Verbal Engagement was no sooner over, but another Squabbling Crew met us, being

ing most Women, who, as they past us, gave us another Salutation, viz. *You Taylors ! Who Pawn'd the Gentlemans Cloak to buy a Wedding Dinner, and afterwards sold his Wives Cloathes for Money to fetch it out again ? Here, Timothy, fetch your Mistress and I three hap' worth of boild Beef, see first they make good Weight, and then stand hard for a bit of Carrot* To which our Orator, after a puff and a pull up, being well Skill'd in the Water-Dialect, made this return, *You, Dirty Salt-Ass'd-brood of Night-walkers and Shop-lifters, which of you was it that ty'd her Apron about her Neck, because she would be Kiss'd in a Night-rail ; and reckon'd her Gallant a shilling for fouling of Linnen, when she had never a Smock on ? Have a care of your Cheeks, you Whores, we shall have you Branded next Sessions, that the World may see your Trade in your Faces. You are lately come from the Hemp and Hammer : O Good Sir Robert Knock, Pray, good Sir Robert Knock. The next Boat we met, was freighted with a parcel of City Shop-keepers, who being eager, like the rest, to show their acuteness of Wit, and admirable breeding, accosted us after this manner, viz. *You Affidavit Scoundrels, pluck the Straws out of the heels of your shooes. You Oats's Journey-men, Who are you going to swear out of an Estate at Westminster-Hall ? Tho' you know nothing of the matter, You Rogues we shall have you in the Pillory when Rotten Eggs are plenty. You are in a safe Condition, you may Travel any where by Water and never fear Drowning. Thus they ruu on, till our Spokes-man stop'd their Mouths with this following Homily, You Cuckoldly Company of Whiffing, Pedling, Lying, Over-reaching Ninny-Hammers, who were forc'd to desire some handsome Batchelor to Kiss your Wives, and beg a Holiday for you, or else you would not have dar'd to come out to Day. Go make hast home, that you may find the Fowles at the fire. If I had but as many Horns on my Head, as you are forc'd to hide in your Pockets, what a Monster should I be ? You little think what your Wives are**

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providing

providing for you against you come home. Don't be Angry Friends, it's many an honest Mans Fortune. Said I, this is a rare Place for a Scold to exercise her faculties, and improve her Talent; for I think every body I meet is a new Academy of ill Language. I observe 'tis as great a Pennance for a Modest Man to go a Mile upon the River, as 'tis for him to run the Gantlet thro' an Alley where the good House-wives are Picking Okum; bad Words being as much in Fashion amongst such Gossips, as Curses at a Gaming Ordinary; and good Words us'd as seldom, as Plain-Dealing among Courtiers.

By this time we were come to our propos'd Landing Place, where a Stately Edifice (the Front supported by lofty Columns) presented to our view. I enquired of my Friend what Magnanimous Don *Cressus* Resided in this Noble and Delightful Mansion? Who told me, No Body as he knew on, except Rats and Mice; and perhaps an old Superannuated *Jack Pudding*, to look after it, and to take Care that no Decay'd Lover of the Drama, should get in and steal away the *Poets Pictures*, and sell 'em to some Upholsterers for *Roman Emperours*; I suppose there being little else to lose, except Scenes, Machines, or some such Jim-cracks. For this, says he, is one of the Theaters, but now wholly abandon'd by the Players; and, 'tis thought, will in a little time be pull'd down, if it is not bought by some of our Dissenting Brethren, and converted into a more Pious use, that might in part atone for the sundry Transgressions occasion'd by that levity which the Stage of late have been so greatly subject to. Here we took our Leaves of the Lady *Thames*, wondering she should have so sweet a Breath, considering how many stinking Pills she swallows in a Day; each Neighbouring Tail, in contempt of her Pride, defiles her peaceful Surface, whose unsavory Droppings, the Courteous
Dame

Dame with Patience wears, to Adorn her smooth Countenance, instead of Patches.

Being now Landed upon *Terra Firma*, we steer'd our Course up *Salisbury-Court*, where every two or three Steps, we met some Old Figure or another, that look'd as if the Devil had Rob'd 'em of all that Natural Beauty, which (in being our Makers Image) we derive from our Creator; and had infus'd his own Infernal Spirit into their corrupt Carcases: For nothing could be read but Devilism in every Feature. Theft, Whoredom, Homicide, and Blasphemy, peep'd out at the very Windows of their Souls; Lying, Perjury, Fraud, Impudence, and Misery were the only Graces of their Countenance.

One with Slip-Shoes, without Stockins, and a dirty Smock, (visible thro' a Grape Petticoat) stepping from the Ale-House to her Lodgings, with a parcel of Pipes in one Hand, and a Gallon Pot of Guzzle in the other; yet with her Head dress'd up to as much Advantage, as if all the Members of her Body were Sacrific'd to all Wickedness, to keep her Ill-look'd Face in Finery. Another, I suppose taken from the Oyster-Tub, and put into Whores Allurements, made a more cleanly Appearance; but became her Ornaments, as a Cow would a Curb-Bridle, or a Sow a Hunting-Saddle. Then, every now and then, would Bolt out a Fellow, and whip Nimble Cross the Way, being equally fearful, as I imagine, of both Constable and Serjeant, and look'd as if the Dread of a Gallows had drawn its Picture in his Countenance. Said I to my Friend, what can these People be, who are so stigmatiz'd in their Looks, that they may be known as well from the rest of Mankind, as Jews from Christians? They seem to me so unlike Gods Creatures, that I cannot but fancy them a Colony of Hell-Cats, Planted here by the Devil, as a Mischief to Mankind. Why, truly, says my Friend, they are such an abominable Race of Degene-

rate Reprobrates, that they admit of no Compassion on this side Hells Dominions. All this part quite up to the Square, is a Corporation of Whores, Coiners, Highway-Men, Pick Pockets, and House-Breakers; who, like *Bats* and *Owles*, Skulk in obscure Holes, by Day-light, but wander in the Night in search of opportunities wherein to exercise their Roguery.

When we had taken a Gentle Walk thro' the abominable *Sodom*, where all the sins invented since the fall of *Lucifer*, are daily practised, we came into the Common Road, *Fleet street*, where the Ratling of Coaches, loud as the Cataracts of *Nile*, robb'd me of my Hearing; and put my Head into as much disorder as the untuneable Hollows of a Rural Mob at a Country Bull-baiting. Now, says my Friend, we have a rare opportunity of replenishing our Boxes with a Pipe of fine Tobacco; for the greatest Retailer of that Commodity in *England* lives on the other side the way; and if you dare run the hazard of crossing the Kennel, we'll take a Pipe in the shop, where we are likely enough to find something worth our Observation. Indeed, said I, you may well stile it a hazard; for when ever I have occasion to go on the wrong side the Post, I find my self in as much dread of having my Bones broke by some of these conveniences for the *Lame* and *Lazy*; as an unlucky Prentice to a Crabbed Master, is of a sound beating after a stolen Holiday. But however, when we had waited with patience for a seasonable Minute, to perform this dangerous service, we at last ventured to shoot our selves thro' a vacancy between two Coaches, and so entred the smoaky Premises of the famous *Fumigator*: Where a parcel of Ancient Worshippers of the Wicked Weed were seated wrap'd up in *Irish* Blankets, to defend their Wither'd Carcases from the Malicious Winds that only blows upon Old Age and Infirmary; every one having fortified the great Gate of Life with *English* Guns, well charg'd

charg'd with *Indian* Gun-powder; their Meagre Jaws, Shrivel'd Looks, and Thoughtful Countenances might render them Philosophers; their Bodies seeming so very Dry and Light, as if they had been as hard Bak'd in an Oven as a Sea-bisket, or Cur'd in a Chimney like a flitch of Bacon; fumbling so very often at a Pan of Small-coal, that I thought they had acquir'd the Salamanders Nature, and were sucking Fire thro' a Quill for their Nourishment. They behav'd themselves like such true Lovers of this prevailing Weed, that I dare engage Custom had made their Bodies incapable of supporting Life by any other Breath than Smoak. There was no Talking amongst 'em, but *Puff* was the period of every Sentence; and what they said was as short as possible, for fear of losing the Pleasure of a Whiff, as *How d'ye do? Puff. Thank ye, Puff. Is the Weed good? Puff. Excellent, Puff. Its fine Weather, Puff. G——d be thanked, Puff. Whats a Clock, Puff, &c.* Behind the Counter stood a Complaisant Spark, who I observ'd show'd as much Breeding in the Sale of a Penny-worth of Tobacco, and the change of a Shilling, as a Courtiers Footman when he meets his Brother *Skip* in the middle of *Covent-Garden*; and is so very Dextrous in discharge of his Occupation, that he guessees from a Pound of Tobacco to an Ounce, to the certainty of one single Corn: And will serve more Penny-worths of Tobacco in half an Hour, then some Clouterly *Mundungus* sellers shall be able to do in half Four and Twenty. He never makes a Man wait the Tenth part of a Minute for his Change, but will so readily fling you down all Sums, without Counting, from a Guinea to three Penny-worth of Farthings, that you would think he had it ready in his Hand for you before you ask'd him for it. He was very generous of his Small-beer to a good Customer; and I am bound in Justice to say thus much in his behalf, That he will show a Man more Civility for the taking of a Penny,

than many Stiff-rump *Mechanicks* will do for the taking a Pound.

By this time the Motion of our Lungs had consum'd our Pipes; and our Boxes being fill'd, we left the Funking Society in a stinking mist, parching their Intrals with the drowthy Fumes of the pernicious Plant; which taken so incessantly as it is by these Immoderate Skeletons, renders them such Slaves to a Beastly Custom, that they make a Puff at all business, are led astray by following their Noses, burn away their Pence, and consume their time in Smoak.

We now departed hence, my Friend conducting me to a place call'd *White-Fryers*, which he told me was formerly of great Service to the honest Traders of the City; who, if they could by *Cant*, *Flattery*, and *Dissimulation* procure large Credit amongst their Zealous Fraternity, would slip in here with their Effects, take Sanctuary against the Laws, compound their Debts for a small matter, and often-times get a better Estate by Breaking, than they could propose to do by Trading. But Now a late Act of Parliament has taken away its Priviledge; and since Knaves can neither Break with Safety nor Advantage, it is observ'd there is not a quarter so many Shopkeepers play at *Bo-peep* with their Creditors, as when they were encouraged to be Rogues by such cheating Conveniences.

We thus enter'd this Debtors Garrison, where, till of late, says my Friend, Old Nick broach'd all his wicked Inventions, making this Place the very Theater of Sin, where his most Choice Villanies were daily Represented. As we pass'd thro' the Gate-way, I observed a Stall of Books, and the first that I glanc'd my Eye upon, happen'd to be Dignified and Distinguish'd by this venerable Title, *The Comforts of Whoring, and the Vanity of Chastity; together with a Poem in Praise of the Pox*. Bless me, thought I, sure this Book was Printed in Hell, and Writ by the Devil; for what
Diabolical

Diabolical Scribler upon Earth could be the Author of such unparallel'd Impudence? I was so surpriz'd by the Title, that I was quite thoughtless of inspecting into the matter, but March'd on till we came into the Main Street of this neglected Asylum, so very thin of People, the Windows broke, and the Houses untenanted, as if the Plague, or some such like Judgment from Heaven, as well as Executions on Earth, had made a great Slaughter amongst the poor Inhabitants.

We met but very few Persons within these Melancholy Precincts, and those by the Airyness of their Dresses, the forwardness of their Looks, and the affectedness of their Carriage, seem'd to be some Neighbouring Lemans, who lay conveniently to be squeez'd by the Young Fumblers of the Law; who are apt to spend more time upon *Phillis* and *Chloris*, than *Cook* and *Littleton*. Having taken a Survey of these Internal Territories, where Vice and Infamy were so long Protected, and Flourish'd without Reproof, to the great Shame and Scandal of a Christian Nation; I shall therefore bestow a few Lines upon this Subject, which I desire the Reader to accept on.

On White-Fryars.

THE Place where Knaves their Revels kept,
And bid the Laws Defiance;
Where Whores and Thieves for Safety crept,
Is of her Filthy Swarms clean Swept,
Her Lazy Crew that sculk'd for Debt,
Have lost their chief Reliance.

The Vermin of the Law, the Bum,
Who gladly kept his Distance,
Does safely now in Triumph come,
And if he finds the Wretch at Home,

He

*He Executes the Fatal Doom,
Without the least Resistance.*

*Villains of ev'ry Black Degree,
Were on this Spot Collected;
Oaths, Curses, Lies and Blasphemie,
Pass'd Currantly from He to She,
Made Vertue stare to Hear and See,
What Vices here were Acted.*

*A Soil where Sin could only Grow,
And Dev'lish Dark Opinion;
A Looking-Glass on Earth to show,
How Fiends and Devils Live Below,
That Mankind might the Discords know,
That dwell in Hells Dominion.*

*The Streets were Stain'd and Houses Lin'd,
With Bloodshed, Sin, and Sorrow;
So wicked, it was hard to find,
One Christian with an upright Mind;
But seem'd to be a place design'd,
To perish like Gomorrha.*

*The sodden Sinners here that Liv'd
With Pox, look'd Pale as Tallow,
By whom no God was e'er believ'd,
Or Man amongst 'em ever thriv'd,
But that Curs'd Wretch who daily striv'd,
To be the Basest Fellow.*

*To Thieve, Pick Pockets, Whore, and Cheat,
Were all their chiefest Study;
And He or She that was unfit
For any Roguery, or Deceit,
Such a Poor Rascal had no Wit,
And she a silly Dowdy.*

Pox,

Pox, Poverty, Dirt, Rags, and Lice,
By most were carr'd about 'em:
They were too Nasty to be Nice,
And all their daily Exercise,
Were Whoring, Drinking, Cards, and Dice,
No Living here without 'em.

No Orders did they mind or Hours;
But free of all Restriction,
Each Tippling-House kept Open Doors,
At Midnight for Sots, Rogues, and Whores,
To Curse and VVrangle at All-Fours,
And vent their Maledictions.

But now the wicked Scene withdraws,
And makes an Alteration;
Its Purg'd and Cleans'd by wholesome Laws,
And is become a Sober Place,
VVhere Honesty may show its Face,
VVithout Disreputation.

My Friend conducted me from thence, thro' the little Wicket of a great pair of Gates, which brought us into a stately part of that Learn'd Society the Temple: This, says my Friend, is called the Kings-Bench Walks, and here are a great many sorts of People, that are now walking to waste their time, who are well worth your Notice: we'll therefore take two or three turns amongst 'em, and you will find 'em the best living Library to instruct Mankind, that ever you met with.

Pray, said I, what do you take those Knot of Gentlemen to be, who are so Merry with one another? They, reply'd my Friend, are Gamsters, waiting to pick up some young Bubble or other as he comes from his Chamber; they are Men whose Conditions are sub-
ject

ject to more Revolutions than a Weather-cock, or the uncertain Mind of a Fantastical Woman. They are seldom two Days in one and the same Stations, they are one day very Richly drest, and perhaps out at Elbows the next; they have often a great deal of Money, and are as often without a Penny in their Pockets; they are as much Fortunes Bubbles, as young Gentlemen are theirs; for what ever benefits she bestows upon 'em with one Hand, she snatches away with t'other; their whole Lives are a Lottery, they read no Books but Cards, and all their Mathematicks is to truly understand the Odds of a Bet; they very often fall out, but very seldom Fight, and the way to make 'em your Friends, is to Quarrel with them; they are Men have seldom occasion to pare their Nails, for they most commonly keep them short by Biting of them: They generally begin every Year with the same Riches; for the Issue of their Annual Labours, is chiefly to enrich the Pawn-Broker. They are seldom in Debt, because no Body will Trust 'em; and they never care to Lend Money, because they know not where to Borrow it. A Pair of False Dice, and a Pack of mark'd Cards sets 'em up; and an Hours Unfortunate Play commonly breaks 'em. They are nearly related to Madmen; for they have generally more Raving Fits in a day than a *Bedlamite*, at which times they are as profuse in their Oaths, as a young Scholar is of his Latin. They generally Die Intestate; and go as Poor out of the World as they came into it.

*As Mariners with hopes their Anchors weigh,
But if cross VVinds, or Storms they meet at Sea,
They Damn their Stars, and Curse the Low'ring Day:*

*So Gamesters when the Luck of one prevails
Above anothers, then the Loser rails,
Damns Fortune, and in Passion bites his Nails.*

You

You have given me a very pretty Character of 'em. But pray what sort of Blades are those in antiquated piss-burnt Wigs; whose Cloaths hang upon their Backs as if they were not made for 'em; who walk with abundance of Circumspection? I'll tell you, says my Friend, they are a Kind of hangers-on upon the Warden of the *Fleet*, and the Marshal of the *Kings-Bench*. They pretend to have an Interest with them in the procuring of Liberty for Prisoners remov'd by *Habeas Corpus*: Who cunningly, by these Stratagems, dive into your Circumstances, and report 'em to the Warden or Marshal, who know the better how to deal with you, and Screw you up to the utmost do it you are able to afford him. They are a kind of Solicitors in this sort of business; who, whilst they are pretending to serve you, are subtly contriving a Treacherous way to pick your Pocket; and if any Person makes his escape, they are very diligent in their Enquiries after him; and if they make Discovery, do privately dispatch Intelligence to the Keepers aforesaid, for which they are rewarded. These are a parcel of as honest Fellows, as ever Cut the Throat of a Friend, or Robb'd their own Father. For a Crown, or half a Piece, they will give any Bailiff a Cast of their Office, in Dogging, or Setting, even those of their own Acquaintance, to whom they profess their greatest Friendship. They are also very Serviceable Agents in a bad Cause; if they can Say or Swear any thing that will do your business a Kindness, they will at any time, for a small Fee, strain a point to your assistance. They are generally Tradesmen, brought into Poverty by Negligence and their own Profuseness; and by Poverty and Imprisonment, arriv'd to the unhappy knowledge of these Shameful Undertakings. They are Men whose Liberty is owing to a long Confinement, or the Keepers Clemency; and when ever they die, the Warden or Marshal make Dice of their Bones, to
secure

secure themselves from the Suit of their Creditors.

*Sure none like Man, will their own Kind annoy,
Hawks, will not Hawks, or Wolves, will Wolves destroy;
But these inhumane Sharks, worse Beasts than they,
On their own Fellow Creatures basely Prey;
Surely at last such Destin'd are to Starve,
Who can no better Life than this deserve.*

I Observe, said I, there are another sort of Men, that appear something like Gentlemen, with Meagre Jaws and Dejected Countenances; each walking singly, and look'd as Peevishly, as if the blind Jilt and he, thro' a mutual dislike, were frowning on each other.

Those you must know, says my Friend, are Gentle-Men in Distress; some coming to their Estates so Early, before they had Sense enough to preserve 'em, have been Bubbled by the Town Parasites, Taverns, Whores, and Sharpers, till reduc'd to Misery, and made the sad Examples of their own Extravagance; and are now waiting with a hungry Belly, to fasten upon some old Acquaintance for a Dinner, who dreads the sight of one of 'em, as much as a Debtor does a Bailiff: But because he knew his Family and him in Prosperity, is willing now and then to give him a Meal, or relieve him with the Gift of a Shilling, which he takes with as humble an acknowledgment, as a poor Parson does a Benefice from his Patron, or a Tradesman the Payment of a Bill from a Courtiers Steward.

*How Vain is Youth? How Ripe to be Undone,
When Rich betimes, and made a Man too soon?
Humour his Folly, and his Pride commend,
You make him both your Servant and your Friend.
But if with Councils you the Wretch shall Aid,
He tells you to advise, is to Upbraid;*

That

*That Good your Admonitions are, 'tis true;
But still no more than what before he knew;
Prays you to hold your Tongue, he Scorns to Learn of you.*

There's another sort among them, who were Born Gentlemen, and bred up in Idleness, whose Parents had the Care by way of prevention, to spend their Estates themselves, and leave their Issue nothing to trust to. These, some of them, are Pensioners to the Petticoat, some Boretto-Men at the Groom-Porters; some Flatterers, and Soothers, who support themselves by bringing others into the like Unhappiness; and those amongst them of the meekest Spirits, are Relation-Punishers, who have Patience enough to bear a reproof at Dinner, without spoiling their Appetites.

*Unhappy VVretch, by Chance and Bounty Fed;
To nothing Born, and yet to nothing Bred:
Thou'rt Fortunes Pensioner, whom Men Receive,
Sometimes for Sport, and sometimes to Relieve:
Mechanicks in thy Company look great,
And Magnifie by thee their Happier State.
Each Man that Knows thee doubly Guards his Purse,
Thou'rt like Infection shun'd, and that that's worse,
A Burthen to the VVorld, and to thy self a Curse.*

As my Friend and I was walking upon the Grand Parade, I observ'd abundance of Mask'd Ladies, with rumpled Hoods and Scarffs, their Hands charg'd with Papers, Band-Boxes, and Rowls of Parchment, Frisk in and out of their Stair-Cases, like Coneys in a Warren, Bolting from their Burrows. Said I to my Friend, do you think all these Women are Madam Black-acres, and come hither about Law Business, that we see tripping Backwards and Forwards so very Nimbly? No, no, reply'd my Companion; these are Ladies that came
to

to receive Fees, instead of giving any. They have now extraordinary Business upon their Hands, with many of the young Lawyers, tho' nothing in Relation to the Law; for you must know these are *Nymphs of Delight*, who only carry Papers in their hands for a Blind; who are such considerable Dealers they can afford to give *Credit* for a whole Vacation, and now in *Term-Time*, they are Industrious in picking up their Debts. You are now, I'll assure you, in one of the greatest places of Trade in Town, for dealing in that sort of *Commodty*; for most Ladies, who for want of Fortunes despair of Husbands, and are willing to give themselves up to Mans use, without the dull confinement of Matrimony, come hither to be truly Qualified for their generous Undertaking; and by that time she has had a Months *Conversation* with the airy Blades of this Honourable Society, she will doubtless find her self as well fitted for the Employment, as if she had a Twelve-months Education under the most experienc'd Bawd in *Christendom*; and if you ever chance to meet with any of our Trading Madams, and ask them *who Debauch'd 'em*; it's ten to one but her Answer will be, a *Gentleman of the Temple*. But whether it be matter of Fact, that those Sins are lay'd to their charge, or whether it is only the Ambition of the Jilt, to have you think she sacrific'd her Virginity to the use of so worthy a Society, I won't presume to determine: Tho, I confess, I think it reasonable to believe, that our forward Ladies are more apt to Dedicate their Honours to an Inns-of-Court than else where, for three Reasons. *First*, As they are the Flower of our Gentry. *Secondly*, As the greatness of their Number affords variety of Choice. And *Thirdly*, As they have the best Conveniencies for Consummating Debauchery without dread or danger.

Could

Could Youth those early Hours to Study bend,
Which on the Tempting Sex they vainly spend;
How sparkling wou'd his Happy Genius shine?
How strong his Nerves? His Knowledge how Divine?
To Adams first Perfection he'd Attain,
And by degrees Lost Paradise Regain.
But that which Plagues and Bitters Humane Life
Is Woman, whether Mistress or a Wife,
Mother of Sin, Disease of Sorrow and Strife.

}

Pray, said I, what Noun-Substantive Flat-cap of a House is this, so very different from all the rest of the Buildings? My Friend told me twas the *Queens-Bench Office*, where, says he, they Sell Broken Latin much dearer than Physicians do their Visits, or Apothecaries their Physick. Time, you know, has been always valued as a precious Commodity by all Men, but here they sell their Minutes at as Extravagant a Rate, as Great Men do their Protection, and won't let four Fingers and a Thumb run once cross a Slip of Paper, but by Virtue of a *Hocus Pocus* Custom, call'd *The Fees of the Office*, they'll conjure Two or Three Half Crowns out of your Pocket, and won't put their Tongues to the trouble of giving you either a why, or a wherefore for it.

Being wonderfully pleas'd with the Prospect of the *Thames*, the Beauty of the Buildings, and the Airiness and Spaciousness of the Court, I began to look about me with no little Satisfaction; and gazing round, I espied a Sun-Dial, subscrib'd with this Motto, *Begone about your Business*. Pray, said I, to my Companion, What wonderful Mystery lies hid in those Words; for surely so Learn'd a Society, would never have chose a Sentence for this purpose, but what should be very Significant, and I cannot for my Life understand the meaning on't; for certain they intend

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something extraordinary by it, not intelligible to a common Capacity. Truly, said my Friend, 'tis something that no body cou'd ever find out, for I never could hear it would admit of any other Application, or Construction {than what is render'd by the Literal Sence. No! said I, then I think whoever plac'd it here, deserves to be Bogg'd for putting such an affront upon so Honourable a Society? for I remember when I was a School-Boy, those very words were the Burthen of a Ballad: Poh, Poh, says my Friend, you only Jest with me. Upon my Word, said I, 'tis very true, and I can my self repeat some Stanza's of it, which are these.

F I E! *You great Looby John;
Pray-now let me alone.
If you won't let me Rest,
Now a Body is Drest,
Be gone about your Business.*

*Never Stir, let me go,
Don't you Rumble me so;
Hold your Hand you great Cur,
If you think I'm a Whore,
Be gone about your Business.*

*Nay, I Vow and Protest,
I will not be in Jest;
Why you Ugly Damn'd Devil,
If you will not be Civil,
Be gone about your Business.*

*O Dear! Nay, I Vow.
Why, where are you now?
O L--d I'm undone;
You will kill me anon,
Go on about your Business.*

Certainly

Certainly, says my Friend, if the Benchers had ever heard this Merry Ditty, they would not have thought it consistent with their Gravity, to have chose the *Chorus* for a Motto; I cannot but conceive they have shew'd a Blind Side, in putting so Dull a piece of Imperative Fustian in so publick a place, as if they design'd to conjure Loiterers out of the Walks, as a Jugler does his Balls from under his Cups, with a *Presto be gon*. I think it's a great Dishonour to a Learned Society, that they could find no apt Phrase to serve so poor a purpose; but to be so sadly puzzled at so ordinary a Task, as to use so Bald and Naked a Sentence, such a Thred-bare Scrap of *English* too, which is now become the common Jest, and Ridicule of every mean Mechanick.

From thence we went towards the Hall, and turn'd in at a dark Entry that brought into a Cloister or Piazza; where a parcel of Grave Blades Gown'd and Banded, with Green Snap-Sacks in their Hands, were so busily talking Alphabetically, about *A*. Marrying of *B*. and how they begat two Sons, *C*. and *D*. and how *C*. being the Elder Brother, Married *E*. by whom he had two Daughters, *F*. and *G*. &c. So that I thought they had been examining into the Genealogy of the Christ-cross-row; I listening all the while with great Attention, expecting I should have heard the Original Rise of every individual Mark, or Letter, and how they begot one another, from *A*. to *Z*. thro' out the Alphabet, till my Friend told me 'twas their Method of Stating a Case, which made me blush at my Ignorance. Heads, Tongues, Feet, and Hands were here all moving, which occasion'd me to fancy, their reading so much Law French, had inspir'd them with the Gallick Grace of so much Action in their talk.

We left these debating the weighty difference between *John* of *Oaks* and *John* of *Stiles*, and marched forward, till we came into the Inward Temple, as my

Friend inform'd me, where we had a fine Prospect of a Stately Hall, and Pleasant Fountain; here we also found walking sundry sorts of Peripateticks; some, I believe, thro' good Husbandry, having chose the Broad Stones for the prevention of the Rough Gravel wearing out their Shoe-Soles; others for the Ease of their Corns; and some Country Clients, with Gray Coats and Long Staves, I suppose, desired to walk there by their Lawyers, whilst their business was dispatched, because they should not spoil their Chamber-Floors with their Hob-nails. Here and there amongst 'em was a creeping old Fellow, with so Religious a Countenance, that he look'd as if he had spent more Pounds in Law, than ever he Read Letters in the Gospel; and had paid in his time as much Money for Declarations, Pleas, Orders, and Executions, Subpena's, Injunctions, Bills, Answers, and Decrees, as ever it Cost him in the Maintenance of his Family.

Now, says my Friend, I believe we are both tired with the Labours of the Day; let us therefore Dedicate the latter part purely to our Pleasure, take a Coach and go see *May-Fair*. Would you have me, said I, undergo the Punishment of a Coach again, when you know I was so great a Sufferer by the last, that it made my Bones rattle in my Skin, and has brought as many Pains about me, as if troubled with the Rheumatism. That was a Country Coach, says he, and only fit for the Road; but *London Coaches* are hung more loose, to prevent your being Jolted by the roughness of the Pavement. This Argument of my Friends prevail'd upon me, to venture my Carcase a second time to be Rock'd in a *Hackney Cradle*. So we took leave of the *Temple*, turn'd up without *Temple-Bar*, and there took Coach for the General Rendezvous aforementioned.

By the help of a great many Slashes, and Hey-ups, and after as many Jolts and Jumbles, we were drag'd
to

to the *Fair*, where the harsh sounds of untunable Trumpets, the Catterwauling Scrapes of Thrashing Fiddlers, the Grumbling of beaten Calves-Skin, and the discording Toots of broken Organs set my Teeth an Edge, like the Filing of a Hand-saw, and made my Hair stand as Bolt-upright, as the Quills of an Angry Porcupine.

We order'd the Coach to drive thro' the Body of the Fair, that we might have the better View of the Tinsley Heroes and the gazing Multitude; expecting to have seen several Corporations of Stroling Vagabonds, but there prov'd but one Company, amongst whom Merry *Andrew* was very busie in Coaxing the attentive Crow'd into a good Opinion of his Fraternitie's and his own Performances; and when with abundance of Labour, Sweat, and Nonsense, he had drawn a great cluster of the Mob on his Parade, and was just beginning to encourage them to *Walk in and take their Places*; his unlucky opposite, whose boarded Theatre entertain'd the Publick with the wonderful activity of some little *Indian* Rope-dancers, brings out a couple of chattering *Homunculusses*, drest up in *Scaramouch* Habit; and every thing that Merry *Andrew* and his Second did on the one side, was mimick'd by the little Flat-nos'd Comedians on the other, till the two Diminutive Buffoons, by their Comical Gestures had so prevail'd upon the gaping Throng, that tho' Merry *Andrew* had taken pains, with all the wit he had to collect the Stragling Rabble into their proper order, yet like an unmannerly Audience, they turn'd their Arses upon the *Players*, and devoted themselves wholly to the Monkeys, to the great vexation of *Tom-Fool*, and all the Strutting train of imaginary Lords and Ladies. At last out comes an Epitome of a careful Nurse, drest up in a Country Jacket, and under her Arm a Kitten for a Nurslin, and in her contrary hand a piece of Cheese; down sits the little Matron, with

a very Motherly Countenance, and when her Youngster *Mew'd*, she Dandled him, and Rock'd him in her Arms, with as great signs of affections as a loving Mother could well show to a disorder'd Infant; then bites a piece of the Cheese, and after she had mumbled it about in her own Mouth, then thrust it with her Tongue into the Kittens, Just as I have seen some Nasty Old Sluts feed their Grandchildren. Past these were a parcel of scandalous *Boosing-Kens*, where Soldiers and their Trulls were Skipping and Dancing about to the lamentable Musick, perform'd upon a crack'd Crow'd by a blind Fidler. In another Hut, a parcel of *Scotch* Pedlars and their *Moggies*, Dancing a *Higblanders* Jig to a *Horn-pipe*. Over against them the *Cheshire-booth*, where a Gentlemans Man, was playing more tricks with his heels in a *Cheshire* round, then ever were show'd by the mad Coffee-man at *Sadlers* Musick-house. These Intermixt with here and there a *Poppet-show*, where a Senceless Dialogue between *Punchenello* and the *Devil* was convey'd to the Ears of a Listning Rabble thro' a Tin Squeaker, being thought by some of them as great a piece of Conjuratation as ever was perform'd by *Dr. Faustus*. We now began to look about us, and take a view of the Spectators; but could not, amongst the many Thousands, find one Man that appear'd above the degree of a Gentlemans Valet, nor one Whore that could have the Impudence to ask a Man above Six-pence wet and Six-pence dry, for an hour of her Curled Company. In all the Multitudes that ever I beheld, I never in my Life saw such a Number of Lazy, Loufie-look'd Rascals, and so hateful a Throng of Beggarly, Sluttish Strumpets, who were a Scandal to the Creation, meer Antidotes against Leachery, and Enemies to all Cleanliness. As we were thus ramb-ling thro' the Fair, a Coach overtakes us, wherein were a Couple of more tolerable Punks, whose Silken Temptations,

Temptations, and Airy Deportment, gave them a Just Title to a higher Price than the White-Apron Bang-Tails, who were Sweating in the Crowd, could in Conscience pretend to. An Arch Country Bumpkin having pick'd up a Frog in some of the adjacent Ditches, peeping into the Coach as he pass'd by, and being very much affronted that they hid their Faces with their Masks, Ads blood, Says he, you look as ugly in those black Vizards as my Toad here; e'en get you altogether, tossing on't into the Coach: At which the frightned Lady-birds Squeak'd out, open'd the Coach Doors, and leap'd among the throng, to shun their loathsome Companion.

The Adjacent Mob being greatly pleas'd at the Country-mans Unluckiness, set up a Laughing Hollow, as loud as an Huzza, to make good the Jest, which Occasion'd the Coach-man to look back, who knowing nothing of the Matter, and seeing his Fare out of the Coach, thought they were about to bilk him, A-lights out of the Coach-Box, in a great Fury Seizes one of them by the Scarf, and accosts them in these Words; *Z——nds you B——ches, what would you Bilk me? Pay me my Fare, or by Gog and Magog you shall feel the smart of my Whipcord before you go a step further.* The poor Harlots endeavour'd to satisfy their Angry Charioteer, that they were Women of more Honour than to attempt so Ill an Action; telling him, as well as their surprize would give them leave, the Occasion of their Lighting, which would not convince the cholerick Whore-Driver, who refus'd either to quit his Hold, or suffer them to go again into his Coach, till they had paid him Eighteen-pence which he demanded as his Fare; but in the Sequel of the matter, they had it not to give him, presuming to have met with some Cully in the Fare, that might have serv'd their purpose: So that rather than to stand a Vapulation, one of them took Notice of his Number, and

gave him her Scarf as a Pledge; but he refus'd to carry them back, I suppose, for fear they might call upon some *Bully* or other that might make him deliver up his security, without any other redemption than a Thrash'd Jacket. Thus were the unfortunate Madams dismounted of their Coach, and were forc'd to Mob it on foot with the rest of their Sisters.

There being nothing further that occur'd, or to be seen, worth Notice, only a Turkey Ram, with as much Wooll upon his Tail as would load a Wheel-barrow, and a Couple of *Tigers*, grown now so common they are scarce worth Mentioning, I shall therefore conclude the account we give you of *May-Fair*, in these following Lines.

'Tis a sad Rendezvous of the Wicked'st of Wretches,
Poor Rogues without Money, and Whores without patches,
A Sodom for Sin, where the worst Jack of Dandy,
May S—— thro, the Fair with a Gallon of Brandy.

T H E
London-Spy.

P A R T V I I I .

The Spy and his Friend go to St. James's. The Opinion of an Irish Dear Joy upon the Whales Rib there. A Description of the Park, and the Ladies of the Court, with a Copy of Verses upon Woman. A Description of Westminster-Abbey, a Company of Train-Bands, Westminster-Hall, and the Courts of Justice; with the Character of a Pettifogger. A Story of the great Bell at Westminster. Remarks upon the Tennis-Court at White-Hall, and the Ruines there; with the Character of a Foot Soldier.

FOR want of Glasses to our Coach, having drawn up our Tin Sashes, pink'd like the bottom of a Cullender, that the Air might pass thro' the holes, and defend us from Stiffling, we were convey'd from the Fair, thro' a suffocating Cloud of Dusty Atoms. to St. James's Palace, in Reverence to which we alighted and discharg'd our Grumbling *Essedarius*, who stuck very close to our Backsides, and Mutter'd heavily, according to their old Custome, for t'other Six-pence; till at last moving us a little beyond our Patience, we gave an Angry Positive Denial to his Unreasonable Importunities; and so parted with our Unconscionable Carrion-Scourger, who we found, like the rest of his Fraternity, had taken up the Miserly Immoral Rule, *viz. Never to be satisfied.*

We pass'd thro' a Lofty Porch into the first Court,
where

where a parcel of Hob-nail'd Loobies were gazing at the Whales Rib with great amazement; being busily consulting what Creature it could be that could produce a Bone of so unusual a Magnitude. Who should come by in this Interim, but a *Fingalian* Conjuror, posting to (as my Friend supposed) Duke *Humphrey's* Walk in the Park to pick their Teeth, and Loiter away his Suppertime. But seeing the Country Hobbies stand gaping at this puzzling Rarity, he put in amongst the rest, to deliver his Judgment of this amazing Object. *I Pray you, Sir, says one of the Countrymen to him) what sort of a Bone do you take this to be?* To which the Captain, after taking a little Snush, most Judiciously replied, *By my Shoul, Egra, I believe it is the Jam Bone of the Ash, wid which Shampson Kill'd the Philischines: And it ish nail'd up here dat no body shou'd do any more Mischief wid it.* *I wonder, said another of the Plough-Jobbers, how he could use it, 'tis such a huge unwieldy Weapon?* *By my Shoul replied Teague, Let Shampson look to dat his own self, for it ish none of my Business.*

From thence we went thro' the *Pallace* into the *Park*, about the time when the Court Ladies raise their extended Limbs from their downy Couches, and Walk into the Mall to refresh their Charming Bodies with the Cooling and Salubrious Breezes of the Gilded Evening. We could not possibly have chose a Luckier Minute, to have seen the delightful *Park*, in its greatest Glory and Perfection; for the brightest Stars of the Creation sure (that shine by no other Power than humane Excellence) were moving here, with such awful State and Majesty, that their Graceful Deportments bespoke 'em Goddesses. Such merciful Looks were thrown from their engaging Eyes upon every admiring Mortal, so free from Pride, Envy, or Contempt, that they seem'd, contrary to Experience, to be sent into the World to compleat it's Happiness. The wonderful works of Heaven were here to be Read in Beauties Characters. Such Elegant Compositions might
be

be observ'd in the sundry Frames of Woman, that it's impossible to conceive other, than such Heavenly Forms to be perfected after the Unerring Image of Divine Excellence. I could have gaz'd for ever with unexpressible Delight, finding in every Lovely Face, and Magnificent Behaviour, something still New to raise my Admiration, with due respect to the Creator, for imparting to us such shews of Celestial Harmony in that most fair and Curious Creature, Woman.

Woman (when Good) the best of Saints,
That Bright Seraphick Lovely She!
Who nothing of an Angel wants,
But Truth and Immortality.

Whose Silken Limbs, and Charming Face,
Keeps Nature warm with Amorous Fire,
Was she with Wisdom Arm'd, and Grace,
What greater Bliss could Man desire.

How Smoothly would our Minutes slide?
How Sweetly Lovers must accord?
Had she but Wit herself to guide,
Or Prudence to obey her Lord.

Few Troubles would our Lives annoy,
Could Man on wav'ring Beauty trust;
But her Misguidance mars the Joy,
Thro' want of Wisdom to be Just.

Adam no Paradise had Lost,
Had Eve not Disobedient been;
Her wand'ring Inclination cost
The Price of Happiness for Sin.

How Blest a Marriage State would be,
Were but her Temper and her Love,

From

*From Lust and Revolution free ;
How great a Blessing would she prove !*

*But Pride of being Great and Gay,
Tempts her to Deviate, by degrees,
From Vertues Paths, and run astray,
For Gawdy Plumes and Lolling Ease.*

*Thus once defil'd she soon grows Lewd,
Like Angels fall'n from Purity,
Pursuing Ill, disdaining Good ;
And Envies what she cannot be.*

*Could Beauty in her Dressing Glass,
The Charms of Innocence but see :
How Vertue gilds her Awful Face,
She'd Prize the Darling Raritie.*

*For she that's Lovely, Just, and Kind,
Does Blessing to a Woman bring ;
But if her Honours once Resign'd,
Tho' Fair, she's but a Pois'nous Sting.*

Tho' I was greatly affected with the Majestick Deportment of the Female Sex, each looking with a Presence as well worthy of *Diana's Bow*, or *Bellona's Shield* as the *Golden Apple of Venus*, yet I could by no means reconcile my self to the Sheepish Humility of their Cringing Worshipers, who were Guilty of so much Idolatry to the Fair Sex, that I thought the Laws of the Creation were greatly transgressed, and that Man had dwindled from his first Power and Authority into Pusillanimity and Luxury ; and had suffered deceitful Woman to cozen him of his Prerogative. For the Men look'd so Effeminate, and shew'd such cowardly tameness by their Extravagant Submission, as if they
wanted

wanted Courage to Exercise their Freedom which they had a Just Title to use. It seem'd to me as if the World was turn'd Top-Side-turvy; for the Ladies look'd like undaunted Heroes, fit for Government, or Battle, and the Gentlemen like a parcel of Fawning, Flattering Fops, that could bear Cuckoldom with Patience, make a Jest of an Affront, and swear themselves very faithful and humble Servants to the Petticoat: Creeping and Cringing in dishonour to themselves, to what was Decreed by Heaven their Inferiours; as if their Education had been amongst Monkeys, who (as it is said) in all cases give the Preheminence to their Females.

Having thus seen what the Mall afforded, we stept over its boarded Bounds into Duke *Humphery's* Walk, as my Friend inform'd me, where he shew'd me abundance of our Neighbouring Bull-Factors, distinguishable by their Flat Noses and Broad Faces, who were walking away the leisure hours beneath the Umbrage of the Lime Trees; and crawling about backwards and forwards, like so many Stragling Caterpillars in a Grove of Sycamores, who for want of other Food, are ready to devour the very Leaves that bred them: So these look'd as sharp as if they were ready to swallow their best Friends for want of other Subsistence. This Walk, says my Friend, is a rare Office of Intelligence for a Woman as Rich as Lewd, to furnish herself with a Gallant that will stick as close as a Crab-louse to her *Nunquam Satis*; if she will but allow him good Cloaths, three Meals a Day, and a little Money for *Usquebaugh*. If she like him, when she has him, she need not fear Losing him as long as she's worth a Groat; for they are very constant to any Body that has Money, and will measure out their Affections by her Generosity: And she will surely find (at her own cost) that nothing but her Poverty will make him look out for a new Mistress. The worthy Gentlemen
who

who chiefly frequent this *Sanctuary*, are Non-Commission Officers. I mean not such who left their Commissions, but such as never had any; and yet would be very angry should you refuse to Honour them with the Title of Captain, tho' they never so much as trail'd a Pike towards the deserving on't.

From thence we walk'd into the *Parade*, which my Friend told me, us'd, in a Morning, to be cover'd with the Bones of Red-herrings; and smelt as strong about Breakfast times as a Wet-salters shop at Midsummer. But now, says he, its perfum'd again with *English Breath*; and the scent of *Oroonoko Tobacco* no more offends the Nostrils of our squeamish Ladies, who may now pass backwards and forwards free from all such Nufances; and, if with Child, without the danger of being frightened at a terrible pair of Whiskers.

From thence we walk'd up to a *Canal*, where Ducks were frisking about, and standing upon their Heads; showing as many Tricks in their Liquors as a *Bartholomew-Fair Tumbler*. Said I, to my Friend, Her Majesties Ducks are wond'rous merry. He replying, well they may, for they are always Tipling. We then took a view of the fam'd figure of the *Gladiator*, which indeed is well worthy of the place it stands in; for the exactness of its Proportion, the true placing and expressing of the exterior Musculine Veins and Arteries, show such a perfection of Art, that Justly deserves our Admiration. Behind this Figure upon the foot of the Pedestal, my Friend and I sat down to please our Eyes with the prospect of the most delightful Aqueduct, and to see its Feather'd Inhabitants, the Ducks, divertus with their sundry Pastimes. In which Interim, who should come up to the front of the *Gladiator*, but two or three merry Buxom Ladies, who I suppose by their Exceptions against the *Statue*, were Women of no little Experience, but very competent Judges

Judges of what they pretended to be Judges of. One of them more forward to Arraign the Artist than the rest, (not knowing we were behind) express'd herself with abundance of *Scorn* and *Contempt*, after this manner, *viz.* *Is this the fine proportion'd Figure I have heard my Husband so often brag on? Its true, his Legs and Arms are strong and manly: But look, look, Cousin, what a Bauble it has got!* With that my Friend starts up, You must consider Ladies (says he) in the time when this was made, Women did not wear their Consciences so large as they do now-adays. At which, like a company of merry Wagtails, they run away Tittering and Laughing.

We arose from thence, and walk'd up by the Decoy, where Meanders glid so smoothly beneath their Osier Canopies, that the calm *Surface* seem'd to express, nothing inhabited this Watry-Palace but Peace and Silence. I could have wish'd my self capable of living obscure from mankind in this Element like a Fish, purely to have enjoy'd the pleasure of so delightful a luminous Labyrinth, whose Intricate Turnings so confound the sight, that the Eye is still in search of some new Discovery, and never satisfied with the tempting variety so Artificially order'd in so little a Compass.

We turn'd up from thence into a long Lime-Tree Walk, where either Art or Nature had carefully preserved the Trees in such exact Proportion to each other, that a Man would guess by their appearance they all aspire in Height, and spread in Breadth to just the same Dimensions, and confine the Leaves and Branches to an equal Number. Beneath whose shady Influence were pensive Lovers whispering their Affections to their Mistresses, and breathing out despairing Sighs of their desired Happiness. Here also were the tender Offspring of Nobility handed by their fresh-look'd Nurses, to strengthen and refresh their Feeble Joints, with Air and Exercise, suitable to their childish weakness; and

and some having started more forward in their Infancy, were accompany'd with their Tutors, showing such manliness in their Presence, and such Promises of Vertue in their Propitious Looks at Ten or a Dozen Years of Age, that they seem'd already Fortified with Grace, Learning and Wisdom against the Worlds Corruptions.

The Termination of this delectable Walk was in a Knot of Lofty Elms, by a Pond side ; round some of which were commodious Seats, for the tired Ambulators to refresh their weary Pedestals. Here a parcel of old worn-out *Cavaliers* were conning over the *Civil-Wars* ; and looking back into the History of their past Lives, to moderate the Anxiety and Infirmary of Age with a pleasing reflection of their Youthful Actions.

Amongst the rest, a Country Cormudgeon was standing with his back-side against a Tree, leaning forward on his Oaken companion, his Staff ; and staring towards the top of a high adjacent Elm ; Pray, said I, Friend, what is it you are so earnestly looking at ; who answered me, *At yonder Birds-nest*. I further ask'd him what Birds-nest is it ? Who reply'd, *What a foolish Question you asken me ! Why, did you ever know any thing but Rooks build so near the Kings Palace ?* Whose Innocent Return put my Friend and I into a Laughter. I ask if he did not think they were very noble Trees ? Yes, zure, says he, *if the Kings Trees should not be Noble, pray whose should ?* I mean, said I, don't they Thrive and Spread finely ? *They have nothing else to do,* says he, *as I know on ; Every thing Thrives that stands upon Crown Land, zure, and so does my Landlord.*

Having now seen chiefly what the *Park* afforded, we sat our selves down beneath the pleasant Umbrage of this most stately Arbour, by the Pond side, where I compos'd this following Acrostick on Saint James's Park at the Readers Service.

Sure

Sure Art and Nature, no where else can show
A Park where Trees in such true order grow.
In silver Streams the gentle Isis here
No Banks o'er flows, yet proudly swells so near,
That makes the pleasing Cup just brimming full appear }

*In Summers longest days, when Phebus takes
A Pride to pierce the thickest Shades and Brakes,
May Beauties walk beneath a Verdant Skreen,
Exempt from Dust, and by the Sun unseen:
So thick of Leaves each Plant, so green the Grass,
Sure Mortal never view'd a sweeter place.*

*P*revailing Ladies meet in Lovely Swarms,
*A*nd bless each day its Umbrage with their Charms.
*R*ev'rence the Stuarts Name for this hereafter :
*K*ing James the First Clubb'd Wood, his Grandson
 [Charles found Water.

When by an Hours Enjoyment we had render'd the Beauty of the Park but dull and flat to our pall'd Appetites, we began to think of some new Object that ought to Feast and Refresh our tired Senses with Pleasures yet untasted. Accordingly we took our Leaves of the *Park*, with the same willingness as Lovers turn their Backs upon their Mistresses, when by a vigorous repetition of Embraces to engage her Affections, he has turn'd the Delight into a Servile Drudgery. We went thro' a narrow Passage that directed us towards *Westminster*, in order to take a view of that Ancient and Renown'd structure the *Abby*, to which I was an utter stranger. When we came in sight of which, I could not behold the out-side of the Awful Pile without Rev'rence and Amazement. 'Twas rais'd to that stupendous Height, and Beautified with such Noble Ornaments, wherein the bold strokes of excell'g Artists

tists will always remain Visible: The whole seeming to want nothing that could render it truly Venerable. We pass'd by that Emblem of Mortality the Charnel-House, where Poets, Priests, Pimps, and Porters, lay their Empty Heads together, without Envy or Distinction. And on the North-side enter'd the Magnificent Temple with equal Wonder and Satisfaction, which entertain'd our sight with such worthy Monuments, and astonishing Antiquities, that we knew not which way to direct our Eyes, each object was so engaging. We took a general survey of all that's to be seen in the open Parts of the Church, where almost every Stone gives a brief History of the Memorable Actions due to their Pious Ashes to whom the Table appertaineth. By this time the Bells began to Chime for Afternoon Prayers, and the Quire was opened, into which we went amongst many others, to pay with Rev'rence that Duty that becomes a Christian: Where our Souls were Elevated by the Divine Harmony of the Musick, far above the common pitch of our Devotions, whose Heavenly Accents have so sweet an Influence upon a Contrite Heart, that it strengthens our Zeal, Fortifies the Loose Imagination against wandring Thoughts, and gives a Man a Taste of Immortal Blessings upon Earth, before he is thoroughly prepar'd for the true Relish of Celestial Comforts.

When we had given our Souls the Refreshment of this Enlivening Exercise, we made an Entrance into the East-end of the *Abby*, which was Lock'd, and pay'd a Visit to the venerable Shrines, and Sacred Monuments of the Dead Nobility; where the Vertues, and Magnanimous Actions of our Heroick Princes are convey'd to their Posterity, by the sundry Inventions of our Ingenious Ancestors, as Epitaphs, Effigies, Arms, Emblems, and Hieroglyphicks.

When we had satisfied our selves with a View of these

these Ancient Curiosities, we Ascended some Stone Steps, which brought us to a Chappel, that may Justly claim the Admiration of the whole Universe, such inimitable Perfections are apparent in every part of the whole Composure, and looks so far exceeding Humane Excellence, that a Man would think it was knit together by the Fingers of Angels, pursuant to the directions of Omnipotence.

From thence we were conducted by our little Guide to King *Charles* the Seconds Effigies; and as much as he excell'd his Predecessors in Mercy, Wisdom, and Liberality, so does his Effigies exceed the rest in Liveliness, Proportion, and Magnificence.

Having now satisfied our Curiosities with a Sight of what was chiefly admirable, we came again into the Body of the Church, where my Friend and I began to consider of some things which we did not think were consistent with Reason, or the Glory of that Power to whom the Holy Pile is Dedicated, which are these.

1. That the Parish Poor of St. Margarets should be suffered to Beg within the Abbey, even in Prayer-time.

2. That those who are chosen as particular Agents in the Service of God, should be permitted to Sing in the Play-house.

3. That the Monuments should lye Defac'd, some with their Hands off, and some with their Feet off, Lying by them without Reparation.

4. That Women should have Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, Epitaphs, who never understood a Word of the Languages.

5. That Ben Johnson should want a Tomb; and lie Buried from the rest of the Poets.

6. That the Monument of Esquire Thin, whose Death was so Remarkable should be without any Inscription.

Having now satisfied our Senses with the sight of the fundry Curiosities contain'd within this Reverend Building, being Term-time, we steer'd our course towards *Westminster-Hall*: But just as we came out of the North Porticum of the Abby, a company of Trainbands were drawn up in the Yard, in order to give their Captain a parting Volley. I could not forbear Laughing to see so many Greasy Cooks, Tun-bellied Lick-spiggots, and fat wheeling Butchers, sweating in their Buff Doublets, under the Command of some fiery-fac'd Brewer, whose Godgel-Gut was hoop'd in with a Golden Swast, which the Clod-scul'd Hero became as well as one of his Dray-Horses would an embroider'd Saddle. When the True Blue Officer (over thoughtful of Hops and Graines) had by two or three Mistaken Words of Command hussled his Couragious Company in close confusion, instead of Order, he bid 'em *Make Ready*; which made half of them change Colour, and show as much Cowardice in cocking of their Muskets, as if half a dozen Turks had fac'd 'em and frightened 'em with their Whiskers. Then the noble Captain advancing his silver-headed Cane, formally held up between both his hands, gave the terrible Word *Fire*, stooping down his head like a Goose under a Barn-door, to defend his eye-sight from the flashes of the Gunpowder. In which Interim, such an amazing clap of Thunder was sent forth from their Rusty Kill Divels, that it caused fear and trembling amongst all those that made it; for which the little Boys gave them the honour of a great hollow; and away trudg'd the foundred Soldiers home to their Wives, well satisfied.

We then March'd forwards towards the *Palace-yard*, which we found as full of *Hackney-Coaches*, as *Greys-Inn-Walks* of Hackney Whores on a Sunday after Sermon; standing rank and file in as much order, as if they had been Marshal'd by the *Fleet-street Deadmon-*
ger

ger ready for a Funeral. When we had made more Turnings and Windings amongst the Coaches, than ever were known in Fair Rosamonds Bower, we arriv'd at the Hall Gate, within-side of which, innumerable crowds of contending Mortals were swarm'd at every Bar, where the black Syrens of the Law, with Silver Tongues and Gilded Palms, were Charming the ears of the Judges with their Rhetorical Musick. We first gave our attention at the *Common-Pleas*, where my Friend and I were much delighted, sometimes with Elegant Speeches from the Bench, as well as the pleasing Eloquence and powerful Reasonings at the Bar.

There happen'd an Old Yeoman to be a witness in one Cause, that had sworn very heartily and knowingly in a matter of great Antiquity, so that the Council on the Oposite side, ask'd him *How old he was?* To which he answered, at first, gravely in these words. *I am old enough to be your Father; and therefore I hope young Man, you will give that respect to my Gray Hairs that is due to 'em?* That, reply'd the Council, is no Answer to my Question. *I desire to know how many years old you account your self; for I am very apt to believe you have Sworn positively to some things that are beyond your knowledge.* I would have you consider, Sir, says the old Gentleman, *I am of a very great Age: I am in my Four-score and Seventeenth year, and yet, I thank God for it, I have Memory and Sense enough left still to make a Knave an Answer.* With that the Court burst into a Laughter, which dash'd the Lawyer out of Countenance, and made him asham'd of making any further Interrogatives.

From thence we mov'd towards the upper-end of the Hall, thro' such a Crowd of Jerry Black-acres, that we were shov'd about like a couple of Owls, fallen into a company of Rooks and Jackdaws. As we were thus squeezing along towards the Chancery-Bar, a couple of

Country Fellows met, and greeted one another after the following manner. *How dy'e Neighbour?* says the one, *Is your Sewt ended yet?* No trowly, says the other, nor can any Body tell when it wool. To Spaik the truth, Neighbour, I believe my Returney's a Knave. How shid a be otherwise, reply'd the first, for thou seest there are so many of 'em here, that it's impossible they shid live honestly by one another.

We were now got to the Chancery, where so many smooch Tongues were so vigorously contending for Equity, that we found by their Long Harangues, and strenuous Arguments, it was not to be obtain'd with little difficulty. Whilst we were giving our attention to that engaging harmony, which flow'd with such a careless fluency from their well tun'd instruments of Oratory, a Cause was call'd on, wherein a Taylor happen'd to be a chief witness; the Councel on the other side knowing his Profession, took an occasion to give him this Caution, viz. *I understand, Friend, you are by Trade a Taylor: I would advise you to use more Conscience in your Depositions than you do in your Bills, or else we shall none of us believe you.* Truly, Sir, says the Taylor, our Trade, I must confess, does lye under a great Scandal; but if you and I were in a Room together, and the Devil should come in and ask for a Thief and a Lye, I wonder which of us should be most frightned.

We adjourn'd from thence to the Kings-Bench-Bar, where two Pleaders, very eager in dispute, were mixing their Arguments with some Reflections one upon another. A Country man happening to stand just by us, seem'd mightily pleas'd to hear 'em at such variance; at last, being unable to contain himself any longer, breakes out into these Words, viz. *Well said Esauib; this I hope will make the old Proverb good, That when Knaves fall out, Honest men will come by their Right.* A little after one of the Councel, in a heat, happen'd to say rashly, *If what he had offer'd was not Law, he'd Justify*

fy the Law to be a Lottery. Upon which, fays the Country man, I wifh heartily it was fo, for then it would be put down by the late Act of Parliament ; and I fhould fling away no more Money at it ; for I am fure it has kept me and my Family as poor as Job this fifteen years.

From thence we walk'd down by the Semftreffes, who were very nicely Digitifing and Pleating Turnovers and Ruffles for the young Students, and Coaxing them with their Amorous looks, Obliging Cant, and Inviting Geftures, to give fo extravagant a Price for what they Buy, that they may now and then afford to fling them a Nights Lodging into the Bargain.

We now began to take notice of the Building, which to me feem'd as Noble as 'twas Ancient : And looking upwards, could do no lefs than greatly admire the Timber Roof, being finely built after the *Gothick* Order. But that which was chiefly to be observ'd in it was, the Cleanlinefs thereof, it being as free from Dust and Cobwebs, as if 'twas rais'd but Yesterday. Which, fays my Friend, occasions fome People to conjecture it is built with *Irifh* Oak, to which is afcrib'd this Miraculous Virtue, *viz.* That no Spiders, or any fuch fort of Nauseous, or Offensive Infefts, will ever breed or hang about it. And faid I, are you apt to give Credit to this Vulgar Error ; and attribute it's Cleannefs to any Quality of the wood ? No, fays he, I am apt to believe all fuch notions to be Vain and Fabulous ; and that its continuing free from all fuch Nafty Vermin, proceeds from another Reason. Pray, faid I, let's hear your conjecture concerning it ? For I affure you, I look upon it to be very ftrange that a Wooden Roof of fuch Antiquity, fhould be fo very free of all that Filth which is moft commonly collected in fuch old Fabricks. Why then, fays he, I'll frankly tell you my Opinion, which if it feems incongruous to your Reason, I hope you will be fo Friendly as to excufe my weakness. You muft confider, fays he, that

the young Lawyers are unhappily liable to abundance of Mischances, and often require the use of Mercury to Repair their Members, some subtle particles of which being emitted with their Breath, ascend by their Volatility to the top of the Hall, where it Condenses it self, and lies sublim'd upon the the Beams; and so by its Poysonous Quality renders the Roof obnoxious to all Vermin. For this is certainly true, That let any Person that has taken a Mercurial Dose, but breathe upon a Spider, and it will die immediately. This, said I, from a Surgeon is well enough; for Men of your Profession may take the Liberty of talking like Apothecaries, and not be Censur'd for it. But I think you have fitted me with a piece of as dark Philosophy as any's to be found in *Aristotles* Master-piece. Meeting with nothing further, much worth our Observation, I think it may not be improper to conclude our Remarks of this Place, with the Character of a Petty-fogger.

He's an Amphibious Monster, that partakes of two Natures, and those contrary: He's a great Lover both of Peace and Enmity; and has no sooner set People together by the Ears, but is Soliciting the Law to make an end of the Difference. His Mother was a Scold, and he begot in a time when his Father us'd the Act more for Quietness sake than Procreation. His Learning is commonly as little as his Honesty; and his Conscience much larger then his Green-Bag. His affections to the Law proceed from the Litigiousness of his Ancestors. Nor is there any thing he abhors so much as Poverty in a Client. He is never more Proud then when he has a Fee of a topping Council; and would make any body believe Sergeant such a one and he are as great as the Devil and the Earl of Kent. He gets Money in Term-time by sitting in a Tavern, for every Client that comes in he makes pay Six-pence a Glass, till he has sold a Quart or two at that rate, and

and puts the over-plus in his Pocket, he seems always as busie as a Merchant in Change-time; and if ever a Cause is carried that he's concern'd in, he tells you its owing to his management. He's a great lover of Veal, thro' the respect he has for Calves-Skin: And admires the wonderful works of the Bee, more for the wax than Honey. He's a Man of such Justice, that he loves all things should be done according to the Law; and calls every Body Fool that pays a Debt till he has forc'd the Creditor to prove it in some of the Courts of *Westminster*. Unlike the rest of Mankind, he hates Peace in his Neighbourhood; and looks upon it that he sits Rent-free, if he be but happily seated among wrangling Neighbours. Catch him in what Company soever, you will always hear him stating of Cases, or telling what notice my Lord Chancellor took of him, when he beg'd Leave to supply the deficiency of his Council. He always talks with as great assurance as if he understood what he only pretends to know: And always wears a Band, and in that lies his Gravity and Wisdom. He concerns himself with no Justice but the Justice of a Cause: And for making an unconscionable Bill, he out-does a Taylor. He is so well read in Physiognomy, that he knows a Knight of the Post by his Countenance; and if your Business requires the Service of such an Agent, he can pick you up one at a small Warning. He is very understanding in the Business of the *Old-Baily*; and knows as well how to Fee a Jury-man as he does a Barrister. He has a rare knack at putting in Broomstick-Bail; and knows a great many more ways to keep a Man out of his Money, than he does to get it him. He's very diligent in Business where Moneys to be got, and runs backward and forward between the Lawyer and the Client, as a Rocket upon a string between two Posts. Tricks and Quirks he calls the cunning part of the Law; and that Attorney that practices

practices the most Knavery, is the Man for his Money. His Study is abroad, his Learning all Experience, and his Library in his Pocket, which is always stuffed with as many Papers, as Poet *Bays* in the *Re-bearfal*. He puts more Faith in the Law, than he does in the Gospel; and knows no other Religion than to get Money, he thinks nothing a Breach of Charity, but Starving of a good Cause; and has often that Text of Scripture in his Mouth, *viz. The Labourer is worthy of his Hire*: Which is as much as to say, he would not waste Time to Read a Chapter in the Bible without being paid for it. He's also a great News Monger, and all publick Reports must Occur to his Knowledge, for his Business lies most in a *Coffee-house*, and the greatest of his Diversion is in reading the *News Papers*. He is commonly a great Smoaker, and will walk half a Mile to a Tobacconists where he thinks he may have six Corns more than ordinary for his Penny. Meet him wheresoever in Term-Time, and ask him whether go you? And his Answer shall be *To Westminster*. And indeed you may find him in the Hall much oftener than he that has ten times the Business there; for he is one of those that love to hear how other Peoples matters go, tho it does not at all concern him. There's nothing he abominates more, than to be thought Negligent; and has no other Virtue to boast on truly, but his Diligence; for no Man shall be more watchful in anothers Ruin than himself. In short, He's a Caterpillar upon Earth, who grows Fat upon the Fruits of others Labour. A meer Horse-Leach in the Law, that when once he is well fasten'd, will suck a poor Client into a deep Consumption.

Having thus taken Notice of most things Remarkable in the Hall, we made our Exit from thence, and crost the Palace-Yard, on the East-side of which lay the Reliques of *Westminster* Stone Clock-Cafe, in a confused heap of Ruins. There's nothing, says my Friend, concerns

concerns me more, than to see any piece of Antiquity Demolish'd. It always puts me in mind of the Ignoble Actions of the Sanctified Rebels in the late Domestick Troubles, who made it their Business to deface old Images ; and with Sacrilegious hands throw down the Urns, and spoil the Monuments of the Dead: A Base and Inglorious Revenge, to gratifie their Cholerick Zeal, by Robbing their own Native Country of its Ancient Beauties ; A Crime abominated by the most Savage and Unpolish'd People in the whole Universe ; and that *Christians* should be Guilty of such Barbarity that is held detestable amongst the worst of *Heathens*, it's very strange. I speak not this, says he, to reflect upon the Destruction of this old Steeple, which was wholly useless when they had remov'd the Clock to *St. Pauls*, which indeed is far more worthy of so Ponderous a Bell, that affords so grave a Sound, than the Place it stood in.

The common People have a Notion (but of no Authority as I know on) that this Bell was paid for by a Fine Levy'd upon some Judge, for the Unlawful Determination of some weighty Affair, in which he suffer'd himself to be Brib'd to Partiality ; and that it was converted to the use of a Clock, with this moral intent, That when ever it struck, it might be a warning to all succeeding Magistrates in the Courts at *Westminster*, how they do Injustice. But if it were so, the Judges and Lawyers in this more Religious Age, are so free from Corruption, that they need no other Motives or Memorandums to discharge their Trust with Unbias'd Honesty, than the Unerring Dictates of their own good Conscience ; so that my Loud-mouth'd Name-sake might very well be spared to a better purpose, and hang within the hearing of all the Cuckolds in the City, to call their Wives twice a day to Prayers, that they may ask Forgiveness for the great Injury they did their Husbands the last opportunity :
And

And also to proclaim, by the Gravity of its Sound, the Greatness of that Huge, huge, huge Cathedral, which is big enough to hold a more Souls than *Westminster-Abbey*, tho' it is not half so handsome; and that's all, lays my Friend, that can be said on't.

From the Palace-Yard we mov'd on Progressively, till we came to the Tennis-Court, but could not for my Life imagine what place that could be, hung round with such a deal of Net-work; at last, thinks I, I have heard of such a place as a Plot-Office: I fancy this must be it, and those are the Projectors Nets to catch such *Jacobite* Fools who are drawn into the design. But however, not well satisfied with my own Notion, I thought it proper to enquire of my Friend before I told him my Sentiments, lest thro' an Innocent mistake I should give him just occasion to Laugh at my Ignorance; and he inform'd me 'twas a conveniency built for the Noble Game of Tennis, a very delightful Exercise, much us'd by Persons of Quality; and is attended with these extraordinary good Properties, it is very Healthful to him that plays at it, and is very Profitable to him that keeps it. And rightly considered, its a good Emblem of the World: As thus: The Gamesters are the Great Men, the Rackets are the Laws, which they hold fast in their Hands, and the Balls are we little Mortals which they bandy backwards or forwards from one to t'other as their own Wills and Pleasure directs 'em.

We pass'd by this, and went forward to *White-Hall*, whose Ruins we view'd with no less Concern, than the unhappy Fate of such a Noble Structure must needs beget in each considerate beholder, especially when they reflect upon the Honour it had to entertain the best and greatest of Princes, in their highest State and Grandeur, for several preceding Ages; and now at last to be consumed by Flames near so much Water, who cannot grieve to see that Order, which

which the hands of Artists, at the cost of Kings, had improv'd to that Delight and Stateliness lie dissolv'd in a heap of Rubbish? Those spacious Rooms where Majesty has sat so oft, attended with the Transcending Glories of his Court, the Just, the Wise, the Brave and Beautiful, now huddled in Confusion, and nothing more can boast themselves but Dirt and Ashes; as if the Misfortunes of Princes were Visited upon their Palaces, as well as Persons, to manifest to the World more clearly, that an over-ruling Power, and not Accident, decreed their Sufferings.

After we had taken a survey of the Ruins, and spent some melancholly Thoughts upon the Tatter'd Object, that lay in Dust before us, We walk'd on thro' several out-Courts, till we came into a place my Friend told me was *Scotland-Yard*, where Gentlemen Soldiers lay basking in the Sun, like so many lazy Swine upon a warm Dunghil. I stood a little while Ruminating on the great Unhappiness of such a Life, and could not restrain my Thoughts from giving a Character of that unfortunate Wretch, who in time of War hazzards his Life for Six-pence a day, and that perhaps ne'er paid him; and in time of Peace has nothing to do, but to keep Guard and Loiter.

A Foot Soldier is commonly a Man who for the sake of wearing a Sword, and the Honour of being term'd a Gentleman, is coax'd from a Handicraft Trade, whereby he might Live comfortably, to bear Arms for his King and Country, whereby he has the hopes of nothing but to Live Starvingly. His Lodging is as near Heaven as his Quarters can raise him; and his Soul generally is as near Hell as a Profligate Life can sink him. To speak without Swearing he thinks a Scandal to his Post; and makes many a Meal upon Tobacco, which keeps the inside of his Carcase as Nasty as his Shirt. He's a Champion for the Church, because he Fights for Religion, tho' he never hears Prayers

Prayers except they be Read upon a Drum-head! He's often times seen to stand Centinel over an Oyster-Tub, in the Absence of his flat-cap Mistress, who has him more at Command than his Officer. He often leads a Sober Life against his Will; and when ever he gets Drunk, it is in a Bawdy-House. He can never pass by a Brandy-shop with 2d. in his Pocket; for he as Naturally loves Strong-Waters as a Turk loves Coffee. He is generally belov'd by two sorts of Companions, *viz.* Whores and Lice; for both these Vermin are great admirers of a Scarlet Coat. No Man humbles himself more upon the committing of a Fault, for he bows his Head to his Heels, and lies bound by the hour to his good Behaviour. He is a Man of Undaunted Courage; and dreads no Enemies so much as he does the Wooden-Horse, which makes him hate to be mounted; and rather chuses to be a Foot Soldier. Hes a Man, that when upon guard, always keeps his word; and obeys his Officer as Indians do the Devil, not thro' Love but Fear; He makes a Terrible Figure in a Country Town, and makes the old Women watch their Poultry more than a Gang of Gipsies. He seldom wants the two good Properties of Begging and Thieving, without which he would be but a poor Traveller. When once he has been in a Battle it's a hard matter to get him out of it; for where-ever he comes he's always talking of the Action, in which he was posted in the greatest danger; and seems to know more of the matter than the General. Scars, tho' got in Drunken Quarrels, he makes Badges of his Bravery; and tells you they were Wounds receiv'd in some Engagement, tho' perhaps given him for his Sawciness. He's one that loves Fighting no more than other Men; tho' perhaps a dozen of Drink and an affront, will make him draw his Sword; yet a Pint and a good Word, will make him put it up again. Let him be in never so many Campaigns in *Flanders*, he contracts

contracts but few Habits of a *Dutchman*, for you shall oftener see him with his Fingers in his Neck then his Hands in his Pockets. He has the Pleasure once a Week, when he receives his Subsistence, of boasting he has Money in his Breeches; and for all he's a Soldier owes no Man a Groat, which is likely enough to be true, because no Body will trust him. Hunger and Lousiness are the two Distempers that Afflict him; and Idleness and Scratching the two Medicines that Palliate his Miseries. If he spends Twenty years in Wars, and lives to be Forty, perhaps he may get a Halbert; and if he Survives Threescore, an Hospital. The best end he can expect to make, is to Die in the Bed of Honour; and the greatest Living Marks of his Bravery, to recommend him at once to the Worlds Praise and Pity, are Crippled Limbs, with which I shall leave him to beg a better Lively-hood.

*To a Coblers Aul, or Butchers Knife,
Or Porters Knot, Commend me;
But from a Souldiers Lazy Life,
Good Heaven pray defend me.*

T H E

London-Spy.

P A R T IX.

A Story on the Admiralty-Office. A Description of Man's Coffee-House; with the Humours of the Beaus; and a Copy of Verses thereon. Remarks upon the Horse Guards; on the famous Cobbler at Charing-Cross; on the Statue of King Charles the First: A Copy of Verses on that Unhappy Prince. Remarks upon the New-Exchange. Upon the Devotion of the Covent-Garden Ladies, &c. And upon Covent-Garden Market. The Hummums, or Sweating-House Described. Several Diverting Stories told by the Rubber.

AS soon as we turn'd out of Scotland-yard into the common Road, I espied a famous Edifice diametrically opposite to the Gate we pass'd thro'; the freshness of the Bricks, and form of which Building, shew it of a Modern Erection. Perpendicularly over the main Door, or Entrance, was plac'd a Golden Anchor, which occasion'd me to enquire of my Friend, to what Publick Use this Noble Fabrick was converted. In answer to which says he, This is the place where so many Letters have been directed, which were put into the Gazette, concerning a Discovery of many Abuses and Irregularities committed in Her Majesties Navy; and great Encouragements were offered to the Authors of those Letters to appear and Justifie what Illegal and Unwarantable Practices they could charge upon any Person or Persons commission'd

commission'd in that Service under the Government. And pray, said I, what became of that matter at last, about which there was so great a Bustle? You must be careful, says my Friend, how you ask Questions in such Affairs; and it behoves me to be as Cautious how I Answer any. But to divert you from your Enquiries, I'll tell you a Story, viz. *A Merry Cobler, as he sat Stitching in his Stall, was Singing a piece of his own Composition to indulge his Chearful Humour, wherein he very often repeated these following Words, viz. The King said to the Queen, and the Queen said to the King: A Passenger coming by, who was mighty desirous of knowing what it was the King and Queen had said to one another, stood listening a considerable time, expecting the Cobler to have gone on with his Ditty, wherein he should have satisfied his Longing Curiosity. But the Musical Translator continu'd a Rehearsal only of the same Words, till he had tired the Patience of his Auditor; who at last stepp'd up to the Stall, and seriously ask'd the Drolling Solemender what it was the King said to the Queen, and the Queen to the King? The Busie Crispin Snatches up his Strap, and lays it, with all his Might, cross the Shoulders of the Impertinent Querist, Passionately expressing himself in these Words, viz. How now, Sawce-Box! It's a fine Age we live in, when such Cocks-Combs as you must be prying into matters of State! I'd have you to know, Sirrah, I am too Loyal a Subject to betray the Kings Secrets; and pray get ye gone, and don't interrupt me in my Lawful Occupation, lest I stick my Aul in your Arse, and mark you for a Fool that meddles with what you have nothing to do with. The Cobler being an Old Sturdy Grizzle, the Fellow was forc'd to bear both with this Correction and Reproof; And Shrugging his Shoulders, was glad to sneak off about his Business. I know said I, how to apply the Moral of your story; and shall therefore be very Careful how I trouble you with any such Questions for the future, that are either*

O

improper

improper for me to Ask, or inconsistent with your safety to directly Answer.

By this time we were come to the Door of the most Eminent *Coffee-house* at this end of the Town, which my Friend had before propos'd to give me a Sight of. Accordingly we Blunder'd thro' a dark Entry, where the Black Guard of Quality were playing their Unlucky Tricks, and Darning each other in their Masters Dialect, Arm'd with Flambeaus against the approaching Night, that the Grandeur of the Great and Fortunate, may not be hid by Darknes, but shine in their proper Sphere, above lesser Mortals, by a distinguishable Lustre. At the end of the Entry we Ascended a pair of Stairs, which brought us into an old Fashion'd Room of a Cathedral Tenement, where a very Gaudy Crowd of Odoriferous *Tom-Essences* were walking Backwards and Forwards with their Hats in their Hands, not daring to convert 'em to their intended use, lest it should put the Foretops of their Wigs into some disorder. We squeez'd thro' the Fluttering Assembly of Snuffing *Peripateticks*, till we got to the end of the Room, where, at a small Table, we sat down, and Observ'd, tho' there was abundance of Guests, there was very little to do; for it was as great a Rarity to hear any Body call for a Dish of *Politicians Porridge*, or any other Liquor, as it is to hear a *Spunger* in a Company ask whats to pay, or a *Beau* call for a Pipe of Tobacco; their whole Exercise being to Charge and Discharge their Nostrils; and keep the Curles of their Periwigs in their proper Order. The Clashing of their Snush-Box-Lids, in opening and shutting, made more Noise than their Tongues; and sounded as Terrible in my Ears, as the Melancholly Ticks of so many Death-Watches. Bows and Cringes of the Newest Mode were here Exchang'd 'twixt Friend and Friend, with wonderful Exactness, being the finest Academy for a Painter

to

to Learn to draw the Sign of the *Salutation* for a Tavern, in the whole Universe. They made a Humming, like so many Hornets in a Country Chimney, not with their Talking, but with their Whispering over their New *Minuets* and *Bories*, with their Hands in their Pockets, if freed from their Snush-Box, by which you might understand they had most of them been Travellers into the *Seven Provinces*, from whence they deriv'd that Custom. Amongst them were abundance of Officers, or Men who by their Habit appear'd to be such; but look'd as tenderly, as if they carried their Down-Beds with them into the Camp, and did not dare to come out of their Tents in a Cold Morning, till they had Eat a Mess of Plum-Panada for Break-fast, to defend their Stomachs from the Wind. Yet thro' a Principle of Undaunted Courage, must signalize their Affections to their Country, in undergoing the Fatigue of a *Flanders Campaign*, to the great Terror of their Lady-Mothers; and to as much purpose otherways, as if they had spent their time at *Hippolitoe's* and the Play-House, or staid at Home to have been a *Guard de Corp* to the *Belfa's*, to protect 'em from being Plunder'd of their Virginities by the Town Stallions, which ought to have been preserv'd, as a recompence for those who truly deserv'd their Favours, by hazarding their Lives in the Nations Service: For as nothing more than the Noble Passion of Love will Animate a Souldier with Bravery; so, undoubtedly, is Beauty the greatest Reward of Victory. At the Ends of this Principal Room were other Apartments, where, I suppose the *Beau-Politicks* retired upon extraordinary Occasions, to talk Nonsense by themselves about State-Affairs that they might not be Laugh'd at.

Having sat all this while looking about us, like a couple of *Minerva's* Birds, among so many *Juno's* Peacocks, admiring their Gaiety; we began to be thoughtful of a

Pipe of Tobacco, which we were not assur'd we could have the Liberty of Smoaking, lest we should offend those Sweet Breath-Gentlemen, who were always running their Noses in the Arse of a *Civet-Cat*. But however, we Ventur'd to call for some Instruments of Evaporation, which were accordingly brought us, but with such a kind of unwillingness, as if they would much rather have been rid of our Company; for their Tables were so very Neat, and shin'd with Rubbing, like the Upper-Leathers of an Aldermans Shoes, and as Brown as the Top of a Country House-wives Cupboard. The Floor as clean Swept as a Sir *Courtly's* Dining Room, which made us look round, to see if there were no Orders hung up to impose the Forfeiture of so much *Mop-Money* upon any Person that should Spit out of the Chimney Corner. Notwithstanding we wanted an Example to encourage us in our Porterly Rudeness, we order'd 'em to light the Wax-Candle, by which we Ignify'd our Pipes, and blew about our Whiffs, with as little concern as if we had been in the Company of so many Carmen; at which several Sir *Foplings* that were near us, drew their Faces into as many Peevish Wrinkles, as the *Beaus* at the *Bow-street* Coffee-House, near *Covent-Garden* did, when the Gentleman in Masquerade came in amongst them, with his Oyster-Barrel Muff, and Turnep-Buttons, to ridicule their Foppery. But however, we (regardless of their Grimaces, by which they express'd their Displeasure) puff'd on our unfavoury Weed, till we had clear'd one Corner of the Room, and separated the *Beaus* from the more Sociable Party, and made 'em fly to a great Window next the Street, where there was such Sniffing and Snuffing, that the rest of the Company could scarce keep their Countenances.

Just in this Interim, whilst the Gaudy knot of Effeminate *Philoginians* were looking into the Street, who

who should chance to come by, on the other side the Way, but the old Dumb *Father-Red Cap*, who casting up his Eyes, and espying such a parcel of Elegant Figures standing at the Window, made a full stop over-against the Coffee-House, and began according to his Custome, to show his Antick Postures, and Buffoonery-Actions, Dancing the Soldiers Dance, and playing abundance of Fools Pranks, to engage Passengers to tarry and behold his Apish Gestures; and when he had Collected a Promiscuous Multitude of Trades-men, Soldiers, Porters, Chimney-Sweepers and Footmen, round about him, he fronts his Flaxen-Wigg'd Spectators at the Coffee-House who were stroaking down their stragling Hairs, and sweetening the Common-Shore of their insipid Brains by their several Fumigations, and begins to mimick the *Beau*, rendering himself immediately so intelligible to the Rabble, by his apt Signs and ridiculous Postures, that the Crowd set up a hollow, and the Eyes of the whole Mob were directed to our squeamish *Tobacco-Haters*: Whilst the poor Deaf Comedian perceiving the Mob well pleas'd, persisted in his Whim, and Buffoon'd with excellent Humours the Strut, the Toss of the Wig, the Carriage of the Hat, the Snush Box, the Guiding of the Foretop, the Hanging of the Sword, and to each Action form'd so suitable a Face, that the most Grave Spectator could not forbear Laughing. This put our Orangery Sparks to the Blush, and made them retire from their Casements: By which time our Smoaking had given Encouragement to others to pluck out their Boxes, and betake themselves to the like Exercise, that we Smoak'd the *Beaus* almost as bad as unlucky School-Boys us'd to do the *Coblers*, till they sneak'd off one by one, and left behind 'em more agreeable Company. We could then discern there were some Great Men by the Grandure of their Looks, the Awfulness of their Presence, and Gracefulness of their Deportment. And several

Officers with Old English Aspects, whose Marshal Faces were adorn'd with weather-beaten Wrinkles, cross'd with Hacks and Scars, those rugged Beauty Spots of War, which they wore as true marks of their undaunted Bravery. Having by this time ended our Pipes, we wound up our Diversion with a Fashionable Mess or Turkish Sobriety; after which we Scribbled down these following Lines in a Slate-Book, and so departed.

*Here Persons who for Places Wait,
Their Faithless Courtiers Greet:
And Men of Sense, made Fools by Fate,
Their Crafty Patrons meet.*

*Here Pension'd Spies like Saints appear,
Who do Mens Hearts inspect;
And whisper in the Statesmans Ear,
What they Abroad Collect.*

*Here News by Subtle Tongues is spread,
To try the Listening Crowd;
But what is Truth's a Secret made,
While Lyes are Talk'd aloud.*

*Beau Fools in Clusters here Resort,
And are so Sawcy grown,
They'll ask my Lord, what News from Court,
Who Smiles, and Answers, None.*

*To be Inform'd few caring less;
But ask as 'tis the Mode;
No Knowledge seek, but how to Dress.
Their Taylor is their God.*

*Here Flatterers meet their Empty Squires;
And praise their shallow Sense;
The Idiot in Return admires,
His fawning Eloquence.*

And

*And that he further may Enjoy
A Man of such Desert,
He steps to Lockets, cross the Way,
And Treats him with a Quart.*

*The Gamester does this Bubble set;
And seems his mighty Friend;
Hence draws him to a Tavern Treat,
That's Fatal in the end.*

*Both such who Serve and Plague the State,
Do hither make their Way;
And Crowds of Humane Vultures wait,
To Catch their Silly Prey.*

Having now squeez'd back thro' a long dark Entry full of Rapsalionly Skip-Jacks, into the open Street, my Friend bid me take Notice of two great Taverns on the other side the Way. In those Eating-Houses, says he, as many Fools Estates have been Squander'd away, as ever were swallow'd up by the Royal-Oak-Lottery; for every Fop, who with a small Fortune attempts to Counterfeit Quality, and is Fool enough to bestow Twenty Shillings worth of Sawce upon Ten Penny-worth of Meat, resorts to one of these Ordinaries; where a Man that's as Rich as *Cræsus* may out-live *Heliogabalus*, and spend more Money upon a Dinner, than a Sergeant at Law can get in a whole Issuable Term.

As we were thus talking, a Squadron of Horse march'd by in order to relieve the Guard; my Friend ask'd me my Opinion of their appearance, and how I liked the Sight of so many brave *English-men* on Horse-back; which, says he, has not been seen in these Parts, till of late, this many Years? Truly said I, I think they look more like Soldiers, and become
O 4 their

their Post much better in their Old Coats, than the *Butter-Boxes* did in all their Finery; and in deed it's more Natural for us to think they would do their own Country greater Service upon occasion, and would hazard their Lives with more heartiness, than it is reasonable to expect any Foreigners would do for us. *Dutch-Men*, for ought I know, may Fight in defence of *Holland*, or a *French-Man* for the Security of his own Nation: But when ever the Necessities of *England* shall force her upon either of their Assistances, she will find to her Sorrow, she has but a broken Reed to rely on.

By this time they were pass'd by us, so we mov'd on till we came to the *Subterranean* Ware-house of an Eminent Dealer in Old Boots, Shooes, Slippers, Spurs, Spatter-dashes, and Gambages; the front of his Translating Cavern, being adorn'd with such sundry sorts of Leathern Conveniences, that I could not but think he was the only Humane Farrier, appointed to Shooe all the interior Quality at this end of the Town. My Friend and I having propos'd some time before, in a few days, to Ride down to *Tunbridge*, the well-furnish'd Palace of this *Coblerious Cæsar*, put us in mind of laying hold of this Opportunity, to fit our selves with some Accouterments at best hand, of which we were destitute; accordingly we descended to the Cabin, by very steep Gradations, with abundance of caution, where otherwise the Hillocks of Dirt upon the Stairs, for want of the use of a Paring-shovel might have indanger'd our Necks; and the Jamb above us, without Humbling our Carcases, threaten'd us with a Broken Head; but with Care and Gentleness we got safe to the Bottom, where the Grizly *Crepidarian* sat Uniting of Dissenting Soles, who by their Stubborn Disagreeableness, had broke the Threds of Unity, and separated themselves, to their Makers dishonour, from their upper Leathers: As soon as he saw

saw us, he bid us Welcome, Dismounting his Glass Adjutants, who Rid a Cock-horse on his Nose. lays by his Work with as much chearfulness as an Old Whore does the Practice of Piety, upon the reception of a Visitant; and ask'd us, *What we wanted?* We told him, *Boots*; who presently furnish'd us with all sorts and sizes; amongst which parcel, after a little search, we pitch'd upon such that pleas'd us, and sat down upon a Stool hew'd out of the whole Timber for Durations Sake, in order to try 'em on; in which interval, a Ragged *Irish-man* (which in this Town is said to be a wonder) came down and desir'd him, in his *Irish* Accent, to show him a Pair of Shooes; *Crispin* being a little busie in giving us his Attendance, believing us the better Customers, happen'd thro' Carelessness to hand him a couple of Shooes which were not Fellows; *Teague* draws on one, and it fitted him very well, but when he try'd the other, he found it was much too little, and quite of another sort; *By my Shoul, dear Joy*, says he, *the Mans Futs that wore these Brogues were not Fellows: Prithee let me see another Pair.* The Cobler looking upon the Shooes, and finding his mistake, and casting his Eye upon the Fellows Feet, discover'd his Stockins to be of different Colours: *I thought Master*, says he, *you would have had your Shooes as you have your Stockins, one of one sort, and one of another; but however, if these wont do, I'll see further if I can fit you.* Accordingly hands him another Pair with the Toe of one (as is usual) thrust into the other. The *Irish-man* puts on his old Shooes again in a great Passion, and takes his leave in these Words *By Chreest and Shaint Patrick, ye are a Sheating Kenave. De you tink E will buy a Pair of Brogues dat de Little one ish big enough to bold de Great one in ish Bally? How by my Shoul, can you tink dey will fit my Futs, dae are bott' of a smallness?* And away he trips up Stairs in his aged Pumps, made Sandals

Sandals by much wearing, that they were forc'd to be Lac'd on with Pack-thread; and so march'd off in a great fury, to relieve his Pedestals at the next Con-
veniency, leaving us to Chatter with our Drolling *Mundungus* Puffer, who fitted us with what we want-
ed at reasonable Rates, like a Man of Conscience, without using half so many Lyes and Canting Refer-
vations as a Sober Citizen in his Shop, but gave us a hearty Welcome into the Bargain; and so we parted.

When we had Crawl'd up again into the Street, like a couple of Gentlemen Soldiers out of a Two-
penny Ordinary, the first Object with which our Eyes were affected, was the Brazen Statue of that Pious Prince King *Charles* the First on Horse-back, whose Righteous Life, Unhappy Reign, unjust Sufferings, unparlell'd Martyrdom, shall bury Monuments, out-
live Time, and stand up with Eternity. I could not without the highest Concern, and deepest Reflections on his great Misfortunes, behold the Image of that Good Man, in whose Artful Effigy may be seen the Piety, Majesty, Mercy, Patience, and Innocency of the Matchless Original; the Causeless Disturbance of whose Reign, and the Barbarous Usage of whose Person, will stick as Thorns, I hope, in the sides of Faction, till they are Crush'd into that Anarchy, from whence they had their first beginning. Thus did we stand a while Ruminating upon the sad Catastrophe of this unhappy Prince, till at last his Venerable Statue inspir'd me with these following Lines, which I hope the Unprejudic'd Reader will Receive with Candour.

*Great were thy Wrongs, thy Patience still as great;
When Faction Rul'd the Church, and Knaves the State;
Hard were thy Peoples Hearts, but harder yet thy Fate.*

*Balm thou applyd'st whilst they still vex't thee sore,
The more their Crimes thy Mercies grew the more;
Thy God like Mind was Rich, altho' thy Treasure Poor.*

The

The Laws they smother'd in *Rebellious Night*,
And trod dark Paths, whilst thou pursu'dst the *Light*,
As they encreas'd their *Shame*, thy *Glories* shone more bright.

Hadst thou in *Rage* thy *Victories* pursu'd,
And took delight in *shedding Rebels Blood*,
Thou'dst been secure, but wer't, alas, too *Mild and Good*.

Contempt of all thy *Favours* they return'd;
Yawn'd at thy *Power*, and at thy *Person* spurn'd;
Merry o'er others *Spoils*, whilst all true *Subjects* Mourn'd.

The *Canting Pulpiteers* by *Dreams* made wise,
Turn'd *Gospel Truths* into *Audacious Lies*;
And taught the *Blood of Kings* a *Holy Sacrifice*.

Unlearn'd *Mechanicks* full of nought but *Noise*,
Were turn'd, thro' *Grace*, *Expounders* of the *Laws*,
And justify'd *Rebellion* to be *Heavens Cause*.

When *Right*, thro' want of due *Assistance* fail'd,
And *Wrong* thro' mislead *Multitudes* prevail'd,
The *Trait'rous Torrent* grew too strong to be *Repell'd*.

Thus the *Mad Crowd* who could no *Ills* Foresee,
Of all *Restraint* endeavouring to be *Free*,
Took off thy *Head*, because themselves would *Head-*
[less be.

From *Chaving-Cross* we turn'd up towards the
Strand, at the *Entrance* of which, I observ'd an *An-*
cient Stone Fabrick; in the *Front* of it I beheld with
satisfaction, the handy-work of our *Fore-fathers*, in
whose sully'd *Antiquity* I could discern much more
Beauty than my *Genius* can discover in any *Modern*
Building. What a thousand *Pities*, said I, is it that
so

so Noble a Palace, which appears so Magnificent and Venerable, should not have the old Hospitality continued within-side, answerable to its outward Grandure. Truly, says my Friend, it is a great Scandal to the present Age, That Quality should so Degenerate from their Ancestors; and instead of imitating the Liberality of their Grandfathers, in relieving the Distresses of their Neighbours, Supplying the Wants of their Poor Friends and Relations, and (to the Honour of themselves and Country) giving Charitable Entertainment to Strangers and Travellers; now squander away their Estates in Whoring, Gaming, and External Foppery, to the disgrace of so Flourishing a Nation, the Scandal of that Dignity to which God had Rais'd 'em, and to the Ruine of Themselves and Families. For it may be observ'd, That when Great Men, who are indeed no more than Heavens Stewards for the Poor, discharg'd their Duty to those unhappy Wretches, who by the Disabilities of Nature, or the Contingent Mutabilities of this Life, were reduc'd to Necessity, they added to their own Fortunes, by an Improvement of their Estates; and whilst they supported in their Houses a commendable Hospitality, they were always attended with such Prosperity that their Riches were preserv'd by Providence from any Chance or fatal Devastation. Whereas I could Instance on the contrary, (could it be done without Reflection) many Families now in being, who are brought to Beggary from very Plentiful Estates, who neither signaliz'd their Loyalty to the Crown, their Affection to their Country, their Kindness to their Low Relations, their Charity to the Poor, or Good to the Publick, by any expensive Act, as ever was made manifest; but Worm'd out of their Patrimony by the Fraud of Gamesters, the subtleness of Lewd Women, Emulation of Gaiety, and the Treacherous Delusions of Hypocrites and Flatterers. Methinks,
said

said I, you have Preach'd a very Notable Sermon; this would rather have become the Mouth of a *Clergy man*, than a Man of your Youth and Airiness. You must consider, says he, we *Libertines* have our Sober Intervals, as well as the *Grave Puritan* in private has his Comfortable Refreshments; for the difference between us, lies only in this particular; We Do seldom what they Practice, and they Practice seldom, what we often Do.

We mov'd on along the *Strand*, as Leisurely as a couple of *Valet de Chambres* out of Place, in search of a Dinner; meeting nothing remarkable till we came to the *New-Exchange*, into which *Seraglio* of Fair Ladies, we made our Entrance, to take a pleasing view of the Cherubimical Lasses, who, I suppose had Drest Themselves up for Sale to the best advantage, as well as the Fopperies and Toys they Deal in; and indeed, many of them look'd so very Amiable, so enticingly Fair, that had I been happily furnish'd with some superfluous Angels, I could willingly have dealt among the Charming Witches, for some of their Commodities; but as Curs'd Cows have short Horns, I could only Walk by, and Lick my Lips at their handsome Faces, as a Hungry Beggar, when he stares into Cooks Shops as he Stroles down *Pigg-Hill*; and was forc'd so to content my self. The chiefest Customers I observ'd they had, were *Beaus*, who I imagin'd, were Paying a double Price for Linen, Gloves, or Sword-knots, to the prettiest of the Women, that they might go from thence and Boast among their Brother Fops, what singular Favours and great Encouragements they had receiv'd from the Fair Lady that Sold 'em.

Finding nothing else amongst 'em worth observing, I digested alittle of their Shop-Language into a Song, and so proceeded.

Fine Lace or Linnen, Sir,
Good Gloves or Ribbons here;
What is't you please to Buy-Sir?
Pray what d'ye ask for this?
Ten Shillings is the Price;
It Cost me, Sir, no less,
I Scorn to tell a Lye-Sir.

Madam, what is't you want,
Rich Fans of India Paint?
Fine Hoods or Scarfs, my Lady?
Silk Stockins will you Buy,
In Grain or other Dye?
Pray Madam, please your Eye:
I've Good as e'er was made-ye.

My Lady, feel the Weight,
They're Fine, and yet not Slight,
I'd with my Mother trust-'em
For Goodness and for Wear,
Madam, I Vow and Swear,
I show'd you this same Pair,
In hopes to gain your Custom.

Pray tell me in a Word,
At what you can afford,
With Living Gain to sell'em:
The Price is one Pound Five,
And as I hope to Live,
I do my Profit give,
Your Honour's very Welcome.

*Knives, Penknives, Combs, or Scissors,
Tooth-Pickers, Sirs, or Tweezers;
Or Walking Canes, to Ease-ye.
Ladies d'ye want fine Toys,
For Misses or for Boys?
Of all sorts I have Choice,
And pretty things to please-ye.*

*I want a little Babye,
As pretty a one as may be,
With Head-Dress made of Feather:
And now I think again,
I want a Toy from Spain,
You know what 'tis I mean:
Pray send 'em home together.*

Having taken a Satisfactory survey of this Jilts Academy, where Girles are admitted at Nine Year Old, and Taught by Eleven, to Out-Chatter a Magpie, out-Wit their Parents; and by the improving Instructions, and taking Example of their kind Mistresses and Neighbouring Correspondents, are made as Forward and as Ripe in thought before they are out of their Hanging-sleeves, as a Country Wench is at Five and Twenty.

We then took our Leaves of this Cloister of kind Damsels, so turn'd up by the *Half-Moon-Tavern*, and proceeded towards *Covent-Garden*, where we overtook abundance of Religious Lady-birds, Arm'd against the Assaults of *Satan* with *Bible* or *Common-Prayer-Book*, marching with all Good speed to *Covent-Garden-Church*; Certainly, said I, the People of this Parish are better Christians than ordinary, for I never observed upon a Week Day, since I came to *London*, such a Sanctified Troop of Females flocking to their Devotions, as I see at this part of the Town. These,
says

says my Friend, are a Pious sort of Creatures that are much given to go to Church, and may be seen there every Day at Prayers, as Constantly as the Bell rings; and if you were to walk the other way, you might meet as many Young-Getlemen from the *Temple* and *Grays-Inn*, going to Joyn with them is their Devotions; we'll take a Turn into the Sanctuary amongst the rest, and you shall see how they behave themselves: Accordingly we step'd into the Rank, amongst the Lambs of Grace, and enter'd the Tabernacle with the rest of the Saints, where we found a parcel of very Handsome Cleanly well-Drest Christians, as a Man would desire to Communicate with, of both Sexes; who stood Ogling one another with as much Zeal and Sincerity, as if they Worship'd the Creator in the Creature; and Whispering to their next Neighbours, as if according to the Text, they were confessing their Sins to one another; which I afterwards understood by my Friend, was only to make Assignations; and the chief of their Prayers, says he, are that Providence will favour their Intrigues. When the Parson had made an End of what, with much Earnestness, to little purpose, he had Conn'd over to his Amorous Congregation, we made our *Exit* from thence, and went thro' the Market, where a parcel of Jolly Red-Fac'd Dames, in Blew Aprons and Straw-Hats, sat selling of their Garden-Ware; who stunk so of Brandy, Strong-Drink, and Tobacco, that the fumes they belch'd up from their overcharg'd Stomachs, o'ercame the Fragrancy that arose from their Sweet Herbs and Flowers. This Market, says my Friend, and that Church, hides more faults of kind Wives and Daughters among the Neighbouring Inhabitants, than the pretended Visits either to my Cousin at t'other end of the Town, or some other distant Acquaintance: For if the Husband asks, *Where have you been, Wife?* or the Parent, *Where have you been, Daughter?*

ter? The Answer, if it be after a Eleven in the Forenoon, or between Three and Four in the Afternoon, is, *At Prayers*: But if Early in the Morning, then their excuse is, *I took a Walk to Covent-Garden-Market, not being very well, to refresh my self with the Scent of the Herbs and Flowers*; Bringing a Flower, or a Sprig of Sweet Bryar, home in her Hand, and it confirms the Matter.

Now, says my Friend, we are so near, I'll carry you to see the *Hummums*, where I have an honest old Acquaintance that is a Cupper; and if you will be your Club towards Eight Shillings, we'll go in and Sweat, and you shall feel the effects of this Notable Invention: With all my Heart, said I, you know, I am alway conformable to whatever you propose; so accordingly he Conducted me to the House, thro' which we pass'd into a long Gallery, where my Friends Acquaintance receiv'd him with much Gladness; I had not walk'd above once the length of the Gallery, but I began to find my self as warm as a Cricket at an Ovens Mouth: My Friend telling him we design'd to Sweat, he from thence introduc'd us into a Warmer Climate. Pray Friend, said I, what Latitude do you think we are in now? You must consider, says he, we are making a short Cut to the *East Indies*, and are now in about Twenty Three and Thirty, that's just under one of the *Tropicks*; but this heat is nothing to what you'll find when you come under the *Equinoctial*, where I can assure you we shall find ourselves in a very little time. We now began to unstrip, and put our selves in a Condition of enduring an Hours Baking, and when we had reduc'd our selves into the Original state of Mankind, having nothing before us to cover our Nakedness, but a Clout no bigger than a Fig-leaf, our Guide led us to the end of our Journey, the next Apartment, which I am sure, was as hot as a Pastry-Cooks Oven to Bake a White-Pot; that I began immediately

P.

mediately to melt, like a piece of Butter in a Basting-Ladle, and was afraid, I should have run all to Oyl by that time I had been in six Minutes: The bottom of the Room was Pav'd with Free-Stone; to defend our Feet from the excessive Heat of which, we had got on a pair of new-fashion'd *Brogues*, with Wooden Soles, after the *French Mode*, Cut out of an Inch Deal-Board; or else like the Fellow in the *Fair*, we might as well have walk'd cross a hot Iron-Bar, as ventur'd here to have Trod bare-Foot. As soon as the Fire had tapt us all over, and we began to run like a Conduit-Pipe, at every Pore, our Rubber arms his Right Hand with a Gauntlet, or course hair Camblet, and began to curry us with as much Labour, as a *Yorkshire-Groom* does his Masters best Stone-Horse; till he made our Skins as smooth, as a Fair Ladies Cheeks, just wash'd with *Lemon-Posset*, and greas'd over with *Pomatum*. At last, I grew so very Faint with the expence of much Spirits, that I beg'd as hard for a Mouthful of fresh Air, as *Dives* did for a drop of Water; which our attendance let in at a Sash-Window, no broader than a *Deptford Cheese-cake*; but however, it let in a comfortable Breeze that was very Reviving: When I had foul'd about as many *Callico* Napkins, as a Child does double *Clouts* in a Week, our Rubber draws a *Cistern* full of Hot Water, that we might go in, and Boil out those gross Humours that could be Emitted by Perspiration. Thus almost Bak'd to a *Crust*, we went into the hot Bath to moisten our Clay, where we lay soddening our selves like *Deer's* Humbles design'd for Minc'd Pies, till we were almost Parboil'd: I talking by Accident of a Pain that sometimes affected my Shoulder, occasion'd by a fall from my Horse, my Friend by all means advis'd me to be Cup'd for it, telling me 'twas the best Operation in the World for the removal of all such Grievances; being an utter Stranger to this sort of *Phlebotomy*, I was a little unwilling to undergo the

the experience of it; but by the Perswasions of my Friend, and my Friend's Friend, I at last consented; upon which the Operator fetch'd in his Instruments, and fixes three Glasses at my Back, which by drawing out the Air, stuck to me as close as a *Cantharides*-Plaister to the Head of a Lunatick, and Suck'd as hard as so many Leeches at a Wenches Fundament, troubled with the *Hemorhoides*, till I thought they would have crept into me, and have come out on t'other side. When by Virtue of this *Hocus Pocus* Stratagem, he had Conjur'd all the ill Blood out of my Body, under his Glass Juggling Cups, he plucks out an ill-favour'd Instrument, at which I was as much frightened, as an absconding Debtor is at the sight of a Bill of *Middlesex*, takes off his Glasses, which had made my Shoulder as weary as a Porters Back under a heavy Burthen, and begins to Scarifie my Skin, as a Cook does a Loin of *Pork* to be Roasted; but with such Ease and Dexterity, that I could have suffer'd him to have Pink'd me all over as full of Eylet-holes, as the Taylor did the Shoemakers Cloak, had my Malady requir'd it, without Flinching; when he had drawn away as much Blood as he thought Necessary, for the removal of my Pain, he cover'd the Places he had Carbonaded, with a new Skin, provided for that purpose, and heal'd the Scarifications he had made, in an Instant; then taking me up like a Scalded Swine, out of my Greasie Broth, and after he had wip'd o'er my Wet Buttocks with a dry Clout, telling us we had Sweat enough, he reliev'd us out of our Purgatory, and carried us into our Dressing Room; which gave us such Refreshment, after we had been stewing in our own Gravy, that we thought our selves as happy as a Couple of *English* Travellers, Transported in an Instant, by a miracle from the *Torrid Zone*, into their own Country. Our expence of Spirits, had weakned Nature and made us drowsie; where having the conveniency of a Bed, we lay down and were

P 2

rubb'd

rub'd like a couple of Race Horses after a Course, till we were become as Cool as the Affections of a Passionate Lover after a Nights Enjoyment. When we had refresh'd our Carcases by a plentiful dram of Doctor Stephens Cordial, so full of Gold, that it look'd as tempting as Gilded *Ginger-bread* to the Eyes of a froward Infant; and had taken an hours repose, to reconcile the fermented Humours of our Bodies to their orderly Motion, we then got up, and began to cover our Indecencies, with those Habiliments the Taylor had contriv'd to hide our Nakedness; to put on which to the best advantage, our Rubber gave us his Assistance, during which time he also entertain'd us with several delightful Stories; which he told in such apt Words, and with such agreeable Humour, that he made my Guts Shake with Laughing, like a Trodden Quagmire: And that the Reader may be partaker of our Mirth, I have here made a recital of some of his short Comedies, in which himself was the Principal Actor.

It happen'd says he, not long ago, that a very fine Lady of the Town, came in to clean her Skin, and supple her Industrious Joints, as I suppose, and make her tender Limbs the more Pliable, and fit for the exercises of Love, which she was doubtless that Night to be engag'd in: Being at the Charge of a Crown Bath Extraordinary, Enrich'd with Essences and sweet-Herbs, to add such a fragrancy to her Body, that might render her most Putescent parts, as sweet as a Calves Nostril. When she had put herself into this Order, and made herself a suitable Companion for the Nicest Bedfellow, she commanded her little *Mercury* that attended her, to call a Coach, and away she went. Immediately after, came in a very Topping *Beau* from the Tavern, pretty well Loaded with Wine, and using to sweat in the Room which the Lady had just quitted, being very Humourfome, would

would not be perswadedd to go into any other, so that they were forc'd to show him the same Apartment. One of the Rubbers going into the hot Room where the Gentleman was to sweat, and turning one of the Cocks, found that the Stoaker had been Negligent, and that the Hot-Water was all Run off; who being gone out a Fuddling, they knew not what shift to make to draw a fresh Bath; and at last found they had no way left, but to make the Ladies Bath serve again: So that they were forc'd to deceive the Gentleman, by telling him there was an extraordinary Bath, preserv'd with sweet-Herbs, for a Person of Quality, who had sent to bespeak the Room Hot; the time being relaps'd, they believ'd my Lady would not come, and that it was great pity to let it run off without use, which if he pleas'd to accept on, he might have, without Paying any more than the Common Rates of the House; the Gentleman very well pleas'd with so kind a proffer, very gladly consented to make use of it, and after he had Sweated a little, went into it. The Rubber fishing for the Herbs to Scowre the Gentlemans Skin, happen'd to feel something amongst 'em, that felt very soft and Pappy, who turning his Head aside, and smelling to his Fingers, found 'twas some unsavory Lees, which chanc'd to drop thro' the Bung-hole of that Mortal Cask which had before been rinsed in the same Water. The Rubber in a sad Agony began to be thoughtful of an Excuse, in case the Gentleman should discover it, fearing the affront might Aggravate him to do him a Mischief; at last the Gentleman looking about him, saw the remains of her cleanly Ladyship in his Bath? *What a Plague*, says he, *Is this Nastiness, that is Swimming amongst the Herbs?* Sir, says the Rubber, it is nothing but *Italian Paste*, which is accounted the most excellent thing to cleanse and make smooth the Skin Imaginable, and it is what my Mistress cannot afford

^afford to use but in an extraordinary Bath, which are Paid for above the common Rates of the House. *Pris^thee, Friend,* says the Gentleman, if it be so good for the *skin,* Rub me well with it; but *Egad,* says he, in my *mind* it looks as like a Sir-reverence, as ever I saw any do^ging in my Life. *Ay, Sir,* says the Servant, and so it *is*; but it is an incomparable thing to wash with, for all looks so *Nastily*; and is a compound of the richest *Gums,* and best *Castle Sope* boild up together, that can be bought for Money. *Pray,* says the *Beau,* take a little Pains with me, and Rub me all over with it very Well. Who is that makes it? I'll buy some for my Hands. It is made *Sir,* replies the Rubber, by a Gentlewoman in this Town, but where she Lives I cannot tell; My Mistress, were she within, could inform you: But she went into the City to Dinner, and is not return'd yet. Thus my Comrade that attended him, by the good Management of his Tongue, brought off the Mischance cleverly without Discovery. The Perfumes and sweet-Herbs in the Bath so overpowering the Scent, that the Gentleman, tho' he Nos'd it, being amongst such a mixture of Effluvias, it confounded his smelling, and render'd him incapable of Distinguishing a fair Ladies Sir—nce, from the Excrement of a Civet-Cat; but rose out of his Bath extreamly pleas'd, and gave him that attended him half a Crown for his extraordinary Care and Trouble; so march'd away with great Satisfaction.

Having thus concluded his former Story, he proceeded to the latter, viz. A Gentleman of Fortune one day lying under a shrewd suspicion of Debt, was dogg'd by a Bayliff into our House, who came to the door whilst the Gentleman was sweating, and ask'd for him; and one of our Rubbers by chance opening the door, happen'd to know his Calling, and comes in to the Gentleman and tells him a Fellow wanted to speak with him at the door, pretendingly from
such

such a Gentleman of his Acquaintance; and that he knew him to be a *Bayliff*: The Gentleman thank'd him kindly for his Information, and put it into his head to get him in, and Torment him a little in one of the hot Rooms; accordingly my fellow Servant went back to the *Moabite*, and told him that the Gentleman was within, and desir'd him to come to him: So conducts the *Debtor-Snapper*, who was ready arm'd with his Legal Authority, into an Anti-Room of the Next Apartment to the Gentleman, where he bids him wait a little, and the Gentleman would come to him presently: In the mean while my fellow Servant came to me and the Stoaker, to consult after what manner we should punish him. I, like a good Projector of Unluckiness, told him my advice was for us to put on our Callico Gowns with the Hoods over our Heads, and disguise our Faces with burnt Cork as frightfully as we can, and Arm our selves with Fire-weapons out of the Kitchen; so enter upon him altogether, seize him, and carry him into the hot-Room, and there torment him as we shall think fit. Accordingly we put our selves into this order, rush'd in upon him, and forc'd him into the hot-Room: The fellow coming in the *Piazza-way*, was wholly Ignorant what place it was, but took it by the front, to be a Gentlemans House; but feeling the excessive heat, and seeing himself in the hands of so ill-look'd Goblins, arm'd with a great Beef-Spit, Tongs and Fire-Fork, began to roar out like a stuck Bacon-Hog; and fancy'd himself in Hell. Then in a hoarse Voice, said I to my Brother Internals, *First let us Bake him, and then Boil him*; To which my Comrade with the Spit, added, *And then I'll have him Roasted*. Which terrible Sentences, so frightened the the *Disturber of Humane Quiet*, in this new State of Damnation, That he fell into a Swoon, and we were forc'd to put him into a cold Bath to fetch him to Life

again. Who when he recover'd, look'd as Wild as a Lunatick at full of the Moon; and then cry'd out as much against the Cold as he did before against the Heat. Upon which, we let run the Cock of Hot-water, till we had almost parboil'd him: Then he fell into a Second fit, that we thought fit to take him out of the Bath, and carry him into the Anti-Room for fear he should have Dy'd: Where we shav'd one side of his Head and Beard, and fix'd on a couple of Cupping-horns (which we sometimes use) upon his Fore-head; so carry'd him to the back Door, and turned him a Drift: Who was so Rejoyced, that he found Redemption from the Devils Clutches, that away he run as fast as a Thief under a pursuit; and after him all the Mob, and Boys, in the street, crying out, *A Mad Cuckold! A Mad Cuckold!* And telling the Gentleman what we had done, he return'd us hearty thanks, and was mightily pleas'd at our Unluckiness.

T H E

T H E

London-Spy.

P A R T X.

A Description of the Wits Coffee-House ; with a Character of the Modern Poets. The Character of a Critick. A Poetical Letter from a Lawyer in Town, to an Officer in the Country. Remarks upon the Play-House in Drury-Lane. A Description of Bartholomew-Fair. Remarks on the Cooks at Pye-Corner, and Bartholomew-Fair.

HAVING now purified our Scorbutick Carcasses in a Resemblance of Purgatory, tho' in a Protestant Country ; and made our Skins, by Sweating, Bathing, Rubbing and Scrubbing, as smooth as an old Drum-Head that had been long Beaten, we satisfied the Demands of the House, Gratified our Groom for extraordinary Pains in Dressing our Dirty Hides, and then departed, finding our Bodies so Refresh'd, and our Spirits so enliven'd, that we were weary of groveling upon the Surface of this Gross World, and began to fancy, like the Flying Quaker, from the nimble Motions of our Spirits, that we had got *Icarus's* Wings, and were able at one Flight to Translate our Sublime Bodies into some Loftier Region, more suitable to our refin'd Natures ; being as it were renewed by this Fiery Tryal, and cleans'd of all Corruptions.

From thence we adjourn'd to the Wits Coffee-house,
in

in hopes the powerful Eloquence, which drops from the Silver Tongues of the Ingenious Company that frequent this Noted Mansion, might inspire us with such a Genius, as would better fit the Perfection of our renovated Clay, now purg'd of all Impurities, being render'd proper Recaptacles, for the most discerning and Poetick Spirits. Accordingly up Stairs we went, and found much Company, and but little Talk; as if every one Remember'd the Old Proverb, *That a close Mouth makes a Wise Head*: And so endeavour'd by his Silence, to be counted a Man of Judgment, rather than by speaking to stand the Censure of so many *Criticks*, and run the hazard of Losing that Character, which by holding his Tongue he might be in hopes of Gaining. Whe shuffled thro' this moving Crowd of *Phylosophical Mutes*, to the other End of the Room, where three or four Wits of the Upper *Classis*, were rendezvous'd at a Table, and were disturbing the Ashes of the old Poets, by perverting their Sense, and making strange Allegories and Allusions never Dreamt or Thought on by the Authors: Whereby they excused some Faults, which were really the slips or over-sights of the Poet; but made others so very gross, thro' Prejudice and Misconstruction, that none but *Criticks* of very little Judgment, or very much Ill-Nature, could have wrested the Sense of Words, so much to the Injury of him that Writ 'em. When they had show'd their Learning, as they thought, by Arraigning and Condemning many of the Old Roman Muses, they condescended so low as to call some of our Modern Poets to stand the Test of their all-judging Opinions; upon whom in brief they confer'd these Characters. One was a Man of Great Judgment, Learning, and Fancy, but of no Principle. Another was one that had Writ well, and could Write well, but would not Write. A Third never Writ but One Good Thing in his Life, and

and That he Recanted. A Fourth had a *Poetical Talent*, but was hid under a *Philosophical Busket*. A Fifth, was a *Good Latin Poet*, but had Sacrific'd his Muse to *Bacchus*, instead of Dedicating her to *Apollo*. A Sixth, had got a great deal of Credit by *Writing of Plays*; but lost it all by *Defending the Stage*. A Seventh, had got some Reputation by turning of *Old Ditties* into *New Songs*; but lost it all by turning a *Spanish Romance* into an *English Stage-Play*. An Eighth, had got Honour by a *Dull Poem*, which his Brother *Medicus* Envy'd, and Vow'd he'd out-do him in Verse, as he hop'd also to be *Knighted*. Thus the Carping *Momus's* proceeded, according to the *Criticks* Custom, never to let any thing, tho' well perform'd, Escape their *Scrutiny*, to the discovery of a colourable Fault; nor any Character pass their Lips, tho' of the *Worthiest Persons* in the Word, without being tax'd with some Failings, on purpose to Eclipse the Brightness of that Lustre which arose from those Vertues, for which they are chiefly Eminent. And it may generally be observ'd of those who delight in Criticism, That they are so curious in having the Maiden-head of an Error, that if a better Judgment finds a Fault, which has had the Good Fortune to escape his Censure, he will, if it be possible, find out a Salve for that Sore, and Justify the Author ever here-after in that particular; and will make it appear, there is more Sense lies hid in those very Words, than in all the the Book besides, tho' he knows what he Defends to be Arrant Nonsense; being usually so Conceited of his own Judgment, that rather than acknowledge he had overlook'd an Error, he will justify it not to be so: And of such a sort of *Critick*, of which there are Hundreds in this Town, as well as some at the next Table, I think it very proper in this Place, to give a Character. Accordingly I Dictated, and my Friend Writ.

A Modern CRITICK

Is a Compound of some Learning, little Judgment less Wit, much Conceit, and abundance of Ill-Nature: Who wanting true Merit, aims to raise a Reputation, not by his own *Performances*, but by others *Failings*; which he takes more Pleasure to Expose, than he does to Mend: And Reads an Author as much in search of his *Faults*, as a Wise Man does of his *Knowledge*. Whoever Speaks Latin in his Company, must be as watchful of his *Words*, as a Prince of his *Actions*; for if once he breaks *Priscians* Head, he must be forced to break the *Criticks* too; or else suffer himself to be baited at as bad as the *Tyger* at the *Cock pit*. True *Spelling* and *Pointing*, he admires as the chief Ornaments in *Writing*; and always minds the Sense much less than the *Orthography*. When ever he Repeats any Grave Verse, he has more Turns in his Voice, and Changes in his Countenance, than a Young Preacher in his *Sermon* upon *Death* and *Judgment*. And when he Reads a *Tragedy*, he out-mouths a *Player*, and corrects the *Stage* with his agreeable *Gestures*. Whoever talks of an *Author* within his Reading, shall be sure to be attack'd with those Places that remain Doubtful and Obscure; which *Riddles* he Expounds and renders as Plain (if you'll depend upon his Judgment) as that the Candle Eat the Cat, or the Coach draws the Horses; and would not give a Farthing to understand any thing but *Difficulties*, which had puzzled much Wiser Heads than his own to truly find the meaning of. He's a Man that seldom *Writes* any thing; but when he does, is so very *Nice*, that it's carry'd as often to the *Corrector*, as a *Lady's Stays*, or a *Beau's Coat* to the *Tailors*, before the *Typography* and *Orthography* is according to his Judgment. His *Talk* is usually like a *Maze* or *Labyrinth*, for none but himself has the *Clue* to find the Beginning

Beginning and Ending of his Tedious Comments, with which in all Companies he is very Troublesome. Whenever he undertakes to Reconcile an *Absurdity*, or Expound a *Mystery*, he usually does it with as much success as Physicians when they Labour to unfold the Nature of such Medicines to the Patient which work *Occult Qualities*, who tire the Ears with a few uncommon Words, which serve among *Fools* as well as an Intelligible Explication. He is one that is not *Wise*, but would very fain be thought so; and takes as much Pains to sit a Straddle upon other Mens Shoulders, as would raise his Reputation to twice the Height, had he *Wisdom* enough to apply the same Industry to a better Purpose. His *Head* is a meer *House of Correction*, his *Brains* are the *Register* of other Mens *Faults*, and his *Tongue* the Unmerciful *Scourge* that Punishes them. He is the *Store-house* of other Mens *Infirmities*, where seldom any thing is laid up but what the Authors are ashamed of. They are the meer *Wasps* of the Age, who are furnish'd only with *Stings*, but yield no *Honey*.

Says my Friend, You have deviated much from the Character of a true *Critick*, whose business in the *Roman* time, was to Judge the Actions and Works of Men, deliver'd to the Publick, by *Historians*, *Poets*, *Philosophers*, and the like; to examine the Probability, and the Reasonableness of former Transactions, as they are handed us by our Ancestors, to prevent their Imposition on Posterity; and to Enquire into the truth and usefulness of all sorts of Learning, and report their Opinions to the World accordingly; to expound and give their best Sense of all Ambiguities and obscure Passages, which they find in any Author; and these were very Commendable and Serviceable Tasks: But yours is such a Coniwobble of a *Critick*, I know not what to make of him. Why then I'll tell you, said I, I give not this as the Character of a real *Critick*, but
such

such a sort of a *Mungril Critick*, as he that you heard talk just now, who takes a Pride in nothing, but Snapping and Snarling at the little Slips, and Unavoidable Failings of Authors, beneath the Notice of any Judicious and Good-Natur'd Reader; and would Die, were it not that these Petty Students in *Syntaxis*, who handle Mens Faults in Company, as a Jugler does his Balls, till they made as many as they please of 'em, and think they cannot give greater Demonstrations of their Learning, than in Publick to disparage such Persons, who have Ten times the Parts of themselves, Foolishly believing what ever they detract from others, they add to their own Reputation; and Fancy every Stain or Blemish they can give to an Ingenious Mans Character, is a heightening of their own Merit. These are the Persons of whom I have given this rough Sketch, who are only Cavillers, or Pretenders to *Criticism*, and know nothing of the Matter. Nay, says my Friend, if it be those you aim at, you have said less than they deserve. I have observ'd, since I have sat here, I have heard those Gentlemen Judge very severely of some Modern Authors, who have not only Merited, but Enjoy a general Approbation and Applause; and have so rashly Condemn'd some Writings of an Ancient Worthy and Honourable Gentleman, as if they had Commission to take away Mens Reputations, without giving the least Reason why, or an Account wherein they have forfeited their Credits.

At another Table were Seated a parcel of Young, Raw, *Second-Rate Beaus* and *Wits*, who were Conceited, if they had but once the Honour to dip a Finger and Thumb into Mr. D——'s Snush-box, it was enough to inspire 'em with a true Genius of Poetry, and make 'em write Verse, as fast as a Taylor takes his Stiches. These two Communicating one to another the Newest Labours of their Brains, wherein were such wondrous Flights, unaccountable Thoughts
strange

strange Figures. Hyperboles, and Similies, and upon such notable Subjects, that to hear 'em read their Works, is at any time sufficient to Cure the Hippochondria, and turn the deepest Melancholy into a Fit of Laughter. One plucks out a *Panegyric* upon *Orange-flower-water*; Another, a *Satyr* against *Dirty-weather*; A Third produces a cleanly *Lampoon* upon nasty *Tobacco-Smokers*: A Fourth a *Poem* in praise of short *Puff-Wigs*, together with the excellency of *Paint*, *Powder*, and *Patches*. What I heard of these their most admirable Flights, came too abruptly to our Ears for us to make a fair recital of any part worth the Readers perusal; or else I would have gladly Oblig'd the World with Copies of some of the Wild Exuberances of their *Juvenile Fancies*. But, however, one of them being (as I guess by his Garb) a Young Officer, happen'd in plucking out some other Papers, to drop this following Poem; which my Friend believing to include no great matter of Moment, imagin'd it would prove some such business as we found it to be, so took it slightly up without Notice; and taking our leaves of this Wit's Sessions-house, we brought it away with us; and finding something in it we believe may divert the Reader, we have presented him with a Copy, it being

A Letter from a LAWYER in Town, to a New Married OFFICER in the Country.

Letters in Prose my Friend are Common,
As Pride in Priest, or Lust in Woman.
Our Annual Curse of long Vacation,
To Bus'ness giving a Cessation,
Affords me time to thus Salute-ye,
And pay in Rhime this Friendly Duty.

Not

Not rightly knowing which is worse,
The Lawyers or the Poets Curse,
Both Silenc'd with an Empty Purse.
For now our Pens, upon our Words,
Are grown as useless as your Swords;
We having but as little Writing,
As, God be thanked, you have Fighting.
You may draw Sword, so we may Pen,
To show our Tools of War, and then,
Like Fools, e'en put 'em up again.

But what a Pox is't I am doing?
Or where the Devil am I going?
Now Pegasus I've once bestriden,
Methinks I Gallop like a D——n:
And pleas'd I am in the Vein, Egad,
Blunder out Verse like any Mad.
Long as 'tis Rhime its no great matter,
And Bombast, whether Praise or Satyr.
Mistake me not, and think I've Writ
To show my Parts, that is not it;
I'd not be Envy'd for a Wit.

For he that's Rich in Thought, is sure
To be in Friends and Pocket Poor;
For Wisemen will not care to serve him:
And Fools would all be glad to starve him:
Wit carr's an Edge, few can abide-it,
And he that has it ought to hide-it.
Such Weapons in a Mans Possession,
Scare the Unarm'd from's Conversation;
And is so far from b'ing Delightful,
It renders him that Draws it, Frightful:
For no Man cares for th' Company,
Of him that has more Wit than he:
Nor can he with good Will afford,
The better Genius one Good Word.

So Dowdy's will no Praise allow
To her that has the Lovely Brow;
But will endeavour to Confute-ye,
She has more Faults by half than Beauty.
To Wits 'tis Fear that makes us Civil,
Just as an Indian is to th' Devil.

This Ignis Fatuus in my Brains,
That kindles up these Rambling Strains,
Makes my Head light as any Feather,
And leads me wand'ring God knows whither.
But Poets, when we make Digression,
The Fault we supple by Confession;
And so Excuse the wild Transgression.

I only meant to let you know
I'm Well, and hope that you are so,
With all the Merry Knaves o'th Pack,
Who Love the Fair, the Brown, the Black:
And rather than submit to Marry,
Fly still at Whore, as Hawk at Quarry.

Pray tell me how Lieutenant A——
Maintains his Vice with half his Pay:
Who has, I hope by Good Direction,
Repair'd his Rudder of Affection;
And gain'd his Natural Complexion.
I fear it prov'd a Scurvy Jobb,
Bid him Beware lest t'other Rub,
Shou'd bring him to the Powd'ring Tub.

I want to know if Captain Blunder,
Is still the Country Wenches wonder;
And he shifts for Copulation,
To oblige his Lustful Inclination.
I fear his Tail's so much his Master,
'T has brought him under some Disaster:

For Bolus, Pills, and Sal-Prunel,
(In which Repenting Sinners deal)
Were sent among ye by Jack Staily,
To quench those burning Pains that ail ye;
Which have possest, I plainly see,
Some Label of Mortality.

But hold! What is it I am doing?
I must not here appear too knowing;
Lest you Arch Wags should turn the Satyr,
And say, I'm Skilful in the matter.

But now, dear Friend, I change my Strain,
And grieve to think weak Man so vain,
That Resolutions made of Late,
Against a Matrimonial State,
Should not defend you from the Curse
Of Fools, for better or for Worse.
Prithee now tell what means this Riddle,
That you should be so Fond and Idle,
T' eclipse the Freedom of your Life,
With that dull Mournful Clog, a Wife?
What if she's Youthful, Rich, and Fair,
And Vertuous too, she's still a Care?
These are but Chains to bind thee faster,
And make Mans Plague the more his Master.
Since Married, I account Thee one
Who the best Threds of's Life has Spun;
And now his Misery's just begun.

But use this Caution thro' thy Life,
Slave not thy self to please a Wife,
Lest thro' o'er Fondness thou dost prove
A meer Anatomy of Love.

But

But since the Earthen Vessel, Man,
Whose Life's compris'd within a Span,
Is by his Nature Weak and Vain;
I must excuse your Over-sight,
Committed 'gainst your Reason's Light:
And since you're Catch'd in Loves Decoy,
I'll wish you, like the rest, much Joy:
Hoping your Choice has prov'd so Good,
That she's as Chast as you are Lewd;
And then she could not be withstood.

You know, my Friend, what can't be Cur'd,
It's said of Old, must be Endur'd:
Since that's your Case, I'll so Be-Friend you,
As wish all Happiness Attend-you.

May she prove Just (I hope she's Fair)
Calm, Kind, and Good, as Angels are;
And may her sweeter Charms produce,
(When sprinkled with your Balmy Juice)
A Noble Fruit of Glorious use.

May your whole Lives be Harmonie;
Mutual your Loves, from Troubles Free;
And Dutiful your Progenie.

May she so Live, that all her Joys
May prove her Merit, not her Choice:
And to compleat that Happiness
I truly Wish you to Possess,
To your Fair Bride may you prove True,
And Good to her, as she to you.

My Friend, with Gladness do I hear
You find your Spirits much too clear
For Fens, and its Gross Foggie Air.

That you intend, within a while,
To Bless your own dear Native Soil;
And leave that Poisonous Croaking Isle
To Frogs, and Toades, Snakes, Ev'is and Ants,
Its Native foul Inhabioants.
But e'er you come, take Care, and See
You send me a Retaining Fee
In Cordial Nants, or some such Liquor,
To move my Spirits round the Quicker.

For Man's but Heaven's Water-Mill,
In motion kept by th' Glass or Jill;
And wanting Liquor must stand still.
Don't thro Oblivion, now Neglect it,
For I assure you I expect it.

This being in Rhime my first Essay,
I've Jingled on a wondrous Way:
Pray Pardon my Prolixity,
A common Fault in Poetry.

Excuse me Friend, in what I Write t'ye,
And don't forget the Aqua-Vitæ,
Is all I Beg, and so Good B'y't'ye,

Having thus Diverted our Selves with the perusal of the foregoing Epistle, we steer'd our Course into Bridges-Street, with intention to see a Play. But when we came to the House, found (upon enquiry) that all the Wiser part of the Family of Tom Fools had translated themselves to Bartholomew Fair. After Struggling with a Long See-Saw, between Pride and Profit; and having Prudently consider'd the weighty difference between the Honourable Title of one of His Majesties Servants, and that of a Bartholomew-Fair-Player, a Vagabond by the Statue, did at last, with much difficulty

difficulty, conclude, That it was equally Reputable to Play the Fool in the *Fair* for Fifteen or Twenty Shillings a Day, as 'twas to Please Fools in the *Play-house* at so much per Week And indeed, I think, they made a very Commendable Result; for I think there's no more distinction between a *Kings-House-Player* and a *Country-Stroler*, than there is between a *Bull-Dog* Bred up in *Clare-Market*, and another Educated in His Majesties *Bear-Garden*: And as he is the most Valuable *Dog* that runs Furthest and Fairest in; so is he the most Reputable *Comedian* that gets most Money by his Fooling. For he that is a *Mountebank*, its no matter whether he keeps his *Stage* over against *White-Hall-Gate*, or at *Cow-Cross*; for if the means to Live be the same, it signifies little to his *Credit* in what Place they are put in Practice.

But, however, we were disappointed in what we propos'd; and were oblig'd to defer our intended Measures till another Opportunity. And considering it would be expected we should, according to the Month, take a Survey of the *Fair*, we took Coach to escape the Dirt and the uneasiness of a Crowd, and adjourn'd thither. At the Entrance of which, our Ears were saluted with *Belfegors* Concert, the rumbling of *Drums*, mix'd with the Intolerable Squeakings of *Cat-Calls*, and *Penny-Trumpets*, made still more Terrible with the shrill Belches of *Lottery Pick Pockets*, thro' Instruments of the same Metal with their Faces, that had I not been foretold by my Friend of the astonishing Confusions I must expect to meet with, I should have been as much frightened at this unusual piece of disorder, as *Don Quevedo* in his Vision, when he saw *Hell* in an Uproar. We order'd the Coachman to set us down at the *Hospital Gate*, near which we went into a convenient House to Smoak a Pipe, and over-look the Follies of the Innumerable Throng, whose Impatient Desires of seeing *Merry Andrew's* Grimaces, had led them Ankle-deep into Filth and Nastiness,

Nastiness, Crowded as close as a Barrel of Figs, or Candles in a Tallow-Chandlers Basket, Sweating and Melting with the heat of their own Bodies; the unwholesome Fumes of whose uncleanly Hides, mix'd with the Odoriferous Effluvia's that arose from the Singeing of Pigs, and burnt Crackling of over-Roasted Pork, came so warm to our Nostrils, that had it not been for the use of the Fragrant Weed Tobacco, we had been in danger of being Suffocated.

Small Beer Bitter'd with *Colliquintida*, drawn by a Lousie-look'd Tapster with the Impudence of a Goal-Bird in his Face, a Bunch of Rusty Keys hanging on one side of his Apron-Strings, to keep him in equal Ballance between a Brush which was hugg'd under the contrary Arm, who Plagu'd us as constantly with his impertinent *Do-you Call-Sirs*, every two Minutes, as surely as the Clock strikes every Hour; till at last he had so affronted us with his over-diligence, that we were forc'd to tell him we would Kick him down Stairs if he came any more till we call'd him; by which means we respited our Uneasiness, during our own Pleasure.

The first Objects, when we were Seated at the Window, that lay within our Observation, were the Quality of the Fair, Strutting round their Balconies in their Tinsy Robes, and Golden Leather Buskins; expressing that Pride in their Buffoonery Stateliness, that I could reasonably believe they were as much Elevated with the Thoughts of their Fortnights Pageantry, as ever *Alexander* was with the Glories of a new Conquest; and look'd with as much Contempt from their *Slit-Deal-Thrones*, upon the admiring Mobility, who were gazing in the Dirt at their Ostentatious Heroes, and their most Superbital Doxies, who look'd as Awkwar'd and Ungainly in the Gorgeous Accouterments, as an Aldermans Lady in her Stiffen Body'd Gown upon a Festival. When they had taken

ken a turn the length of their Gallery, to show the Gaping Crowd how Majestickly they could Tread, each Ascended to a Seat agreeable to the Dignity of their Dress, to show the Multitude how Imperiously they could Sit. Then came the Conjuror of the whole Company, Merry *Andrew*, I suppose as much admir'd by the rest for a Wit, as the finest Dress'd *Filt* amongst 'em was by the Mob for a Beauty. As soon as he came to his stand, where he design'd to give the Spectators some Testimonies of his Ingenuity, the first thing he did, he gave a singular Instance of his Cleanliness, by blowing his Nose upon the People, who were mightily pleas'd, and Laugh'd heartily at the Jest. Then, after he had pick'd out from the whole *Dramatic* Assembly a Man of most admirable Acquirements in the Art of Tittle-Tattle, and fit to Confabulate with the Witty and Intelligible Mr. *Andrew*, he begins 'a Tale of a Tub, which he Illustrates with abundance of Ugly Faces, and Mimical Actions; for in that lay the chief of the Comedy, with which the Gazers seem'd most to be affected. Between these two, the Clod-skull'd *Audience* were Lugg'd by the Ears for an Hour; the Apes blundering over such a parcel of Insignificant Nonsense, that none but a True *English* unthinking Mob could have Laugh'd or taken Pleasure at any of their Empty Drollery, the Insipidness of which, occasion'd my Friend to think, that ever since the *Andrew* was Whipp'd for Singeing his Pig with Exchequer Notes, and Roasting him with Tallies, it has made St. *Bartholomew* Jesters afraid of being Witty, for fear of Disobliging the Government. For, says he, this is the Dullest Stuff that ever was Spew'd amongst the Rabble, since Heaven made 'em Fools, or ever any such Cox-comb in a Blew-Doublet undertook to prove them so.

The Epilogue of Merry *Andrews* Farce, was, *Walk*

in, Gentlemen, and take your places whilst you may have 'em; the Candles are all Lighted, and we are just a going to begin: Thus Screwing his Body into an ill-favour'd Posture agreeable to his Intellects, He struts along before the Glittering Train of Imaginary Heroes, and their *Water-Lane Beauties*, leading them to play the Fool within-side, in answer to his Performances without; whilst some that had Money went in, and those that had none, walkt off Equally Satisfied.

The outside of the Droll-Booths being all Garnish'd with the like Foollerie, we found nothing further amongst 'em worth Repeating; and being seated in a place where nothing else was to be seen, we were forc'd to remove from our Quarters, and hazzard our *Carcases* amongst the Crowd, and our *Pockets* amongst the Nimbl-Finger'd Gentlemen of the Diving-Myserie, or else we should see nothing worth the pains we'd taken. Accordingly we paid our Reckoning, and button'd up our Pockets, as securely as a Citizen does his Shop-Windowes when his Family goes to Church; and so Launch'd our selves into the Tempestuous Multitude, amongst whom we were hurry'd along from the ground by a Stream of Rabble, into the middle of the Fair, in as little time as a forward *Beau* may make a *Fumbler* a *Cuckold*.

Thus we swam down with the Tide, till we came to the Rope-dancers Booth, before we could find any Bottom; where (praised be our Stars) we once more got safe Footing upon *Terra-firma*, and stood a little to behold the Agility of the Tumblers, whose Pranks, were they shown to a Whimsical *Virutoso*, are enough to beget in him a new System of Philosophy; and make him believe, that to walk only upon our Feet with our Heads uppermost, is nothing but a Ridiculous Habit we have contracted from our Nurses; and that it is as Natural for Mankind to run Races upon

upon their Hands with their Heels upwards, if they would but Practice it. I was mightily pleas'd to see the Women at this sport, it made 'em seem to have a due Sence of the Ills done by their Tongues, to Degrade which, they turned 'em downwards, giving the Preheminency to their more deserving Parts; for which Reason they practic'd to walk with their Arses upwards, which indeed I think is but Justice, for that part to be most Honour'd that's most Useful; and whether that be the Head, or the Tail of a Woman, I'll appeal to Marry'd Men, who I must acknowledge to be the better Judges. Truly says my Friend, I think you are much in the right on't; for a Woman is a meer Receptacle, and to see her standing on her Legs is as Unnatural a Posture, in my Mind, as to see a Pipkin upon the Fire with the Mouth downwards. Pristhee, said I, let's have done with this *Jack-Pudding's* Dialect, or People will think the Fair has inspir'd us with Bombast. Come, says my Friend, let us fling away Six-pence a piece, and see what's to be done within-side; methinks, says he, there is something in this sort of Activity that is both Diverting and Amusing. I readily Consented to his Proposal; so in we went, where a parcel of Countrey Scrapers were Sawing of a Tune; And a mix'd multitude of Longing Spectators were waiting with Impatience the the beginning of the Shew; looking upon one another as simply as a Company sat down at Table, that waits with an Hungry Appetite an Hour for their Dinner. At last they put up a little *Dumplin-Ars'd* Animal, that look'd as if it had not been Six-Weeks out of a Goe-Cart, and that began to creep along the Rope, like a Snail along a Cabbage-stalk, with a Pole in its Hand not much bigger than a large Tobacco-stopper. This was succeeded by a couple of Plump-Buttock-Lasses, who to show their Affection to the Breeches, wor 'em under their

their Petticoats; which, for decency sake, they first Danc'd in: But to show the Spectators how forward a Woman once warm'd is to lay aside her Modesty, they doft their Petticoats after a gentle breathing, and fell to Capering and Firking as if Old Nick was in 'em. These were follow'd by a *Negro Woman*, and an *Irish Woman*: As soon as the Black had Seated herself between the Cross Poles that Support one end of the Rops, a Country Fellow sitting by me, fell into such an Extasie of Laughing that he Cackl'd again. *Prithee Honest Friend*, said I, what do'st thou see to make thy self so wonderful Merry at? *Master*, says he, *I have oftentimes heard of the Devil upon two Sticks, but never Zee it bevore in me Life. Bezide, Maister, who can forbear Laughing to see the Devil going to Dance?* When with much Art and Agility she had exercis'd her well-Proportioned Limbs to the great satisfaction of the Spectators, the *Irish Woman* arose from her Hempen Seat, to show the multitude her Shapes, whose Shoulders were of an *Atlas-Built*; her Buttocks as big as two Bushel-Loaves; and shak'd as she Danc'd like a Bog or Quagmire: Her Thighs as Fleshy as a Barron of Beef; and were so much too big for her Body, that they look'd as Gouty as the Pillars in *St. Paul's*. Her Legs were as strong as a Chair-mans, her Calves being as Round, and as Hard as a Foot-Ball; the swelling of the Muscles stretching the Skin as Tort as the Head of a new-brac'd Drum. She waddled along the Rope, like a Goose over a Barn Threshold, till at last, poor Creature, willing to show the Assembly the utmost of her Excellencies, and putting Nature upon a Stress to Cut a Caper as high as a Hog-Trough, happen'd to strain her Twatling-Strings, and let fly an unsavory Sound, as Lowd as a Note of the double Curtel? *Wounds, my Lady*, (says my Neighbour, the Countrey-man) *Have a Care you don no Fall, for by the Mass, you made the Rope give*

a *woundy Crack*. The Men Laugh'd, the Women they Blush'd: Madam *Lump* quitted the Rope with a Shameful Expedition, and as it is thought, did her Dancing Trunks much damage, by the Unfortunate Eruption.

This was succeeded, by a Pragmatical Brother of the same Quality, who mounted the Ladder next, in Order to ascend the Rope; whose Looks foretold such an unhappy Destiny, that I was fearful of his Falling, lest his Hempen Pedestal should have catch'd him by the Neck; he commanded the Rope to be alter'd according to his Mind with such an affected Lordliness, that presently I perceiv'd he was Master of the Apes by his Imperious Deportment, and looking stedfastly in his Face, I remember'd, I had seen him in our Town, where he had the Impudence to profess himself an Infallible Physician. Upon which, I ask'd my Friend the meaning on't: *Pob*, says he, *I am sorry you are so Ignorant*: Why we have Dancing Physicians, Tumbling Physicians, and Fools of Physicians, as well as Colledge-Physicians: Nay, and some of them too, if they will, can Play much stranger Tricks than you are aware on. But these Fellow's you must know, says he, are bred up between Death and Remedy; that is the Rope and Medicine; and as they grow up, if they happen to prove to heavy Heel'd for Rope-Dancers, or Tumblers, they are forc'd to learn first how to be Fools, and when once grown expert *Jack-Pudding's*, the next degree they Commence, is *Doctor*; so leave off their Painted Coat, and put on a Plush one. The Person that Danc'd against him, was the *German Maid*, (as they stile her in their Bill) with a great Belly, who does such wonderful pretty things upon the Rope, having such Proportion in her Limbs, and so much Modesty in her Countenance, that I Vow, it was as much as ever I could do, to forbear wishing my self in Bed with her. She as much out-Danc'd the rest, as a
Grey-

Grey-bound will out-run a *Hedg-hog*, having the use of a Method in her Steps, Air in her Carriage, moving with an Observancy of time, playing with her Feet, as if assisted with the Wings of *Mercury*. And thus much further, I must needs say in her Behalf, that if she be but as Nimble between the Sheets, as she is upon a Rope, she's one of the best Bed-fellows in *England*. Then Doctor, *Cozen-Bumpkin* mounts the Slack-Rope, and after he had lain down and Swung himself a quarter of an Hour, in his *Hempen Hammock*, he comes down believing he had done wonderful things, honours the Mob with a gracious Nod; slips on his Night Gown to prevent catching Cold, and then up steps the *Negro* to the top of the Booth, and began to Play at Swing Swang with a Rope, as if the *Devil* were in her, Hanging sometimes by a Hand, sometimes by a Leg, and sometimes by her Toes; so that I found, let her do what she would, Providence or Destiny would by no means suffer the Rope to part with her. This Scene being ended, they proceeded to the Conclusion of their Entertainment, the Tumbling; which indeed was very admirable, to think that Use shou'd so strengthen the Springs of Motion, and give their Flexibility and Pliableness to the Joynts, Nerves, Sinews, and Muscles, as to make Man Capable of exerting himself after so Miraculous a manner. I could not but conceive it possible, from the strangeness of their Tricks, to bring up a Child by Practice to Jump first off a Brick, than two; so on to a Story; and at last from the Top of the *Monument*, without catching any more harm than a Cat. When we had seen all, and the Master of the Revels had bid us *Welcome*, my Friend ask'd me how I lik'd it? Truly, said I, as for the Tumbling, I am mightily pleas'd with it; but as for the Dancing, I have seen that in the Country perform'd by *Monkeys*.

The Spectators being dispatch'd with a hearty Welcome, we Squeez'd out of the Door as close as a
Thimble

Thimble full of Shot out of the Barrel of a Birding-piece; and instead of avoiding a Crowd, we were got out of the Frying-pan into the Fire: Amongst whose Confused Hummings nothing was distinguishably heard, but the shrill Cries of *Nuts* and *Damsons*. Thinking it the Prudentest way to take new Sanctuary as soon as we could, we Jostled into a Booth where was to be seen a Dwarf Comedy, Sir-nam'd a *Droll*, which most commonly proves as wonderful a Monster as any's to be seen in the Fair. It was under the Title of that Curse of a Companion, *The Devil of a Wife*, Which occasion'd me to look round the Audience, to examine whether there was the same mixture of both Sexes as is customary at such sort of Entertainments; but found quite contrary to what may be usually observ'd, that there were Ten Men to One Woman: The Sex, as I suppose, being so highly distasted at the Title of the Play, that they thought it greatly inconsistent with their Ease and Interest, to encourage such a Publick Dishonour done to the Authority of *Tirmagants*, who they account are the only *Amazon's* of Spirit, who support and defend the Reasonable Priviledges of their Sex from the Usurpation and Encroachments of the Husband, to the great Abuse and Violation of the wholesome Laws of Matrimony, as they were long since settled by that Reverend Assembly of Grave Matrons, the *Parliament of Women*. The Booth notwithstanding was pretty full, but of Men chiefly who had the Plain-Dealing Looks of good Sober Citizens, and I believe happen'd most of them to be enslav'd under Petticoat-Government and came hither to learn how to Tame a Shrew, and recover into their own Hands the Power and Authority of their Fore-Fathers, which they had in Vain surrender'd to their Wives upon the Terms and Conditions of Peace and Quietness.

By the time my Friend and I had Crack'd a quart
of

of Fill-birds; and Eat each of us two Penny-worth of *Burgamy* Pairs, to keep our selves from Idleness, the Minstrels Scratching over a Concise piece of Unintelligible Discord, call'd a *Flourish*, the Curtain was drawn up, and the Strutting Representatives began their Foolery: At whose performances, I confess, I was wonderfully pleas'd; for every thing was done to such a Perfection of Uncoothness, that had so many Puppits made of Sticks and Clouts, been but qualified with Speech, we could not have Laugh'd more heartily at their awkward and ridiculous Imitations; every one looking, notwithstanding his Dress, like what he really was, and not like what he represented; that I fancy'd all the while they were Playing, I heard some of 'em Crying *Flag-Broomes*, some *Knives to Grind*, and others *Chimney-Sweep*: Whilst their Ladies were making up the Consort with *Buy my Cucumbers to pickle*; and, *Here's your rare Holland Socks, four pair for a Shilling*: For I am certain they had accustom'd their Voices to some such Cries, that had begot in their Speeches such unalterable Tones, that they are no more able to play a part without giving a relish of their Calling, than a Fanatick Parson is able to tell a Story in his Pulpit without *Humming* and *Hawing*. The whole Entertainment was the strangest *Hodg-Podg* that ever was Jumbled together; and is an excellent *Farce* to please an Audience of such Fools, who are apt to Admire that most, which they least understand: For I'll engage they find it a piece of puzzle that is harder to expound, than one of *Patridges* Riddles, or *Mother Shiptons* Prophecies. We were forced to make our Patience as long as their Play, being wedg'd in on both sides, as close as a couple of City Cuckolds in *Guild-Hall* at a Lord Mayors Election; till at last they made an end as abruptly, as they began foolishly; and let down the Curtain, which cut off the Communication between our Eyes and their Actions:

Actions: So, with the rest of the Crowd, we from hence departed

Having trespass'd like Misers too far upon Nature, and spent most part of the day without giving our Bodies that Refreshment which was requisite to enliven our Spirits, and preserve Health, we after a short consultation agreed to gratifie our impertinent Appetites with a Quarter of a Pig, on purpose to be Fools in Fashion; in order to accomplish our Design with a great deal of Elbow-Labour, and much sweating we scrambled thro' the Throng, who came pouring into the Fair from all adjacent Streets; each stream of Rabble contending to repel the Force of its Opposite Current, who were striving like Tide and Stream to overcome each other. At last with as much difficulty as a Hunted Buck gets thro' a Wood with his Horns on, by Inch and Inch, we gained *Pye-Corner*, where Cooks stood dripping at their Doors, like their Roasted Swines Flesh; with painful Industry each setting forth with an Audible Voice, the Choice and Excellency of his *Pig* and *Pork*, which were running as merrily round before the Fire, as if they were striving who should be first Roasted. Some Pigs hanging upon Tenters in the Shop Windows, as big as large Spaniels, half bak'd by the Sun Beames; and look'd as Red as the Thighs of a Country Milk-wench in a Frosty Morning. After we had look'd round us, to examine what Cook was most likely to accommodate our Stomachs with the best Entertainment, at last we agreed to step into a large shop where we had great expectancy of Good meat, and cleanly usage; but had no sooner enter'd the Suffocating Kitchen but a swinging fat Fellow, who was appointed *Over-seer* of the Roast to keep the Pigs from blistering, was standing by the Spit in his Shirt: Rubbing of his Ears, Breast, Neck, and Arm-pits with the same cloth he rub'd the Pig, which brought
such

such a Qualm over my Stomach, that I had much ado to keep the stuffing of my Guts from tumbling into the Dripping-pan; so scowring out again thro an Army of Flies, incamp'd at the door in order to attack the Pig-sauce, we defer'd our eating till a cleaner opportunity.

Note, That this is but a small part of what's intended on the Fair. and whatever is deficient here, shall be supply'd in the Next.

T H E

London-Spy.

P A R T X I.

A further Description of Bartholomew-Fair. Remarks upon the Eclipses of the Sun; the Observations of a Vintner and an Upholsterer thereupon; the Judgment of a famous Astrologer upon the same.

BEing quite Surfeited with his Greasiness's Cleanliness, our Jewish Stomachs began to be as much avers'd to *Bartholomew-Fair-Swines-Flesh*, as a Court Lady is to *Onion-Sawce*, or a Young Libertine to *Matrimony*. That the sight of a Pig was hateful to me for the Fortnight, as an *Easter-Gammon-of-Bacon* to a *Scotch Pedlar*; or *Christmas-Porridge* to an *English Puritan*. The Eagerness of our Appetites, being thus asswag'd without the expence of Eating, we fac'd about to the *Wooden Sodom*, and suffer'd

suffer'd our selves to be carry'd back by an Inundation of Mobility, into the Body of the Fair: Where, in Compassion to one of the Female gender, who was labouring in the Crowd, like a Fly in a Cobweb, I laid my hands upon my Friends Shoulders, and by keeping her between my Arms, defended her from the rude Squeezes and Jostles of the Careless Multitude: In which Interim, she, to give me a remarkable Instance of her Gratitude, put her Hand behind her and pick'd my Pocket of a good Handkerchief, in return of my Civility. Who when she had done her Business, Shuff'd into the Crowd; and the next Minute after I discover'd my Loss, which, as it was but small, begot but a Concern proportionable. I could not without some Shame, acquaint my Friend with the matter, expecting he would Laugh at me for my over-care of my Lady, and carelessness of my Self: Who accordingly Ridicul'd my small Misfortune; and told me, Smiling, You must be as careful of Women in *Bartholomew Fair*, as Countrey People are of Stags in Rutting-Time; for their accustomed ways of rewarding Kindnesses, are either to take something you would unwillingly part with, or give you, on the contrary, that which you would be glad to get rid of.

Having heard much of a Comedians Fame, who had Manfully run the hazard of Losing that Reputation in the *Fair*, which he had got in the *Play-house*; and having never seen him in his proper Element, we thought the time might not be very ill spent if we took a sight of another *Best Show* in the *Fair*, for so they all stile themselves, that we might judge of his Performances. The Number of Kings, Queens, Heroes, Harlots, Buffoons, Mimicks, Priests, Profligates and Devils in the Balcony, occasion'd us to believe with the Crowd, that there were no less Varieties to be seen within, than there were Signs of without; for

R. indeed

indeed we might Reasonably have thought from their Numerous Appearance, that when they were all in Booth, there would be but room for a slender Audience. To help make up which, we put our Fools Pence into his Worships Pocket-Apron, with which Title the Mob honour'd the Master of the Booth, because (as they said) he had been a *Justice* of the Peace; and then enter'd the Pit, where severel of the Top Quality, the Tickle-Tail Function, sat Cracking Nuts like so many Squirrils; and looking round 'em for Admirers that they might kindle such Flames in some Amorous Spectator with their studied Looks and Ogles, that nothing should be able to quench but the Lushious Embraces of that Sweet Lady that had rais'd his Concupiscence. Their prevailing Glances, I observ'd, soon took effect upon some Juvenile Gentlemen, whose Youthful Opinions of the Pleasures to be found in Love and Beauty, had render'd them, like Gunpowder, liable to be inflam'd with every sparkling Eye; as the other is to be blown up by the Casual touch of any Fire it shall meet with. The Baskets of Plumbs, Walnuts, Pears, and Peaches, began now to be handed about from the *City-Bubble* to the *Suburbs-Jilt*; and Tittle-Tattles of Love were Banded forwards and backwards, between the Tongues and Ears of those Amorous Frontiers of the Impatient Audience, who were forc'd to pacify themselves under their Longing Expectancies with Nuts and Damsons: Now and then breaking out into *Bear-Garden* Acclamations of *Show, show, show*; till at last, in answer to their loud-mouth'd Importunities, the Curtain was drawn up, and a Trunk-Breeches King in a Fools Cap, and a Feather in it, attended by his Cringing Nobility, some Court Jilts, and Two or Three Flattering Priests; which I suppose the Poet Thought to be as true a Representation of an Old *English* Court, as possibly he could think on. After these had entertain'd the listening

ing

ing Audience a little with their Fustian Confabulations, they made their *Exeunt*, and the Scenes were shifted into a Library, where Fryar *Bacon* by his long Study, had projected a Brazen-head, who was to Wall the Kingdom with the same Mettle, had not the Devil catch'd him Napping, and broke his most wonderful Noddle into many pieces.

The Priest grown Drowsy with much Reading, rubb'd his Eyes, arose from his Elbow-Chair, and in my opinion, seem'd both by his Looks and Actions much too Ignorant, as well as too Young, for such a Notable Undertaking. When he had Rav'd and Strutted about a little with his *Magicians* Wand, like a *Heroe* with his Truncheon in a Fit of Jealousy, he began, like a true Priest, to make large Promises to the People of wonderful things which he very well knew would never come to pass: And after he had made a short Oration in Praise of his *Brazen-Head*, the Scene chang'd, and shut him up in his Study to Consult the Devil a little farther, how to bring his admirable Project to a Reputable Conclusion.

Then Enter'd the *Miller* and his Son *Ralph*. The Father seem'd to be the same thing he imitated; and had a Countenance so very Penitent to his Profession, that he look'd as if (according to the *Millers* Maxime) his Conscience could dispense with taking five Pecks out of a Bushel; and as for his Hopeful Progeny, who was the only Person we were desirous of seeing, I think he kept up so true a Behaviour of an *Idiot*, that it was enough to perswade the Audience, that he really was in Nature what he only Artfully Represented. I could not but conclude the Part was particularly Adapted to his *Genius*, or he could never have exprest the Humour with such agreeable simplicity: But I fancy if he was to play the part of a *Wiseman*, it would be quite out of his way,

and puzzle him as much as it would a *Common Whore* to behave her self in Company like a *Vertuous Woman*. There was nothing in the part it self, but what was purely owing to his own Gesture; for it was the *Comedian* only and not not the *Poet*, that render'd the Character Diverting. To be plain, they both Acted and Became their Characters extreamly well; for I cannot but acknowledge, that I never saw any Body look more like a *Fool* than the *Son*, nor any Miller look more like a *Cozening Knave* than the *Father*.

The next part of the *Droll*, that was chiefly Diverting, was the *Country Justice*, whose Weakness and Indiscretion, I suppose were design'd to let the People know what Ignorant Magistrates have sometimes the Administration of Justice; and how common a thing it is for a Wiseman to Bow a Learned Head to an Empty Noddle in Authority. These were the chief of their Characters Jumbled confusedly together with a Shoulder of Mutton, Dancing and Singing of Devils, and such like pieces of Conjurati-on by the Diabolical Friar *Bacon*; with whose Magical Pranks the Mob were wonderfully pleas'd, as well as greatly astonish'd. Having thus entertain'd us for about three Quarters of an Hour, at last with a most splendid Appearance of all their Lords and Ladies they concluded their *Droll*. From amongst which glittering Assembly, one of the best Mouth'd Orators steps to the Front of the Stage, and with a Cringing piece of Formality, promises the Audience to begin again in half an hour, as if they believ'd the People to be such Fools to fling away their Money so unprofitably twice in one Day, when the seeing of them once is enough to tire any Man of reasonable Patience.

The *Show* being thus ended, my Friend asked me how I lik'd it? Truly, said I, 'tis a very Moral Play,
if

if the Spectators have sense enough to make use of it. At which saying, my Friend burst into a Laughter. Prithee, says he, wherein lies the Morality of it? Why said I, it will serve to let us know how familiar a Priest, notwithstanding his Holy Orders, may be with the Devil. How easily the Clergy may impose upon the Vulgar a belief of those things which never were, nor can be. What a Blockhead may be a *Justice of Peace*. How a Rich cunning Knave may have a Fool to his Son: How Old Men love Young Bed-fellows: How a Woman will cheat her Father to oblige her Gallant: What Stratagems Lovers will project to Accomplish their Ends; and what *Jack-Puddings* Men will make of themselves to get a little Money. On my Word, says he, you have made a rare use of it indeed: But I very much Question whether any Body else will be half so much the better for it; for it may be observed that *Bartholomew-Fair* Drolls are like *State-Fire-works*, they never do any Body good, but those who are concern'd in the Show.

From thence with much difficulty, we cross'd over to the *Hospital-Gate*, being Jumbled about in the Crowd like a couple of *Tories* at a *Whiggish* Election; over against which stood a Comical Figure Gaping and Drumming, that his Beard wagg'd up and down like an Aldermans Chin at a Lord Mayors Feast, when Chewing of a Gooses Apron; and his Eyes rowl'd about like a Stallions at a Christening, when he stands Godfather. Which occasion'd some of the Ignorant Spectators, that stood crowding beneath, to cry out, *Lord, do but see how he stares at us, and Gnashes his Teeth as if he would eat us for looking at him.* On each side of him stood a Wax-Baby, which look'd very Natural, insomuch that it induced us to walk in and take a sight of their whole Works; being much astonish'd at our first entrance of the Room, at the Liveliness of the Figures, who sat in such easie Postures, and their

Hands dispos'd with such a becoming freedom, that Life it self could not have appear'd less stiff, or the whole Frame more Regular; the Eyes being fix'd with that Tenderness, which I apprehend as a great difficulty; so that the most experienc'd of our Charming Ladies could not in an hours practice in her Glasse have look'd more soft and languishing. Whilst we were thus viewing of the Temple of *Diana*, for under that Title they had distinguish'd their *Show*, up comes a Country Carter in his Boots, Arm'd with his weapon of Correction, by which he Governs and Chastizes his five four-legg'd Subjects, belonging, as I suppose, to some Hay-Cart in the Market: As soon as the *Hobbaddyboody* was brought to the door of the Room where the Figures were seated, he peeps in, and seeing, as he thought, such a Number of Great Persons, steps back and doffs his Hat, *Adsbleed*, says he, *I waant gooe in amang zo many vine Vouk, not I; what dost send mau up to be made a game on? Pray gim mau my Money agan, for I doun't come here to be laugh'd at.* The Mistress of the *Show*, with all the Arguments she could use, had much ado to prevail upon the Fellow to go in; telling him wherein he was deceived; and that those fine People, as he thought 'em, were only Wax-work which was the sight that he was to see. At last *Bumpkin* took Courage and ventur'd into the Show-Room, but could not forbear making his Country Honours to the Babies, till he was ready to claw the Boards up with his Hobnails. When he had look'd round him, and pretty well feasted his Eyes, he turns about to the Girl that shows 'em, says he, *They are Woundy Silent. I pray you, Forzooth, can they Speak?* At which the Young Damsel fell a Laughing, saying, *You must Speak to 'em first, and then perhaps they'll Answer you.* With that the Foolish *Ignoramus* did as he was bid, crying to one of the Figures, *How d'ye Yourzooth? You in the Black whood,*
Evaitb

Evailth I'll give ye a Pwot en you'u Speak to me. At which the whole Company burst into a Laughter, which made the Fellow so angry, that in a Passion he thus exprest himself. Adsheartlywounds, why what dye make a Gam at a Body wor? A Plague Bran ye for a Pack of Zimpletons. Why I zee zome little Vouk but O'er the Waiy, no higher than a Flaggon, I beleeve they are the Zons and Daughters of these Gentlevouk here, and they coud Tauk as well as I can A Notable pert Gentlewoman standing by him, says she, Well Country-man, what would you think of that Lady you spoke to, for a Bed-fellow? Ads my Loif, says she for all she looks so woundy gainly now she's drest, whon she comes to pluck off her Paint and her Patches, and doff her vine Clouthes to come to Bed, she perbaps may look as Ugly as you do, worsooth. Which Clownish Repartee so dash'd the Lady out of Countenance, That her Blushes shew'd she had a modest Sense of her own Failings and Imperfections.

Having satisfied our Curiosities with Arts Nicest imitation of Humane Nature, we return'd again into the Multitude, considering what next Folly we could commit, that would yield us any tolerable Diversi-on. To see more *Drolls* we thought would be as ridiculous as 'tis for a couple of Sots to stagger from Tavern to Tavern all day long, where the Entertainment is still the same, distinguishable by no difference but the *Name* and the *Sign*; so that we were quite tired with that sort of Fooling. And upon further Consideration of the matter in Debate, we at last agreed to spend an Hour in a *Musick Booth*. In pursuance of our design, we pres'd thro' the Crowd, till we crost the Fair to the Norwest side; where *Musick-Houses* stood as thick one by another, as *Rawdy-Houses* in *Chick Lane*; and at every Door two or three hanging-Look'd *Scaramouches*, who rather than to encourage People to walk in, were, as I imagin'd, a means rather to affright 'em from entering, for fear

of having their Throats Cut, or their Pockets pick'd by such an Ill-favour'd Gang of Rascally Rascallions. But, however hoping to fare as well as our Neighbours, we ventur'd into one of their Diabolical *Academies*, where we supposed all sorts of Wickedness were practic'd for the good Instruction of unwary Youth, who are too apt to imbibe the poisonous Draughts that flow from those pernicious Fountains, to which we often owe the Sorrows of our Riper Years; and never clear our foul Stomachs from those bitter Belches which, the Venom they have once suck'd from those unwholesome Springs, will ever leave behind it.

At our first Entrance, the Dancing in several disguises made it appear to me like a Rendezvous of Gipsies upon the Election of a New King, or like so many strolling Beggars making Merry in a Barn. As soon as ever the Curtain was put by, and we approached the Bar, a crack'd Bell was Rung by a Weather-Beaten Strumpet Drest up in White, as if she had been going to Beg some Rogue of a Gallant from the Gallows. No sooner had the untunable Alarm reach'd the Ears of the dispers'd Attendants, but a Frizzle-pated Suck-Fosset with a Head Bloated with much Tippling, as round as a Foot-Ball; and an Indico Muckender hanging down to his Toes, according to the Mode of a *City-Beau-Drawer*, follow'd by half a Dozen of his Dancing Scarecrows; some in Masques as Ugly as the Faces that were without; all bidding us *Welcome* in such Hoarse Flux'd Voices, that their Speeches sounded to me more like the Croaking of Ravens, or growling of the Fourth String of a crack'd Base, than like the Organs of Humane Utterance: Who seeing us look a degree above common Customers, I suppose they were in hopes we would prove the greater Bubbles; and as a means to encourage us to the greater Extravagancy, they Conducted

ducted us to the further end of their Fools Paradise, and plac'd us upon the Hoistings (amongst *Cracks*, *Rakes* and *Bullies*, of the better Quality) which separate Apartment was exempt from the dishonour of inferiour Liquors, and nothing suffer'd to disgrace your Table beneath a half Crown *Whore*, or a half Crown *Flask*.

As soon as our Wine came, and we had fill'd out a Glass, the Kettle-Drums and Trumpets began to express their willingness to oblige us; which was perform'd with that harmonious excellence, that no *Sow-gelder* with his *Horn*, and *Cooper* with his *Adds* and *Driver* could have gratified our Ears with more delightful Musick. This was succeeded by a Consort of Fiddlers, with whose Melodious Diddle Diddle I was so affected, that it made my Teeth dance in my Mouth, like a Fit of a Quartan Ague. The next piece of Harmocy that laid Siege to our Ears, was a most admirable new Ballad, Sung in two parts by seven Voices. I call'd the *Drawer*, and bid him ask them if they were not Singing the *Cat-Catch*; who brought me Word, *No*: and that it was a very fine *Play-House Song* set by the best Composer in *England*. Why then, said I, pray tell your Songsters, they deserve to be whipt at the Carts-Arse for attempting to Sing it; and that I had rather hear a Boy beat *Round-Headed Cuckolds* come Dig, upon his *Snappers*, or an old Barber Ring *Whittingtons* Bells upon a Cittern, than hear all the Musick they cou'd make. Which Message, I suppose the Fellow was afraid to tell 'em, lest they should Crack his Crown with their *Base-Fiddle-Sticks*.

That we might have a Taste of all their Varieties, the next Instruments they betook themselves to, were the Haut-boys, which are undoubtedly the best Wind-Pipes in the World, Ill plaid upon, to Scare a Man out of his Wits; and I dare Swear would raise the
Devil

Devil, the Father of all Discord, much sooner than ever Fryar Bacon, or Cornelius Agrippa, could by their Diabolical Invocations. For my part, I declare their disproportion'd Notes, and Imperfect Cadencies, had such an effect upon my Ears, that I thought their Noise would have burst my Head in as many pieces as Gunpowder does a Granado Shell, and put my whole Microcosm in such a disorderly Trembling, that had they Tooted a little longer, I believe I should have been all dis-jointed: For such Musick is enough to make a Mans Bones dance out of their Sockets; and put his whole body under a painful dislocation.

The harshness of their Notes, having like a Ring of Bells, or a Peal of Cannon, Box'd our Ears into a Deafness, they now began to treat our Eyes with an Entertainment; and presented us with a Dance in imitation of a Foot-pads Robbery; and he that acted the Thief, I protest did it so much like a Rogue, that had he not often committed the same thing in Earnest, I am very apt to believe he could never have made such a *Jest* on't; Firing the Pistol, Stripping his Victim, and Searching his Pockets, with so much Natural humour, seeming Satisfaction, and Dexterity, that he show'd himself an absolute Master of what he pretended to. And I cannot forbear having so little Charity as to fancy, that his last Caper will be so far off the Ground, that he will quite lose his Breath before he comes down again.

The next that presented her self to the View was a Bouncing Beldam, who had as much Flesh on her Bones as a *Lincoln-shire Heifer*; that her Hips, without the help of *Fardingales* look'd as round as the Stern of a *Dutch-Fly-Boat*; and her Buttocks trembled when she Stirr'd, like a *Quaking-Pudding*: And had she not been Lac'd to the best advantage, her Skin would have hung down in Folds like the Hide of the *Rhinoceros*. The admirable Qualifications of this Lady were

were to Dance with Glasses full of Liquor upon the Backs of her Hands, to which she gave Variety of Motions, without Spilling; expressing in her Exercise as much Prodigality, as if Riches, Fame and Honour, had been the Rewards of her Foolery; putting her Greasie Corps into a great Sweat, and Slav'd as much at her poultry Performance, as a fat Porter at Nine Pins in the *Easter-Holidays*, or a Brawny Milk-woman on a *May Day*; till at last having quite lost her Spirits, she was forc'd to conclude her Awkward Steps and *Elephant Capers*, resting her unwieldy Carcase on the nearest Bench, where she Panted like a Race Horse that had won the Plate, or a Bear Dog after a Let-go; the Mob declaring their Approbation and Applause, by clapping their Hands, and knocking their Heels; expressing thereby their own Satisfaction, as well as their Approbation of the wabbling Squab, with whose Unpolish'd Saltation they were so highly Delighted.

The next Figure that appear'd, was a Youthful Damsel, who to render her more Charming, was Drest up in her *Holland Smock*, and Fring'd Petty-coat, like a Rope-Dancer. Having Disarm'd most of the Swordsmen in the Room, she steps into the Center of the Booth, and there began to handle 'em as dexterously as a *Welch Sheppardests* does her Knitting-Needles, putting her self into a Circular Dance, wherein she turn'd as Merrily Round, as the Flyer of a Jack, or as Nimbly as a Gig under the Scourge of a School-Boy; shifting her Swords to all parts of her Face and Breast, to the very great Amazement of Country-Fools, and the very little danger of her own Carcase. When by her unalterable Circumflexion, she had supply'd the Defects and Weakness of the Liquor, and made most of the Company Drunk and Giddy with observing the Nimbleness of her Tail, which according to the Knife-Grinders

ders Song, ran *Round, and around, and around-a*, she gave a stamp with her Foot, like a Doe-Rabbit after Bucking, which serv'd as a Period to her Dance, which, according to Custom, was Rewarded with a Clap, being the true *Theatre and Musick House* Method of expressing Thanks or Approbations, which makes the Ladies belonging to both Places very apt to reward the Love of their Gallants after the same manner.

This was succeeded by abundance of Insipid Stuff, so very forrily design'd, and so wretchedly performed, that instead of either Laughter or Delight, it begot in me nothing but Blushes, and Contempt; that I thought it an abuse to humane Shape, for any thing bore the Proportion of either Sex, to behave themselves so Ostentatiously Foolish, so Odiously Impudent, so Intolerably Dull, and Void of all Humour, Order or Design, that there is more Diversion in the Accidental Gestures of one Ape, than in all the Study'd Performances of the whole Company of pretending Vagabonds. We therefore think it not worth while to Trouble the Reader with any further Particulars of their ridiculous poor Pedantick Fooleries; but leave 'em to a further Shameful Exposing of their own Ignorance, and give him a Rough Draught of the Company, who chiefly frequent these Scandalous Nurseries of all Vice, Vanity, and Villany.

Some Companies were so very odly mix'd, that there was no manner of Coherence in the Figure of any one Person and another: One perhaps should appear in a Lac'd Hat, Red Stockins, Puff Wig, and the like, as Prim as if going to the Dancing-School. The next a *Butcher*, with his Blew Sleeves, and Woollen Apron, as if just come from the Slaughter-house. A Third, a Fellow in a *Yorkshire* Cloth-Coat, with a Leg laid over his Oaken Cudgel, the Head of which being a Knob of the same Stuff, as Serviceable,

as

as a Protestant Flail, and as big as an *Hackney* Turnep. Another in a Soldiers Habit, and look'd as Peery as if he thought every fresh Man that came in, a Constable. These mix'd with Women of as different appearances: One in a Straw-Hat and Blew Apron, with Impudence enough in her Face to dash a Begging Clergyman out of Countenance; and he that can Publickly ask an Alms in a Parsons Gown, if he has Title to wear it, one would reasonably think, has Impudence enough to Face any Body. Another Dress'd up in Hood, Scarf, and Top-knot, with her Cloaths hung on according to the *Drury-Lane* Mode, as if she could shake 'em off and leap into Bed, in the Twinkling of a Bed-staff. A third, in a white Sarsnet Hood, and a Posie in her Bosom, as if she was come from the Funeral of some good Neighbour that Dy'd in Child-Bed; and amongst the rest, a Girl of about a Dozen Years of Age, whom I suppose, they were early dragging up in the wicked Ways of Shame and Misery, that her Riper Years might in no measure give her a Sense of her Unhappiness, and by checking her in her Lewd Practices, render her but a dastard Sinner. These were at one Table, and of one Society; and tho' Severally and Singularly dress'd, yet I could do no other then Conjecture from their *Carriage* and *Physiognomy*, that they are under one and the same Influence; and that their unlucky Stars had infus'd the like Evil Genius into every Person among 'em; for the Women Look'd like Jilts; the Men Swore like Pick-pockets; and both were as Drunk as Swine, and as Merry as Beggars.

Just beneath us, on the side of the Hoistings, sat a Couple of Madams over a Stone Bottle of Ale, who by their want of Stays, the Airiness of their Dress, the Improvement of their Complexion by Paint, and the multitude of Patches to add a gentile Air to their Servile Countenances, we could guess to be no other

other than Ladies of that wretched Quality, whose *Pride, Poverty, Leachery, and Laziness*, had reduc'd them under a Necessity of exposing themselves to Sale at a small Purchase; for in came a Fellow, that I have heard Cry *Brushes and Mouse-Traps* about Town, and a Smith along with him, that I have seen hawk about *Iron Candlesticks*; and being almost Drunk, their Brains ran on Coney-Catching, and they must needs, after two or three awkward Scrapes and Compliments, beg the Ladies good Company to drink a Bottle of *Cyder*, which the willing Damsels, without any manner of Scruple, very readily comply'd with: So they all remov'd to another Table, which they thought was more Commodious for their Entertainment; where the old Coxcombs Court to their Ladies, was so Singular and Comical, that it made the whole Company Observators of their Ridiculous Behaviour; who at last discovering by the Peoples tittering, they were become a Publick Jest, agreed with their Mistresses, as I suppose, to remove to some private Place convenient for the finishing their Intrigue; but as they were Leading their Condescending Madams out of the Booth, with abundance of formal Ceremony, the Gallants, notwithstanding their Holidays Cloaths, being known to some of the Guests, were accosted as they made their Exit, with, *Will you buy a Mouse-Trap, or a Rat-Trap? Will you buy a Cloath-Brush, a Hat-Brush, or a Comb-Brush?* That they sneak'd off with their Doxies, as much ashamed as a Perjur'd Evidence out of *Westminster-Hall*, or a Puritan out of a *Bawdy-House*.

At another Table sat a parcel of Rural Sots, who with the Gross Spirits of common Belch, were Elevated to such a pitch of Merriment, that they began to talk Bawdy like Old Women at a Gossiping, and Swear Ads-heartliwounds as fast as a Gamester Curses the Dice, when he meets with Ill-Fortune, and
should

show'd as many ungainly Postures over their Liquor, as a parcel of Swine made Drunk with *Hog-Wash*: These, to make their Ale run down more chearful, had got with them a Female Fiddler, who had charged her Tun-Belly'd Carcase like the rest, with more Guzzle than her Legs were able to carry, and Behaved herself in Sight of the whole Company, with such Unparalel'd Impudence in Singing Bawdy-Songs with a Hickuping Voice, which she endeavour'd to improve with intolerable Scrapes upon her Crack'd Instrument, that I was afraid her Nauseous Behaviour, together with her Odious Discord, would have rais'd in me such an Aversion to both Women and Musick, that I should never hereafter agree with the common Opinion, and esteem 'em as the Choicest of Blessings on this side Heaven.

Then in came a couple of Seamen in their Canvas Jackets, just stept from on Board, to give themselves a Taste of the *Fairs* relishable Delights, expressing in their Looks such a wonderful Satisfaction, that a *Bailiff* at a *Prize*, or a *Butcher* at a *Bull-Baiting*, could not have show'd more signs of Gladness; at last one of them Order'd the Muck to play an Old *Wapping Jig*, and plucking out of his Pocket a clean white Handkerchief, which, I suppose, he Borrowed of his Landlady on purpose to Dance with, being no more able to cut a Caper without that in his hand, than a Fellow is able to Dance the *Morris* without his *Bells*, or a *Beau Court* a *Lady* without his *Snush-Box* in his Hand. Thus equip'd for the Business, he steps into the middle of the Booth, and after he had made his Honours with as much Grace as a Cow might make a *Curt'sie*, he begins to Caper and Firk it round the Room, entertaining us with so many *Antick Steps*, *Merry Andrew's Postures*, and *Country-Cuts and Shuffles* with his Feet, that no *Jack-Adams*, at *Clerkenwell-Feast*, or a Drunken *Ploughman* upon my Lady's Birth

Birth Day, could have been more Diverting; his Comrade crying out every now and then, *Gad ha Mercy Robin! Now Kate of Dovers step! Chear up my Lad! Ah Bravely done Boy! Now for a Sea-Pye, and a Can of Phlip!* Thus he Jigg'd it about with his Greasie Hat in one Hand, and Muckender in t'other, till he was quite out of Breath, like a *Thrasher* at a Wake, when he Dances for a Favour; where he that Dances Longest, is always allowed to Dance Best. Having thus put a Period to his Wild Boree, his Companion met him with a Quartern of Brandy, and after he had Clap'd him on the Side for Encouragement, as a *Butcher* does his *Bull-Dog*, instead of spitting in his Mouth, he refresh'd him with a Cogue, and made him fit for t'other Let-go: who sitting down with his Arms on Kimboe, seem'd as Proud of what he'd done, as an *Admiral* that had beaten the *French Fleet*, or a *Mountebank* that had drawn a Tooth with a Touch before a Multitude of Spectators.

What further lay within our Observation, were the sundry sorts of Women who sat ready upon small purchase to gratifie the Lust of every Drunken Libertine; some very well drest, and in Mask; who notwithstanding their appearance, were as ready at your beck as a Porter Plying at a Streets Corner; Others bare-Fac'd, and in mean Garbs, whose Poverty seem'd equal with their Impudence, and that so fulsom and Preposterous, that they are as great Antidotes to expel the Poison of Lust; as the Modest Counterfeit Behaviour of a Cunning pretty Harlot, is a means to enforce desire, and beget a liking: A third sort of Scoundrel Strumpets in Blew-Aprons and Straw-Hats, who by taking much *Mercury*, or the Loud bawling of *Oysters* about the Streets, were as Hoarse as a *Jack-Pudding* at the latter End of the Fair. These were all Good Subjects to the Government, and Contribute
more

more towards the Maintainance of his Majesties Foot Guards, than any People in the Nation; for every one has a Souldier or two at her Tail, of whom she takes as much Care, as a Bitch does of her Puppies.

Having here taken Notice of most of the Particulars that lay within our View, by paying our Reckoning we purchas'd our Redemption from this Epitomy of Hell; and being now almost Dark, we took a Turn round the out-side of the Fair, on the Backside of the Booths, where we found several Emblems of the Worlds Giddiness: Children Lock'd up in Flying Pews, who insensibly climb'd upwards like meteorous State-Tools, who knew not whether they were going; but being once Elevated to a certain height, came down according to the Circular Motion of the Sphere they mov'd in; and being forc'd to decline from their Meridian Altitude, were forc'd to the low Station from whence they first took their Rise, Reflecting on their past Pleasure with abundance of dissatisfaction, Envyng those who are got in their Room, and heartily Bemoan'd their want of Money, or Favour, which remov'd them from their Post.

These Whirligigs, says my Friend, may be very properly apply'd to the Common Fate of Great Men: For when a Man is once rising, it is not very difficult for him to rise to the Top, but 'tis impossible for him, as you may see by these, to continue long at the same Pitch; for the Interest of him that Governs the Wheel, and the Politick Motion of Affairs for Publick Safety, require some to be Rising, and others Falling: For this World is but Fortunes Well, and Mankind are the Buckets thereof, and it must of necessity ever be so, that the Winding Up of one, will be the Letting Down of another.

From thence we mov'd in the Stream, and pass'd
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by a couple of *Poppet-shows*, where *Monkeys* in the *Balconies* were Imitating Men, and Men making themselves *Monkeys*, to engage some of the weaker part of the Multitude, as Women and Children, to step in and please themselves with the wonderful Agility of their Wooden Performers; these pass'd by with as much Contempt as a Hungry *Taylor* at *Easter* does a *Fleet-ditch* Furmity Woman, or a Prodigal Debauchee an old Mistress. We squeez'd on amongst the rest, till we came again to the *Hospital-Gate*, which we enter'd with as little Ease as a Good Christian Impatient of his Dinner, gets out of the Church, when Sermon is Ended; till at last we came into the Cloisters, where we met such a Whispering and Humming of *G——d D——mes*, *She's a Bitch*, and *t'other a Whore*; *And that's a fine Woman*, *t'others a pretty Creature*; That I thought the People were all Mad, and that this Place was a *Bedlam* for Lovers. A Gentleman with a Red-face, who my Friend told me, was fam'd at all Gaming Ordinances for a wonderful Similizer, steps up to a very pert Lady, who I suppose, was not for his Turn, and claps his bare Hand in her Neck: *Dear Madam*, says he, *You are as Cold as a Cricket in an Ice-house*: She turning short about, look'd upon him, and reply'd, *If you Please to clap your Fiery Face to my Backside, 'twill be the ready way to warm me*: At which smart Return, all that heard it fell a Laughing: The Gentleman thinking it a little Inconsistent with his Honour to be thus put Upon, had a great mind to redeem his Credit; by adding, *Indeed Madam, I find Your Tongue's much Nimbler than the rest of your Members, for your Body moves like a Loaded Waggon up a Hill*: *Dear Sir*, says she, *You look so like an Honest Gentleman, that I am bound in Gratitude, to return you at least an Empty Cart, for your Loaded Waggon*; and as for the Hill, *Pray Sir, let it be Holbourn*, and I don't Question but your Good Life, in
time

time may direct you to the Use and Application, of both; so Sir, your Humble Servant. And away she step'd into a Ruffling Shop, where some Civil Gentlemen follow'd her, and to reward her Wit, Loaded her and her She-Friend that was with her, with Nick-nacks, and Guarded her into a Coach from the Insolence of the Town Cormorants, who had a wonderful mind to be Snapping at so far a Bait.

This Rendezvous of *Filts*, *Whores*, and *Sharpers*, began now to be very full, insomuch, that the Sower Breaths of Corrupt Carcases, and the *Turpentine Belches* that were ever and anon thrown into our Nostrils in the Crowd, were so offensive, that the Pumping of a *Darby-Ale* Cellar, or the removal of an old *Close-stool-pan*, could not have surpriz'd our Sense with a more intolerable Nosegay. This we were forc'd to endure, or quit the Place, which we were unwilling to do, till we had made a more Nice Inspection into the Pumps and Vanities of this Wicked World. To further discover which, we went into one of the Shops, which we saw most Crowded, and as Poor Spectators, with willing Hearts and low Pockets, we stood in the Rear, and like *Boretto* Pensioners at the *Groom-Porters*, peep'd over the Shoulders of those that raffled, among whom, I observ'd, this Ridiculous Vanity, that whatsoever the Gentlemen won, they presented to the Fair Lady that stood next, tho' as great Strangers one to another, as Doctor B——gs and the *Whore of Babylon*. You are in-sensible, says my Friend, of the Cunning that's used by *Sharpers*, to make this kind of Diversion turn to a good Account: That pretty sort of Woman, who receives so many Presents, to my Knowledge is Mistress to him who is now handling the Box, who has no other Business but to improve such a lucky Minute to his Maintainance, and he seems you see, to be an utter Stranger to that Lady he's so kind to, and only makes

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her Mistress of his Winnings, purely to draw the other Gentlemen on to do the like, that what Presents they Foolishly bestow on her, to Night, may serve to furnish his Pockets for the Hazard-Table, on the next Morrow.

Being tired with this Pastime, we adjourn'd from thence, and crept up a pair of Stairs as narrow and as steep as the Stone Steps of a *Belfrey*, over which was Written in Golden Capitals, in two or three places, *The Groom Porters*; design'd, as I suppose, for Fools to Understand it was the Honester Place, for his Name being there, and that they might as fairly fling away their Money here as in any place in *Christendom*: When with the danger of our Necks we had climb'd to the Top, we step'd into a little Room on the Left Hand, where *Lawyers Clerks*, and *Gentlemen's Footmen*, were mixt *Higgle-de-piggle-de*, like Knaves and Fools at an *East-India-House* Auction, and were wrangling over their Sixpences with as much Eagerness, as so many *Adumpers* at a Church-Door on a *Sacrament-Day*, about the True Division of a good Christians Charity. Being quickly Surfeited with the Boyish Behaviour of these Callow Rakes, we moved from thence into the next Rooms, where a parcel of old Batter'd *Bullies*, some with Carbonado'd Faces, and others with Pimpennet Noses, were seated as close round a great Table, as Country *Attorneys* in a Stage Coach, at the Conclusion of a Term; amongst 'em, here and there a declining Tradesman, who, I suppose, was ready to start into some Foreign Plantation, and came hither to acquire the Qualifications of a *Libertine*, that their Portion in this World may be a Merry Life and a short: Curfes amongst these were as profusely scatter'd as Lyes among Travellers, and as many Eyes lifted towards the Heavens in Confusion to their Stars, as there are in a Storm to implore Safety;

Safety: Money was tofs'd about as if a useless Commodity, and several parts of the Story of the *Prodigal Son*, were Acted here to a Miracle. When four had the Good Fortune to come before Seven, or Ten before Eight, the Breeches of the Losers were so Nettled, they were unable to keep their Seats, and could no more keep the Ends of their Fingers out of their Mouths, than a Porter when he plucks off his Hat, can forbear Scratching of his Head. The Dice had far more Influence upon 'em than the Planets, for every Man chang'd Countenance according to the Fortune of the Cast; and some of them I am sure shew all the Passions, in half an Hour, Incident to Humane Nature.

He that made the most observable Figure amongst 'em, was a *Butcher* in his white Frock, with a Head as large as a *Saracens*, and Cheeks as plump as a *Sow-gelder's*, when he Proclaims his Profession by his Semi-circular Trumpet; his Beard, tho' in Carnival-time, was as long as a *Hackney Writers* in the middle of a Long Vacation, and look'd as Frowzy and Irregular as the Gyants Whiskers in *Guild-Hall*, who seems so terrible to Young Apprentices. The Hair of his Head being as Greasie as the Furr of a Cooks Cap that wears one, and shin'd with the *Pomatum* of Beef and Mutton, like a Satten Cap upon the Noddle of an *Independent Teacher*. I could not but take Notice, when ever he made his Stake, he cry'd, *Go again*, when he clap'd down his Money on the Board; which serv'd me to Understand he was a true *Heckly I'th' Hole* Sports-man, it being the same expression they use to their Dogs, after the first Let-go. I observ'd he was attended with great Luck, enough to make us believe according to the Burlesque of *Ovid's* Saying, That Fortune favours Fat Folks, or that her Mope-Ey'd Ladyship, like a true Sow, was a great Lover of Blood, Filth and Nastiness. Whenever he handled the Dice,

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he had so lucky a Devil in the Box, or at his Elbow, that he very seldom threw out under three or four Hands holding in, which Occasion'd his peevish Antagonists to set him with such Sower Countenances, that no Lover that had lost his Mistress, or a Client that had lost his Cause, could not have Contracted his Face into a more fretful Posture. Length of time having made this Diversion as dull as the rest, we left the Losers to recover their Losses, and the Butcher to bring his Hogs to a fair Market; returning down Stairs with as much Care and Caution of Tumbling Head foremost, as he that goes down *Green-Arbor-Court-Steps* in the middle of Winter. When we were got safe to the bottom, being quite tir'd with the sundry Follies we had seen, and the Brain-breaking Noises we had heard, my Friend desir'd my Company into *Charter-house-Lane*, where he was Oblig'd to make a short Visit to a Patient, leaving me at an Ale-house hard by to Divert my self in his Absence with a Pipe of Tobacco; which I did accordingly, and refresh'd my self with a Pot of Excellent *English* Liquor, which was as Comfortable to my Palate, after our Troublesome Survey, as a Down-Bed to the Haunches of a weary Traveller. By that time I had light my Pipe, in comes a couple of Old Fellows, who look'd as if they were the Superannuated Servants of some Great Man, who to exempt himself from the Charge of keeping 'em, when past their Labour, and to reward the Faithful Service of their Youth, had got 'em into an Hospital: They Seated themselves down in the next Box, and call'd for a Pot of warm'd Ale, over which, after they had Accommodated their Lanthorn Jaws with a Pipe of Tobacco, they began to bemoan some great Oppressions that were Impos'd upon 'em, by the Ruler of their Society, whom they Charg'd with these following Accusations, beginning their Complaint after this Sorrowful manner:

I Remember, says one, Two Old Proverbs from my Youth, which, alas! I have found too True in my Age: New Lords, New Laws; and, When the Old One's gone, seldom comes a Better; and Efaith Brother, as another Old Saying says, We have found both too true to make a Jest on; for our allowance formerly, if any of us were Sick and out of Commons, was Five Shillings and Eleven-pence a Week; but now our Good Master, Providence reward him for his Kindness, has reduc'd us to Four Shillings and Five-pence; which, let me tell you, Brother, is a great Abatement in so small a Sum; and is a very great Abuse of the Pious Design and Charitable Good Will of the Donor: We likewise, when we were Sick, had a Bushel of Coals per Week, allow'd us, to warm our Old Noses, under our Infirmities; but now are stinted to just half the Quantity, thanks to our Good Master, for his Christian Love and Kindness to us.

Sometime since, a Brother Pensioner was Sick with a violent Flux, from the middle of September, to within Ten Days of Christmas, in which time his Nurse went several times to the Master, to obtain a Grant of the Five Shillings and Eleven-pence per Week, and a whole Bushel of Coals, declaring that his short Allowance was not sufficient to Support him in his Low Condition. But notwithstanding all her reasonable Pleas and Importunate Solicitations on her Patients behalf, the Master would give no Ear to her Petitions, not taking into his Consideration the Coldness of the Weather, or Tediousness of his Sicknes.

Besides our Dyet is much Abated of our Ancient Allowance, neither is the Meat so Good.

And notwithstanding these great Abuses, and Retrenchments, of us the poor Pensioners, he has procur'd his own Salary to be advanc'd, from Fifty to Two Hundred Pounds per Annum: Who keeps his Coach, and lives as Great as the Governour of a Town, instead of a Master of an Hospital; but withal gives this Example of Frugality, that he allows but half a Crown a Week to his Trencher-

Scraper, for his Coach-mans Diet, for which he is Oblig'd to afford him two Meals a Day; therefore Judge you what the poor Fellow gets by his Boarder.

Some Years since upon the Twelfth of December, which is held as an Anniversary in Commemoration of the Founder, the Reader being Absent upon some Extraordinary Occasions, was disappointed by one who promis'd to Officiate for him, and the Congregation was dismiss'd without Prayers. Notwithstanding the Master was in Holy Orders, and at the same present in the Chappel.

Indeed, reply'd the other, 'tis a sad thing we should be so serv'd; but since we can't help it, we must Content our selves, I think, with the Cold Comfort, of an Old Saying, viz. What Can't be Cur'd, must be Indur'd; for Complaint without the Prospect of Redress, is like a Mans Venting his Anger towards another, by Talking to himself.

By this time my Friend came in, to whom I Communicated what I overheard, who made light of it, as if it were such Practical Abuses as were scarce worth Listening to; saying, You never knew any Considerable Hospital in your Life, but the poor Pensioners live like common Seamen in an East-India Vessel, whose Allowances are so short Home-wards Bound, they are but just kept alive, in a Starving Condition; whilst the Officers grow Fat at a Plentiful Table, and Pinch Estates in a little Time, by Abridging the just Dues of their Floating Society.

Thus heartily tir'd with our Days Ramble, we paid our Reckoning, and posted Home to Bed, with as Good an Appetite to Rest, as a New Married Lover had to the Embraces of his Bride the first Night, or a Hungry Ploughman, to a Plumb Pudding on a Sunday, when he had Walk'd Three Mile from Church.

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE Wonderful *Eclipse*, which, according to the promises of *Astronomers*, was to bring this wicked World within *Ambs-Ace* of the Day of Judgment, tho' Invisible to us in *London*, by reason of a Stinking Fog that arose from wreaking Dunghills, Distillers Fats, and Piping Hot Close-stool-pans, which as the Learned say, could neither be ratified nor dispers'd till the *Eclipse* was over, by reason that the Beams of the Sun were intercepted by the Moons Body: Yet it is asserted by Letters from many Credible Persons in several Countries, *Who I hope are all well, as I am at this present Writing, praised be——— for it*; that the *Eclipse* was seen by many Thousands, as plain as the Old Woman see the Needle in the Barn-door, who enquir'd (after she pretended to see the Needle) whereabouts the Barn stood. But, however, to Confirm our Infallible *Planet-Peepers* in their Unerring Judgments, It was seen upon the Road by many Travellers, especially by Stroling Tinkers and their Budget-bearing Trulls, Scotch Pedlars, Gipsies, Vagabonds, and Cadators; who, if you clear but your Eyes with a Cup of humming Liquor, are able to see *Fairies Dance, Spirits Walk, Witches Fly, Prodigies in the Clouds, Blemishes in the Sun, and Worlds in the Moon*: And since our *Star-gazers* on their behalf, have such good Evidence to prove the matter of Fact, I think we had as good put the Contest out of dispute, and agree with what they say, whose Business it is to know most of the matter. But as further proof of the *Eclipse* which is still ridicul'd amongst some obstinate Believers, These following Persons do say, or think, they saw it as plain in the Town, as ever 'twas seen in the Countrey.

A *Vintner* behind the *Change*, being very desirous
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of making a clear discovery of this dangerous Interposition, got a piece of Clay, and bestow'd an hour's time in stopping up the bottom of his Cullendar, all but the middle Hole, thro' which he peeps from Nine till Eleven, and does think he saw the *Moon*, or a *Cloud* between the *Sun* and the *Cullender*, but cannot be positive which; and therefore his Evidence is of little Validity.

An *Upholsterer* in *Cornhill*, being Curious of being as Wise as the rest of his Neighbours, carries a Looking-glass out of his Shop into *Stocks-Market*, and after he had Earnestly look'd for about half an hour, and had obtain'd a small Glimpse of the *Eclipse*; a Porter coming by with a Heavy Burthen, by accident stumbled, and put the Corner of his Bundle between the Upholsterer's Neck and Shoulders, Knocks him down, breaks the Looking-glass, and the Porter recovering himself, march'd forward with his Load: Up rises the fallen Gazer from the Ground, with nothing but the Frame and Back-Board in his hand; and shaking his Head at his Misfortune, thus express'd himself to the People, *Alas! Alas! I fear the Terrible Effects of this Eclipse will be very fatal to poor England; for if just a Glimpse of it shall bring a Man to this disaster, may Providence defend the whole Kingdom from its Malicious Influence.*

Happening to be in Company with a very famous *Astrologer*, I was willing to enquire a little into what Effects he thought this *Eclipse*, that had made such a bustle, would have upon that part the World to which 'twas visible, more especially *England*. *Why*, says he, *because you ask me the question Modestly, I'll tell you, Master, I do understand from the Authentick Censures of Albumazer and Ptolomy, concerning the Circumvolution of Celestial Bodies, which procure perpetual mutability in this Lower Reign, that this great Eclipse being at the new of the Moon, when she first puts on her Horns,*
does

does infallibly predict as many Cuckolds to be at *Horn-Fair* this Year, as have been seen there this seven Years. Many Litigious Law-Lovers this year will Sell their Coats to contend for the value of a Button; and the Lawyers prate the Fools into Compliance by bringing them to poverty. The Poor will die this year faster than the Rich, because there is a Hundred of the one, to one of the other. The Fingers of Envy will pick out the Eyes of many a Mans Reputation, and the Affections of Women will be as easily gain'd and as hardly preserv'd as ever. To be plain, I believe we shall have much such another World on't, as we had last Year, and so, I suppose we shall not differ in opinion.

T H E
London-Spy.

P A R T XII.

A Description of a Famous Coffee-House in Aldersgate-Street; and how he engaged an Auctioneer there. A wonderful Relation of a Pleasant Gentleman. A Description of the Spitting, Roasting and Eating of a whole Side of an Ox at the Kings-Head-Tavern at Chancery-Lane-End; with a Copy of Verses to the Vintner. A Description of the City-Triumphs on the Lord-Mayors Day.

HAVING heard of a fam'd Coffee-house in Aldersgate-street, where Doctors of the Body, who study *Machiavel* much more than *Hippocrates*, Metamorphose themselves into State Politicians; and the slippery Tongue, of thoughtless *Mechanicks*, undertake to Expound the Mysteries of Scripture, by the Power of Grace without Learning; We were willing to refresh our Intellects with their improving Discourses; in which, tho' we had but little Expectancy of discovering much of the *Innocency of the Dove*, yet we had some hopes of Inspecting a little further into the *Subtlety of the Serpent*. Thither accordingly we steer'd our Course, and enter'd th Ancient Fabrick, by Antiquity made Venerable, whose Inside was lin'd with as great a Number of *Geneva* Christians, as if they were met to Sign some Canting Address to Cheat the Government into

into a good Opinion of their Loyalty, whose Zeal to the *Good old Cause* was so Legible in their Looks, as if they had Contracted their Faces into Lines and Shrivels by looking awry upon *Monarchy*. Some were very highly extolling the *Dutch Government*; setting forth the *Freedom* and *Prosperity* of all such People who flourish under the happy Constitution of a *Common-Wealth*. Others Commending the Conduct of all Affairs under the Protector-ship of *Cromwell*; and how far the Felicity of the Nation in those Days, Exceeded the Present Happiness of the Kingdom, so much Boasted of by the Blind Lovers of *Kingly-Power* and *Episcopacy*. At last up starts a bundle of Verbosity, who I had seen often at a *Coffee-house* near the *Court of Requests*, tho' never here before, to my Remembrance, notwithstanding I have gone frequently to the House; He is not Tall enough to be a *Compleat Man*, nor short enough to be a *Monkey*, having more Mercury in his Head, than there is in a *Weather-Glass*. His Tongue began to flutter about his Month, like a wild Bird trepan'd into a Cage; spitting out as much Venom against *Monarchy*, as ever was Spew'd up after a full *Stomach* at a *Calves-Head-Feast*. His Voice is as untunable when he Speaks, as the Screaking of a Countrey Sign in a high Wind; that were a Blind-Man to hear him Talk, he might easily mistake the sound to be the Whining of some Puppy that wants the *Dug* in his Dams Absence. He has one Rhetorical Excellency which becomes him wonderfully, He will assert a Falsity to be Truth with as Graceful an Impudence, as ever *Salamanca-Saviour* of our Lives and Liberties did, when he affirm'd Don John of *Austria* to be a Tall Black Man, who was quite opposite to the Description. He is one who will never own himself in the Wrong, and yet is never in the Right; but takes as much Pleasure in the Justification of a
Lye,

Lye, as if he was Cut out by Nature to be a Plot-Evidence. What commonly he Reports is as distinguishable from Truth, as Copper is from Gold: Yet nothing does he bear with more Impatience than Contradiction. He has got the Secret History of King *Charles* and King *James*; also *Imago Regis*, and some other Fam'd Pieces of the *Doctor's* Scurriosity, by Heart; and has acquir'd from thence as rare a Knack of railing against Kings, Justifying the Martyrdom of King *Charles*, and Blackening the Race of the *Stewarts*, as if he was at first a *Maggot* bred in one of *Shaftsbury's* T——ds, and afterwards became a *Wasp* with a Natural Propensity to Sting and Wound the Memory of so Unfortunate a Family. I thought it so Ungrateful to any Charitable Ear, to hear a Rattle-Headed *Prattle-Box* set up to Reform the Church, New Model the Government, and Calumniate the Best of Princes, that I no longer could forbear giving him such a reproof, as I thought so vain a Babler did in Justice deserve; which he so highly resented, that he grew as hot as a Botchers Goose, to press down the Nitty Seams of an Old Doublet; that I fear'd he would have burst out into such an Ungovernable Flame, which nothing would have quench'd but a Good Cudgel. My Friend and I, gave him no time to Cool, but still fed his Passion with a supply of sharp Reflections on his past Talk, till we had spur'd him at last to such a pitch of Madness, that he boild up into such a Ridiculous Froth, as render'd him a Laughing Stock to the whole Company; boasting, what Interest he had in the *Parliament-House*, and how many *Ay's* or *No's*, were ready to serve him upon all just Occasions. We found our selves Obliged to Prosecute our Undertaking to the utmost; for we had reason to believe, if we had laid down the Scourge, he would have taken it up, and have us'd it

it against us, with much less Modesty, and more Barbarity: So that being once engag'd, we were forc'd in our own Defence to pursue the Battle to a Compleat Victory, which with much difficulty we obtain'd, that he leap'd up from his Seat, and ran away; Branding us as he went out, with the Name of *Papists*, for no other Cause, but that we would not suffer him to rail without Reason, Talk Nonsense without Reproof, and tire the Ears of the whole Company with nothing but Malicious Invectives against the Pious Martyr, and his Sons; whose Names are too Sacred, as being Princes, for the Utterance of so Vile a Tongue.

As soon as he was gone, I was Desirous of knowing what this Carcase-ful of Spleen, Ignorance, and Ill-Nature could be; and to satisfy my Curiosity, I enquir'd of a Gentleman that sat next me, who discover'd by his Talk he had some Knowledge of him, and he told me, the chief of his Business was to sell Pictures by *Auction*. *Nay*, says my Friend, if he be an *Auctioneer*, he's the more Excusable; for Cozening and Lying, are the two most Necessary Talents of his Profession; and I'll warrant you, he puts 'em both in Practice, as often as he has Opportunity, because he would not willingly Lose 'em, for want of Using.

*Lyars their Odious Talents often Show,
That they by Practice more expert may Grow:
So Knaves and Needles, on this Point agree,
The more they're us'd, the sharper still they be.*

As my Friend and I, were reflecting between ourselves upon some of the Insolent Expressions of our Shatter-brain'd *Renegado*, a Merry Pleasant-Look'd Gentleman step'd into the *Coffee-House*, sits down, and whilst he was filling a Pipe of Tobacco, Entertain'd the Company with this following Intelligence, of

a remarkable Breakfast provided by a Generous Vintner, on Tuesday the 24th. in Order to Treat his Guests on the following Thursday Morning, upon which Day, all Customers should be Free to Feast their Bellies, and *You're welcome Gentlemen*; so that as yet had only seen it Raw, an Account of which he gave us in a Witty Dialect, after a Comical manner, which I will Endeavour to Imitate, in hopes to Divert the Reader.

Gentlemen, says he, *I have seen such a Sight to day, would make a Spaniard change his Pace, and turn his Stately steps into a Dog-Trot, to run after it; or make a Dutchman in surprise, pluck his Hands out of his Pockets, and hold 'em up, like an Englishman going to be Hang'd, to Praise the God of Plenty for Blessing his greedy Eyes with so wonderful a Feast; or put a Frenchman into as great Amazement, as the Snow did the Bantam Ambassador, and make his whole Body move with admiration, like a German piece of Clock-work.* And, Pray Sir, says a Grave Gentleman that sat by, *What would it make an Englishman do, Nothing? Yes Sir, answered the other, it would make an Englishman Whet his Knife, if it were Drest, and fall on without Grace, and stuff his Belly till it was as hard as a Foot-Ball, before he would Rise from the Table.* But, Sir, says the Old Gentleman, *You'll forget, I am afraid, to tell us what it was; we want to know that, Sir.* Why, Sir, says he, *Then I'll tell you, It was a piece of Roasting Beef, but of such an extraordinary size that Ten Men might Ride upon't, without Incommoding themselves any other Way, than by Greasing of their Breeches; and but turn it on its Back, and it would carry as many Peeple within-side, as a Graves-End-Wherry; it was the whole Length of a Huge, Large, Long, Lincolnshire Ox, Fed up from a Calf upon all Long Grass, that he might grow the Longer. There were no Scales at the Custom-House big enough to weigh it; they were forc'd to Drive it down to Wapping in a Cart, and weigh*

weigh it by an Anchor Smith's Stilleyards, where they weigh their Anchors, to discover the true Weight; it proving upon exact Computation to be Four-hundred and Fifteen Pound; which Magnificent Piece of Beef, notwithstanding its Ponderosity, will certainly, on a Day appointed, by some strong Jaw'd Men of the Law be taken up by the Teeth, without the assistance of the Southwark-Sampson, who breaks Carmens Ribs with a Hug, snaps Cables like a Twine Thread, and draws Dray-Horses upon their Arses, with as much Ease as a Westphalia Hog can Crack a Cocoa-Nut? But, Pray Sir, says Mr. Inquisitive, How did they get it Home to the Tavern? The Gentleman reply'd, It was Kill'd in Butcher-Hall Lane, and remov'd from thence, by the Assistance of as many Butchers walking under it, as there are Porters under a Pageant upon a Lord-Mayors-Day; some of the Bloody Fraternity walking before, with their Cleavers mounted on their Shoulders, as so many Maces; and thus they Convey'd it Home in as much Triumph, as if it had been a Lord-Mayor, going to Persecute the Bakers; attended with as many Mob, as the Victualers Corps that Lay in State, when he was carry'd to be Buried with a Drawn Sword upon his Coffin, instead of double Chalk, and a Tap-Tub. Pray Sir, said I, Where is this Leviathan of Beef to be devour'd, that a Man may go view this Gluttonous Prodigy, before the Cooks have mangled it out of all shape, with their Bucks-Horn Handled Scimitars? Why, Sir, says he, At the Kings-Head Tavern at Chancery-Lane-End, where at this time the Honestest Vintner in London Lives; where the best Wine in England is to be Drank, and the stateliest piece of Beef in Christendom is to be Roasted.

Our Pipes being out, tho' we Imagin'd he might Illustrate the Story, Sir Harry Blunt like, with some few Advantages; yet we Believ'd in the main there was something in it worth our Inspection. Upon which, we determin'd to Adjourn to the Tavern, where the Gentleman Reported this Extravagant Breakfast was to be Eaten. T. Accor-

Accordingly we discharg'd our Reckoning, and made our *Exit*, and being Spur'd on with the Conceit of this Amusing Whim, as the Gentleman had render'd it by his Diverting Account, we stumbled along o'er the Pebble Stones, as fast as a *Penny-Post-Man*, or a *Temple-Student* with a Bill into the City to Receive his Quarterage, till we came to the Door of this happy Mansion; which, according to the Report we heard, abounded with those Delights were in other Taverns very difficult to be found: But met with such Crowds in Opposition, some striving for Entrance, and others for an *Exit*, that we were forc'd to struggle as hard for our Admittance, as a couple of Be-Lated *Beaus* do to squeeze into the Pit, when the Girl is to Sing a New Bawdy Song, or *Dogget in Love for Love*, is to Play *Son Benjamin*; but at last, with no small striving, we shot the Entry into a Pav'd Yard, where we waited as long for a Sight of the Demi-Carcase of the Beast, as a Gentleman in Adversity does for the Sight of a Great Man, when his Business is to Beg a Favour, or put him in Mind of a Promise he never intended to perform. At last, in the Interchange of Comers and Goers, we slippt into the Kitchen, where about a Dozen of the most Eminent *Jack-Winders* in *Fleet-street*; some in their Night-Caps and White-Aprons, like *Heathen Priests* going to Kill the Sacrifice; others with their Sweaty Hair ty'd back in a Black Lint Garter, that it might not hang in their Light, and hinder them in the Performance of the difficult Task they had undertaken, which was to Spit this unweildy Monster, with such Mathematical Judgment, that it should run round by the help of a *Turnspit* with as true a Poise, as the Sail of a Windmill in a fresh Gale: After they in vain had Wounded the Back of Beef in sundry Places, either an *Ach-Bone*, a *Cbine-Bone*, a *Blade-Bone*, or a *Rib*, standing in their way, still deny'd

ny'd Entrance to their Massy Weapon, that they Puff'd and Blow'd like so many *Custom-House* Porters Lifting at a *Wooll-Pack*; at last sitting down like a Jury of Inquest over a Dead Corps, they began to consult of some new Measures, to force this Stubborn piece of Mans-Meat into a Submission of being Roasted: At last one of the Burgeses of the *Dripping-Pan* starts up, and wisely made this Motion to the rest of the Greazy Brotherhood, *My Honest Friends and Neighbours, since we the Professors of, and Well-Wishers to the Noble Art of Cookery, are Assembled together in our proper Element the Kitchen, upon this Solemn Occasion, let us not be Baffled by the Back-Bone of an Ox, but let us stir up our Brains with the Fire-Fork of Understanding, and by the Flame of Reason give fresh Light to our Judgments, that we may see to Spit this Pack-Saddle of Beef, or the Reflections of the Town will put us all upon the Rack, and every sawcy Jack will tumble our Reputation into the Dripping-Pan. I therefore declare my Opinion is, That we forthwith send for my Neighbour Knockdowdy the Smith and his Man Thump, and by the Assistance of them and their Sledges, we may Compleat our Task, in as little time as a Man may Boil an Egg, or melt a Pound of Butter. Just as the whole Society of Lick-Fingers, had with great Applause very highly approv'd of their Brother Skimpot's Advice, who should Crowd into the Cooks Territories, but a Carpenter Arm'd with a huge Mallet, as if Providence had sent him purposely to their Assistance, who undertook to do more Work with his Wooden Weapon at one Blow, than all the Cholerick Company of Unthinking Bunglers, were able to do with their United Strength without him. This Speech gave 'em fresh Courage, so that every Epicureans Minlon, started up as Nimble to his Business, as a Master of Anatomy at Surgeons-Hall to a Dissection, instead of the Spitting of a Dead Carcase.*

The Underlings of the Sweating Tribe were appointed to sharpen *Broomstaves*; the Vintner having that Day broke all the *Kent-street* Merchants, who came by the Door, that the Handles of their Ware might be poin-red into *Skewers* for his Beef, and the Broom be Bound up into Brushes, not to Sell to his Customers, but to kindle that *Mountainous Aetna*, at which this more astonishing Breakfast than ever was seen in *Helio-gabalus's* Kitchen, was to be Roasted.

When with the Industry of all the *Culinarian-Crew* they had made a Thorough-Fare for the Spit, from the Right Buttock of the Beast to the left Shoulder of the Non-resisting Morsel, such Acclamations of Joy were Belch'd up by the Greasy Undertakers, as would have dash'd a Mob out of Countenance, that Yelp out their Huzza's at a *Gun-Powder-Treason Bonfire*; and he that was the chief Leader of the Knights of the *Frying-Pan*, strutted about the Kitchen with his Arms on Kimbo, Puffing and Swelling, like *Drawcan-sir*, in the Rehearsal, after, with his own single Hand, he had Slain a whole Army; Crying out with a Majestical Voice, 'Tis Done! 'Tis Done! *The Mighty Deed is Done!* Which Words were no sooner spoke, but in comes *Raggoe-Raicy*, and after him a Neighbouring Brother Sloven, chief President of the *Slap-Dabs*, who seeing the Noble Duke of *Carnis Bubalinæ* truss'd up to his good Behaviour on a Spit, containing as much Iron as, by Computation, would have made a Sheet Anchor for one of *Julius Cæsar's* first Rates, when the whole Fleet Rid in *Holborn Ditch*, upon his Landing in *London*, fell into such a wonderful Rage, to think they should be so slighted, and not have timely Summons to appear at so great a Solemnity, but lose the Reputation of having any thing to do in so remarkable an Adventure in their own proper Business, falling both into a mighty Passion, with the Master of the House, *One Vowing Revenge to the Vintners for his Sake,*

Sake, and that he would put no more Sack in his Puddings for a Twelvemonth: The other swearing, for ought he knew, he would use no more Claret in Fish-Sawce, as long as he Liv'd, but would make the *Knaves* as humble to a Cook, as a *Tip-staff* is to a *Lord-Chief-Justice*, if every *Brother Coquus* was but of his Mind, for the great Indignity he had put upon the Profession, by Neglecting to Invite, not only two such Neighbours and Customers, but Men so Eminent in the Generation they Live in, for Conquering all difficulties in the Noble Art of Cookery; who had Spit so many *Chines*, *Barons*, *Sides*, and *Sirloins*, and not to be at the Spitting at his Grace the *Duke*, when he had so just a Title to be present at the Action: Well, it was such an affront, that if they had him but at Home in either of their own Kitchens, they would Roast-him, and Toast-him, and Tumble him about in the *Dripping-Pan*, till they had made him a Greasy Sop, fit for the Devils Eating. Having thus vented their Passions, they both look'd Bluff upon the Bar, and turn'd out of the House in as Splenetick an humour, as if a *Sawce-Pan* of Butter had run to Oyl, the *Venison-Pasty* been over Bak'd, or the *Fat* fall'n into the Fire.

The chief Operator and his Assistants, who were so very Joyful they at last had overcome the greatest of their difficulty, like Prudent Artificers, began now to Examine the Truth of their Work, and try whether it was pois'd with that Exactness as was Necessary, for the Ease of the *Turn-spit*; but found, like Notable Conjurors, that one Side was just as much too Heavy by as many Pound as t'other was too Light; which was no way to be Remedied, but by Chipping and Paring, till they had brought 'em to an Equality; which by that time they had Cut off as many Slivers as amounted to the Weight of about Fifty Pound, was finish'd effectually with great Gladness and Applause.

Beef-stakes, we now observ'd, were as plenty about House, as Yolks of Eggs in Brewing-time; which Encourag'd us, notwithstanding the Hurry, to sit down in the Kitchen, and take share of the Superfluity, and also over our Flask to take Notice of the divers Humours, and Various Sentiments of the Numerous Spectators, who flock'd in and out as fast to behold the Novelty, as if it had been the Corps of an Old Woman laid in State, that had Hang'd herself for Love of a Young Fellow of five and twenty. Amongst the rest, in came an Old Gentleman, who look'd as Grave as a *Modern Philosopher* in the Laboratory of an *Alchymist*; and that he might take a more satisfactory Survey of this Uncommon Eatable, which look'd as frightful upon the Spit, as the *Flying-Dragon* upon St. George's Spear, when he Rescu'd the Damsel from the Teeth and Talons of the furious Monster. After he had fumbled as long in his Pockets, as a *Hypocrite* does to find a Farthing for a *Beggar*, he at last pulls out his Artificial Peepers, which he mounted upon the Handle of his Face, that the wonderful Object might be thereby render'd the more Conspicuous to his Sight; round which he walk'd with as much Circumspection, as ever a prying *Virtuoso* did round a Glass *Bee-bive*, to observe how the Winged Labourers work their *Honey-Combs*; telling the *Ribs*, measuring the *Length*, with his Crutch-headed Cane, guessing at the *Weight*, turning up the *Rump*, as the *Monkey* did the *Cats Tail*, when he ran the Spiggot in her *Fundament*, and holding up his Hands like a *Belly-Saint*, Craving a Blessing upon his Food, he broke out into this Joyful Rapture, *Look ye, d'ye see, Gentlemen, on the t'other hand, it may be, we are the happiest Nation in the World; for let us but Consider: D'ye hear me, what a Blessing of Providence it is as a Man may say, that such a Glorious Sight as this, that is a Glorious Sight, I say, is to be seen amongst us*

aft er

after so long a War ; That let me tell you, had it continu'd till now, such a piece of Beef as this, without great Mercy, would have been a much more Graceful Sight than the Fattest Alderman in London : Then fell a Laughing at his Jest, till he brought himself into a Fit of the Pthifick, which put a Period to his Learned Oration.

The next Spectator that was worth our Notice, was a kind of a Captain Bluster, who was so Brimfull of Oaths, that he run over like a Southwark-Ditch at a Spring-Tide; and, I am apt to believe, were his Bottom to be fathom'd, he would prove as Filthy. Why a Pox, says he to one of the Drawers, was your Master such a Fool to have the Head cut off, which would have been so great a Grace to your Pack-Saddle Monster, that I'll warrant you, there's never a Cuckold in Town but what wou'd have had a Peep at him? The Reason Sir, says the Drawer, that my Master had it Cut off was, because the Range is not long enough to Roast it. Cats Nouns, says the Gentleman, your Cooks are all Blockheads, for they might have trust it as short with the Head on, as 'tis now without it. How Sir? says the Master of the Roast, with great Indignation, I have been a Student in the Art of Cookery above this Twenty Years, and I do affirm Sir, that what you say is impossible. Then do I say, reply'd the Gentleman, that thou art a meer Cods-Head of a Cook, and I can tell thee which way it may be done presently, if the Head had been on. I'll hold you Sir, says the Cook, the Price of the Beef to a Pound of Kitchen-Stuff, if the Head had been on, it must have requir'd so much the Longer Fire to have Roasted it. No, no, says the Gentleman, it had been but Jointing the Neck, and you might have brought the Head round, and have stuck one of the Horns thro' the Body, as you do the Bill of a Wood-Cock; what think you of that, Domine Coquus? Esaieth Master, says he, I did not think of that; now you have put it in my Head, I don't question but I could have done it; but what should

we have done with the Horn that was next to the Fire? For that, says he, would have hung upon the Range, and stopt the going of the Meat. That, says the Gentleman, I Design for the Cooks Fees. At which, the Company fell into a Laughter, which kindled such a Fire in the Cooks Countenance, that his Looks were almost sufficient to have Scalded the Company out of the Kitchen.

By this time we had Eat a Stake, and Drunk up our Flask of Wine, and being quite tired with the Cook's Clutter, the Confusion of Tongues, the Hurry of the House, and other Inconveniences, that always attend such Publick Novelties; We adjourn'd to our own Homes, in order to dispatch some Domestic Business, which with reposing Nature, took us up our time till Thursday Morning, upon which day this Liberal Entertainment was to be in a Roasted Readiness to Oblige the Guests.

When the Morning came, my Friend and I, having a great desire to discover what an Attractive Influence such a Magnificent Piece of Beef had upon the Stomachs of this Town, we resolv'd not to lose the Opportunity of Gratifying our Palates, as well as Feasting our Eyes, and come in for our share of the Benefit, as well as the rest of the Town Epicures; and that we might also the better inform our selves, how the Whim took amongst those Tipling Gudgeons, for whom the alluring Bait was in chief design'd. When we came to the Door, we had more difficulty to get Admittance than we had before; for as many People were Crowding to see it at the Fire, as there were to see the Ox Roasted upon the Ice. When we had squee's'd side-ways thro' the Entry, with as much Pains as a Fat Man takes to shove his Guts thro' a narrow Turn-stile, we got into the Yard, where such a Litter of Drawers were scampering from Cellar to Bar, and from Bar to Company,

Company, that it was difficult to believe, the whole House could have entertain'd Guests sufficient to have requir'd such a Number of Attendance; as many Bells rattling at a time as o'er a *Green-Birds-Cage*, when the Feather'd *Animal* (tho' it hates a *Cat*) Rings *Whittington*; the Servants all Puffing and Blowing like Grey-hounds after a Course, sweating like a Couple of Chairmen in the *Dog-Days*, who had just set down a Bulky Nobleman. The Kitchen being now as hot as *Guinea* at Noon-day, we concluded there we should be best Attended, being near the *Bar*, and the least incommoded for want of Room, could we but reconcile our Bodies to the extraordinary Heat, which we thought we could more easily endure, than many other Inconveniencies we should have found elsewhere. Accordingly, we ventur'd into the Kitchen, which at first Entrance, seem'd hot enough to have Bak'd a *Custard* in the middle of it, but seating our selves at a convenient distance from the Fire, and where we drew in a little Cool Breath at a Back-Door, we found our selves well settled in a pretty moderate Climate. The poor Carcase of the Beast was by this time so Lamentably Mangled by the Cuts and Slashes of the broiling Carvers, that had Sir *Courtly Nice*, or my Lady *Squeamish*, been to have taken a View of the Roasting Rarity, they would scarce have Long'd to have been Partakers of the Feast; for the Shoulders and the Ribs were soon stripp'd as bare of their flesh as if the *Tower-Lyons*, or the *Tyger*, had been just at Breakfast on't; and the Buttock and more fleshey parts, were Cut and Digg'd so full of holes and furrows, that it look'd as Disfigur'd as the Carcase of a Goose, after a couple of Tun-belly'd *Church Wardens* have had the Picking on't: Yet the Poor *Anatomy* Cock'd his Tail, as he run round upon the Spit, like *Ralph's Dobbin* in a full Gallop; the Turn-spit so discolour'd

discolour'd with Sweat, Soot, Smoak and Ashes, that both him and his Cookery look'd as if one Devil was Roasting of another, letting fall so fast the greazy Tears, as if it was an Emulation between both, who should afford the most Dripping; the Cook and his Attendants were so very busie about the Carcase of the Beast, that every Round it took, it was at least two or three Pound the lighter.

By this time a Generous Plateful of the Good Creature was brought as a Present to my Friend and I, with all the rest of the Appurtenances at once, without the Trouble of calling; which encouraged our Appetites, and gave us a better liking to our Treat; which in Justice I must say, according to the old *English* way of praising Beef, was as *Rich, Fat, Young, Well-fed, Delicious Meat*, as ever was taken into the Mouth, masticated between the Teeth, and swallow'd into the Belly of a true *English-man*. By that time we had made an end of our Plentiful Commons, the Bones of the whole Carcase were par'd as clean as the sharp Whetted Weapons of the Blunt Dissectors could well Pick 'em, insomuch that the Vintner found himself under a Necessity of sending for two *Barons* more, or half his Guests would have been disappointed of their Breakfast. For the *Temp-lers* whose Business call'd them to *Westminster*, omitted their Accustomary Eating of *Roast-Beef in Hell*, and came Roaring in Crowds with such Devilish Stomachs, which the Exercise of their Lungs in the Hall, had made Insatiate as their Consciences; their Tongues, as fast as they came in, Pleading very hard in the Behalf of their Bellies, that nothing was heard but *Beef, Beef, Beef*, Threatning to Run all to the Devil presently, if the Master did not retain 'em speedily, by greasing their Stomachs as well as their Hands, with a Present of his Fat *Opsoniam*, which he Promised 'em to do with all imaginable Expedition, and so Pacified 'em with
good

good Words, till the next was Roasted. Having now well fraughted the Hold of our Vessels, with excellent Food, and delicious Wine, at a small Expence, we Scribbled these following Lines with *Chalk* upon the Wall, so took our Departure from thence, and steer'd our course to a more Temperate Climate.

*To speak but the Truth of my Honest Friend Ned,
The best of all Vintners that ever God made;
He's free of his Beef, and as free of his Bread,
And Washes both down with a Glass of rare Red,
That tops all the Town, and Commands a good Trade,
Such Wine as will chear up the Drooping Kings-Head;
And brisk up the Soul, tho' our Body's half Dead,
He Scorns to Draw Bad, as he hopes to be Paid:
And now his Name's up he may e'en lie a Bed;
For he'll get an Estate, there's no more to be said.*

Considering Coffee to be a Liquor that sits most easie upon Wine, we thought it the best way to Check the aspiring Fumes of the most Christian Juice by an *Antichristian* Dose of *Mahometan* Loblolly, and to hear what News the Grizly Trumpeters of Fame's Reports, had rak'd up together from Credulous Noddles; Who hear without *Attention*, believe without *Reason*, and affirm without *Probability*. Accordingly we went into a great Coffee-House by the Temple-Gate, where a parcel of Grave Men, were thickening the Air with the Fumes of their *Nicotianian* Weed; we sat down amongst the rest of 'em, most of the Company, we observ'd, being as choice of their Words, as a Miser is of his Treasure; each seeming as loth to open his Mouth, as the other is his Cabinet, which made me think they had either something extraordinary in 'em, that they lock'd up in *Pythagorian* Silence; or else, that they were

a parcel of Cunning Fools, who having a Sense of their Infirmitics, were unwilling by their talking to discover their Ignorance: At last comes in an old *News-Hound*, who in Hunting after Intelligence, was at a great Loss, and enquir'd of the rest, if any stragling News had come that way. *News*, reply'd, a Jolly Red-Fac'd old Toper, *We have News enough, I think, to Comfort the Hearts of the whole City in the Days of Affliction: We may Remember when the Government of our Metropolis was fallen into the Hands of the Double refin'd Christians, the Honour of the City and the Grandure of the Mayoralty dwindled into the very Socket of Dissention, which extinguish'd the Ancient Glories of our Noble Town, and made 'em appear but a meer Snuff half drown'd in the Tallow of Hypocrisie; but since Providence has restor'd the Church to the Chair, We see every succeeding Lord-Mayor gives us greater Instances of a General Regard to the Publick Welfare; who instead of the Severe Execution of the Laws upon poor Wretches, who are already by their Miseries made the Objects of Pity, rather than of Punishment, extend their Charity to the Releasment, as well as Relief, of Prisoners; and give Succour to the Distressed, Fatherless and Widows, instead of Uncharitable Confinement, and Unreasonable Correction, to those Poor Mendicants who have not above Nine-pence or Twelve-pence a Week from the Parish, without Begging, to keep 'em from Starving. Besides, says he, Authority we see rightly given into the Hands of those Persons who have just Title to Receive and Execute the same, by being truly Qualified as the Laws require, prevent the Ignorant from Dissenting from the Church, and Alienating their Obedience from the true Worship of God, as well as from their Sovereign Princes, which Power given into the Hands of Dissenting Magistrates, hath at all times Encourag'd: When the Sword was carry'd to the Meeting-house how Empty were the Churches, and Numerous the Congregations of the Saints? But since*

since the Magistracy of the City is given on the Right-side, who much better deserve it, the Churches are every where as full, as if true Christianity of Late, by the Industry of our Clergy, and Care of our Magistrates, had been greatly Advanc'd; and the Assemblies of the Over-Righteous, are grown so very thin, that it is verily Believ'd, if things succeed as they begin, the Dancing-Masters about this Town may in little-time have Choice of Good Schools, at more Reasonable Rates than ever: And that, I think, Boys, is much better News, than to see Paul's Church as empty as a Saturdays Change, and the Meeting House as full as Westminster Hall in an Issuable Term. Most of the Company agreeing rightly with the Old Gentlemans Sentiments, Applauded him very highly for expressing his Affections to the Establish'd Church. This serious Speech of the old Cavaliers, was a Key to the Hearts of all the rest, who began, after one had open'd, like a Pack of true Beagles at full Cry, to Hunt down the Churches Enemies with all imaginable Speed; all expressing so Venerable a Character of the present Lord-Mayor, that few Magistrates have Deserv'd, and scarce any Enjoy'd; so highly Extolling him for his great Charity towards the poor Prisoners, and many other Commendable Acts of Hospitality; which has deservedly rais'd him to so high an Esteem among all Good Christians, that if no Mismanagement of his own, nor Calumny thrown by the Hands of Envy, shall futurely fally his Reputation, when he resigns his Office he will leave behind him so worthy a Pattern of Authority, that will be a Puzzling Task for his Successors, tho' brave Men, to imitate.

*If any shall say want of Manners or Sense,
Have made me this Caution intrude;
I justly may urge, to excuse the Offence,
To be Moral is not to be Rude.*

Who ever

*Whoever to Popular Praises Aspire,
Must do't by much Trouble and Cost;
Tho' a very good Name is so hard to acquire,
Yet nothing's so easily Lost.*

*The Turns and the Changes of Fame and of Fate,
Is to no Mortal Power Fore-known,
May raise us to Day, by Good-means to be Great,
Yet to Morrow may tumble us down.*

*May therefore your Prudence and Conduct be such,
To add new Applause to your Name;
And raise such Esteem that no Envy can touch,
Or Malice deservedly Blame.*

Having now wasted our time till about Nine at Night, we thought it a reasonable Hour to take leave of the *Coffee-House*, and repair to our own Lodgings, where my Business engag'd to continue close, till the Triumphs of the City call'd me to make one of the Innumerable Multitude of Gaping Spectators. When the Morning came, that my *Lord-Mayor* and his Attendants were to take their Amphibious Journey to *Westminster-Hall*, where his *Lordship* according to the Custom of his Ancestors, was by a Kiss of *Calves-Leather*, to make a fair promise to his Majesty, I equip'd my Carcase in order to bear with little Damage, the Husses and Affronts, of the Mannerly *Mobility*, of whose wild Pastimes and unlucky Attacks, I had no little Apprehension; and when my Friend and I, had thus carefully Shelter'd our selves under our Ancient *Drabdeberries*, against their dirty Assaults, we ventur'd to move towards *Cheap-side*, where I thought the Triumphs would be most Visible, and the Rabble most Rude, looking upon the Mad Frolicks and Whimsies of the Latter, to be altogether
as

as Diverting, (provided a Man takes Care of the Danger) as the Solemn Grandure and Gravity of the Former. When I came to the End of *Blow-Bladder-Street*, I saw such a Crowd before my Eyes, that I could scarce forbear thinking the very Stones of the Street, by the Harmony of their *Drums* and *Trumpets*, were Metamorphos'd into *Men, Women, and Children*; the Balconies were hung with old *Tapsterry*, and *Turkey-work Table-Cloaths*, for the cleanly Leaning of the Ladies, with whom they were chiefly fill'd, which the Mob had soon Pelted into so Dirty a Condition, with their Kennel Ammunition, that some of them look'd as Nasty, as the Cover-Cloth of a *Led-Horse*, that had Travel'd from *St. Margates* to *London*, in the midst of *Winter*; the Ladies at every Volley quitting their Post, and Retreating into their Dining Rooms, as Safer Garisons to defend them from the Assaults of their Mischievous Enemies; some Fretting at their Daub'd Scarfs, like a Godly old Woman that had dropt her Bible in the Dirt, Sing'd her *High Crown'd-Hat*, or broke her *Spectacles*; others wiping their *New Commodes*, which they had Bought on purpose to Honour his *Lordship*, expressing as much Anger in their Looks, as a disappointed *Bride*, or a *Dutch Housewife*, when an *Englishman* has Blow'd his Nose in her Parlour; the Windows of each House, from the Top to the Bottom, being stuff'd with Heads, Pil'd one upon another, like Skulls in a *Charnel-House*, all gazing at the Lobcocks in their Coney-Skin Pontificallibusses, with as much Intention, as if an *Indian Prophetess* had been Riding thro' the City, upon the Back of a *Tiger*. Whilst my Friend and I were thus staring at the Spectators much more than the Show, the Pageants were advanc'd within our View, and such a Tide of Mob overflow'd the Place we stood in, that the Women cry'd out for Room, the Children for Breath, and

and every Man, whether Citizen or Foreigner, strove very hard for his Freedom; for my own part, I thought my Intrails would have come out of my Mouth, and I should have gone shotten Home, I was so closely Imprisoned between the Bums and Bellies of the Multitude, that I was almost squeez'd as flat as a Napkin in a Press, and would have joyn'd with the Rabble to have cry'd *Liberty, Liberty*. In this Pageant was a Fellow, Riding a Cock-Horse upon a *Lyon*, but without either *Boots* or *Spurs*; as if intended by the Projector, to shew how the Citizens Ride to *Epsom* on a *Saturday-Night*, to bear their Wives Company till *Monday Morning*.

*Or else to let the Hen-peck'd Cuckolds know,
A Lyon's Tam'd more easie than a Shrow.*

At the Base of the Pedestal were seated four Figures, representing, according to my most Rational Conjecture, the four Principal *Vices* of the City viz. *Fraud*, *Usury*, *Seeming Sanctity* and *Hypocrisie*: As soon as this was past, the Industrious Rabble, who hate Idleness, had procur'd a dead Cat, whose wreaking Puddings hung dangling from her torn Belly, cover'd all-over with *Dirt*, *Blood* and *Nastiness*, in which pickle she was handed about by the Babes of Grace, as an Innocent Diversion; every now and then being toss'd into the Face of some gaping Booby or other; and made him look of as delicate a Complexion, as if his Cheeks had been Painted between a *Tom-T——Man* and a *Chimney-Sweeper*. By that time this sport had gone a little about, Crying out no *Squibs* no *Squibs*; another Pageant approach'd us, wherein an old Fellow sat in a Blue Gown, dress'd up like a Countrey School-Master, only he was Arm'd with a *Sytbe* instead of a *Birch-Rod*, by which I understood this figure represented *Time*, which was design'd

sign'd, as I suppose, to put the City in mind how apt they are to abuse the old Gentleman, and not dispose him to such Good Uses as the Laws of God, and the Laws of Man require, but trifle their time away, in those three Vanities, which were represented by the three Figures under the Dome, *viz. Falsehood, Pride, and Incontinency*, which are chiefly owing to the other four Figures, at the Angles, representing, as I suppose, the Cities *Imprudence, Impatience, Intemperance, and Inhumanity*; when this Pageant was pass'd the Ingenious Rabble, had got a Leathern Apron, which they tyed full of *Sirreverence*, as hard as a *Foot-Ball*, and afterwards prick'd it full of Holes with a *Taylor's Bodkin*, then flung it from one to another, it spewing it's Excrement thro' Illet-holes, upon every Body it met with; the Mob, crying out, when it had hit any Body, *All Honey, all Honey*,. By that time the *Plebeian Gentry* had Diverted themselves about a Quarter of an Hour with this their *Odoriferous Sweet-Bag*, A third Pageant was advanc'd forward, which appear'd to the Sight much Richer than the rest, the chief Figure in it, Representing, as I imagin'd, a Lady of Pleasure, being Drest in much Costlier Robes, than the other Female Representatives; which may serve to let the City know, that *Whores* in this Wicked Age, to the great Dishonour of Vertue, wear richer Apparel at the Expence of their Keepers, than Honest Women; and those three Maids that attend her, as her Servants, signifie the *Pride* of a *Concubine*, who will not be Content without three Servants, when the Lawful Wife perhaps must be glad of one; and those four Figures that are plac'd Beneath the rest, signifie the sad Calamities that attend the Conversation of Lewd Women, *viz. Pox, Poverty, Shame, and the Gallows*. This Pageant is chiefly Dedicated to the *London-Prentices*, at the Charge of the Society for Reformation.

In every Interval between Pageant and Pageant, the Mob had still a new Project to put on Foot. By this time they had got a piece of Cloth of a Yard or more Square, this they dipt in the Kennel, till they had made it fit for their purpose, then tost it about, it expanding it self in the Air, and falling upon the Heads of two or three at once, made 'em look like so many *Bearer*s under a *Pall*, every one Lugging a several way to get it off his Head, oftentimes falling together by the Ears about plucking off their *Cover-flut*. By that time 40 or 50 of the heedless Spectators were made as Dirty as so many *Scavengers*, the Fourth Pageant was come up, which was a most Stately, Rich, and Noble Chariot, made of *Slit-Deal* and *Past-Board*, and in it sitting a Woman Representing (as I Fancy) the *Whore* of *Babylon*, drawn by two *Goats*, signifying her Lust; and upon the Backs of them two Figures Representing *Jealousie* and *Revenge*, her Attendance importing the Miseries that follow her; and the *Kettle-Drums* and *Trumpets* serve to show that wheresoe'er she comes 'tis with Terror and Amazement,

The Rabble having chang'd their Sport to a new Scene of Unluckiness, had got a *Bullocks-Horn*, which they fill'd with Kennel-Water, and pour'd it down Peoples Necks, and into their Pockets, that it run down their Legs into their Shoes, the Ignorant Sufferers not readily Discovering from whence the Wet came. When they had Exercis'd this new Invention about a quarter of an Hour, the Fifth Pageant was mov'd forward, wherein all sorts of Trades were Represented; a Man working at a Tobacco Engine, as if he was cutting of Tobacco, but often did not; a Woman Turning of a Wheel, as if she Spun, but did not; a Boy, as if he was Dressing of an Old Womans Hat, but was not; which was design'd, as I suppose, to reflect upon the Frauds and Failings of the City Traders, and show that they often pretend to do what they

they do not, and to be what they are not, and will Say what they Think not, and will Think what they Say not, and that the World may see there are Cheats in all Trades.

*The Bulky Cits March'd after in a Throng,
Huzza'd by th' Mob, as Drum'd and Pip'd along ;
Whilst Wise Spectators do their Pomp disdain,
And with Contempt behold the Dragling Train.*

T H E London-Spy.

P A R T XIII.

The Country-men's Report of the Tower. A Description of the City-Mob upon a Lord-Mayors Day. Remarks upon Tower-Hill, and a Blind Beggar, and a Mumping Parson. A Description of the Tower, and the Rarities that are to be seen there. Remarks on the Tower-Wharf, and the Guns upon it. Reflections upon a Tavern, and an Astrologer in Prescot-street, in Goodmans-Fields. On the Salamanca Doctor's Meeting House.

THE Triumphs of the City being now past by, they drew after them the Mobility to our safe Deliverance, my Friend and I clinging as fast to a Post, as a Bear to a Ragged Staff, to avoid being carry'd away by the resistless Torrent of the
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Rabble ;

Rabble which if we had quitted our hold would have inevitably happen'd to the farther Bruising of our Ribs, and the great Pennance of our Toes, but on the contrary finding our selves as safe as a Politick Prince in the Rear of an Engagement, we began to consider in what new Adventure we should spend the Remainder of the Day; and at last I remembred, I had oftentimes in the Country heard wonderful Tales and Tidings from *Higglers, Hawkers, Carriers, Drovers*, and such like *Habbadyboodies*, of several Four-Footed *Barbarian* Kings, with many of their Ravenous Subjects, who had for divers Years been kept close Prisoners in his Majesties Palace and Prison, the Tower of *London*, till their Hair was grown so long, it hung over their Eyes, like the Foretop of a Parsons Mare, that goes Six Days to *Plow*, and the Seventh to *Church*; and till their Nails were improv'd to such a terrible Extention, that the Keepers, by Relation, might as well venture to take a Bear by the Tooth, as to come within the Reach of 'em, for fear they should be worse Scratch'd than ever was poor Witch by her Languishing Sufferer, to dissolve the Charm. The fundry Reports of these Amazing Objects, together with many other Enticing Rarities, to be Visited at a small Expence, within the Ancient Battlements of this Renown'd Cittadel, which I had receiv'd from the Magnifying Mouths of some Boobily Bumpkins, who had Stolen so much time from their Waggon and Hay-Carts, as to be Spectators of these surprising Curiosities; had begot in me such an earnest Desire of beholding these Foreign Monsters, and Domestick Engines of Destruction, with *Crowns, Scepters*, & many other Pompous *Knick-Knacks*, worth any great Mans Coveting, who prefers Grandure before Ease, and Riches before Safety; insomuch that having prevail'd with my Friend, to Concur with my Proposal, we determin'd to steer our Course towards this state-ly

ly *Magazine*, and spend a little time in Viewing the Martial Furniture of that famous Garison, which States-Men Dread and Common People Admire.

Having so lately escap'd from the Punishment of a Crowd, we were very Cautious how we relaps'd into the same Condition; for my *Lord Mayors Show* being past over, the Mob began to divide their Main Body into Distinct Parties, a Division attending each several Company to their proper Hall, gazing at the Grave Noddies, who being perplex'd with either *Horns, Corns, Gout, Stone or Gravel*, hobbled after their *Hautboys*, like the Great Old Dons of the Law, when they Dance the Measures in an *Inns-of-Court-Hall* upon the first Day of *Christmas*. But we having hitherto very luckily avoided any Dirty Remembrances of the Rabbles Civility, notwithstanding we had carelessly been drawn into such a Company, which has been many a brave Mans Ruin, yet we (be thank'd) recover'd our Freedom from their unlucky Hands without Damage, but were so fearful of falling a second time into their Clutches, that when ever we heard the *Waites, Drums, or Trumpets*, behind us, we started forward with as much dread, as a couple of Church Mice would do from the Diapason of *Paul's Organ*, for where-ever we heard the *Bag-Pipes*, we were assur'd the *Bears* were not far off; we thought our selves not free from the danger of some Abuse, till we got thro' *Leaden-Hall-Market* into some of the back Lanes, for the Great Streets were the Channel of the Mob, who were very careful, as they mov'd along, to improve every handful of Dirt they could rake up to the prejudice of somebody, or other. Crying, *All Fair, No body, No body*; as they do in Frosty Weather, when they break Windows at Foot-ball; the Person Injur'd having nothing else to do, but to bear his Wrong with much Patience; for Apprehension or Reprehension, will
U 3 make

make 'em double the Mischief. We found little worth our Observation as we pass'd along, but many Merchants Houses as stately as Princes Palaces, and 'tis reported by such who have the Opportunity of being Judges of their inward Hospitality, that their House-keeping within, is answerable to their outward Grandure; which if it be, it's enough to make our Nobility Blush, to see themselves out-done in that Commendable Liberality, wherein the Honour and Splendor of a Great and Rich Man is most Magnificently Visible: Three or Four of Qualities Coaches at one Door, two or three Chairs another, as if the Courtiers were come into the City to Kiss the Merchants Wives, and borrow Money of their Husbands; an old Game that has oft been Plaid, and will never be out of Fashion whilst the City's Richer than the Court.

When we came upon the Hill, the first Object that more particularly affected us, was that Emblem of Destruction, the Scaffold, from whence Greatness, when too Late, has oft beheld the Happiness and Security of Lower Stations, reflecting with a deep Concern on the sudden Prosperity and restless Ambition which had brought 'em to that Fate, which the Contentment under a moderate Fortune, and a private Life, might have happily prevented; for he that sits too high in the favour of his Prince, is liable to be deliver'd up, upon Publick Disorders, as a Sacrifice to appease the Fury of the People; and he that Labours for a Popular Esteem, is always look'd upon by his Prince, to be a dangerous Subject, so that according to *Phæbus's* Caution to his Son *Phaeton*, 'tis safest to steer the Course of our Lives in a middle Station.

At a little distance from this *Memento Mori*, stood a very Ragged Indigent Prophet, delivering with a thin pair of Jaws, a Shock-doggish-Beard, and a devout Countenance, the Doctrine of *Charity*, with a
much

much Larger Congregation round him, than I have seen at Church, giving as serious Attention to their Mendicant Shepherd, as if every listening Member according to his Condition, design'd to Contribute something towards the Relief of their Distressed Lecturer; but before he had come to his Use and Application, a Blind Fellow, who had for many Years been one of the Hill Pensioners, takes up his Stand at a little Distance, and out of a Budget, which had as many Partitions as an old Country Cupboard, for his Silver, Farthings, short Pipes, Tobacco, and Bread and Cheese, &c. He pulls out a couple of little Flutes, claps one to each Corner of his Mouth, and with his Melodious Roundela's, drew off all the Audience from Charity's poor Chaplain, leaving the Ubiquitarian Disciple in a wonderful Indignation; Calling after 'em as they mov'd off, in this manner, *Beloved, pray Beloved, stay a little, I am just a going to Conclude. Alas! alas! What a wicked Age do we live in, when Men shall forsake the Word of the Gospel, to follow a hobbling Guide, and prefer the Tootings of a Blind Piper, before the Delightful Musick of Salvation. But away went all the People, notwithstanding his Reproof, to tickle their Ears with the Harmony of their dark Musician. The expectancy of the Paultry, instead of Spiritual Pastor, being quite Baulk'd the Multitude being drawn off without showing him one Example of their Charity amongst 'em all, he march'd Mumbling away in a great Fury with his Flock; Saying, just as he pass'd by us, They were a Wicked Congregation that deserved to be Curs'd, and he would Pronounce an Anathema against 'em: And looking over his Shoulder towards the People, breath'd out this Comical Execration, viz. *I wish your Ears were full of Birdlime, your Eyes full of Cats-piss, and your Mouths full of Sir-reverence, that you might be all Deaf, Dumb, and Blind, every time you stand to hear that Blind Hedg-bird Whistle,**

when you may Bless your Hart with a good Sermon. And having thus express'd himself, away he Rambled.

From thence we went into the first Gate of the Tower, where a parcel of Lazy Red-Coats were Loitering about like so many *City Bull-Dogs* at the *Foultry-Compter*. We were no sooner past the first Centinel, but right before us, against the Front of a little House, hung a strange sort of a Picture. My Friend ask me what I thought it represented, or whether I had ever seen any Creature that was like it? To me it seem'd the Picture of some Rugged-Fac'd Mans Head, and after I had compar'd it in my Thoughts to every Body I could recollect, and all the Ideas I could form, I thought by its flat Nose and Ill-favour'd Countenance, it was the likest the Unborn Doctor, the Seventh Son of the Seventh Son, in *Morefields*, of any thing that I ever saw in my Life. My Friend smiling at the odness of my Fancy, undeceiv'd me, by telling me, 'twas a Lions head hung out as a means to Inform Strangers that come to see the Tower, that *There* is the Royal Palace, where the King of Beasts keeps his Court, and may every Day, at a proper distance, be seen at Dinner without danger; tho', like the *Czar of Muscovy*, if you stare at him too near, he'll be apt to do you a Mischief. This, says he, being the first Sight, let us take it in's Turn, and then you'll be better satisfied.

Accordingly we went in, where the Yard smelt as Frowzily as a *Dove-House*, or a *Dog-Kennel*: In their Separate Apartments, were four of their stern affrightning *Catships*, One with a Whelp Presented to his late Majesty; of which the Dam was as Fond, as an Old Maid when Married, is of her first Child; One Couchant, Another Dormant, a Third Passant Guardant, a Fourth very Fierce, was Rampant, being a Lyoness, and was as Angry when we Spoke to her, as a *Milk-Maid*, when y u cry, *Wo-Ball*; she put out her Paw to

to me, which was tipt with such Ill-favour'd sort of Pruning-Hooks, that sooner than she should have shaken me by the Hand, I would have chosen to have taken *Old-Nick* by his *Cloven-Foot*, and should have thought my self in less Danger. One of the Keepers Servants, whilst he was showing us his Unruly Prisoners, Entertain'd us with a couple of remarkable Stories, which, because the Tragedy of the one, will render an Escape in the other story the more Providential, I shall proceed to give 'em the Reader in their proper places, *viz.* That a Maid, some Years ago, being a Servant to the Keeper, and a Bold Spirited Wench, took Pleasure now and then to help feed the Lyons, and Imprudently believing the Gratitude of the Beasts would not suffer them to hurt her, she would venture sometimes with extraordinary Caution, to be a little more Familiar with them than she ought to be; at last, either Carelessly, or Presumptuously, Ventur'd too near their Dens, and one of the Lyons catch'd hold of her Arm, and tore it quite off at the Shoulder, after a most lamentable manner, before any Body could come to her Assistance, killing her with a Gripe, before he would Loose her from his Talons, till she was made a miserable Object of her own Folly, the Lyons Fury, and the Worlds Pity.

This Story he succeeded by another, wherein was shown as miraculous a preservation of himself, contrary to the Cruelty the Lion had before us'd to his unhappy Fellow-Servant, which he deliver'd after this following manner, *viz.* 'Tis our Custom, says he, when we clean the Lyons Dens, to drive 'em down over Night thro' a Trap Door into a Lower conveniency, in order to rise early in the Morning, and Refresh their Day Apartments, by clearing away their Filth and Nastiness; and having thro' Mistake, and not Forgetfulness, left one of the Trap Doors Unbolted, which thro

thro' an Oversight, I thought I had carefully secured; I came down in the Morning, before Day-light, with my Candle and Lanthorn fasten'd before me to a Button, with my Implements in my Hands to dispatch my Business, as was usual, and going carelessly into one of the Dens, into which a Lyon had returned thro' the Trap Door, and lay Couchant in a corner, with his Head towards me; the suddain surprize of this terrible Sight brought me under such dreadful Apprehensions of the danger I was in, that I stood fix'd like a Statute, without the Power of Motion, with my Eyes steadfastly upon the Lyon, and his likewise upon me; I expected nothing but to be Tore to pieces every Moment, and was fearful to attempt one Step back, lest my endeavour to shun him might have made him the more Eager to have hasten'd my Destruction; at last he Rouz'd himself, as I thought, to have made a Breakfast on me; yet, by the Assistance of Providence, had the Presence of Mind to keep steady in my Posture for the Reasons aformention'd; he mov'd towards me without expressing in his Countenance either Greediness or Anger; but on the contrary wag'd his Tail, signifying nothing but Friendship in his Fawning Behaviour; and after he had stared me a little in the Face, he raises himself upon his two Hindmost Feet, and laying his two Fore Paws upon my Shoulders without hurting me, fell to licking my Face, as a farther Instance of his Gratitude for my Feeding him, as I afterwards conjectur'd, tho' then I expected every Minute when he would have stript my Skin over my Ears, as a *Poulterer* does a *Rabbit*, and have crack'd my Head between his Teeth as a *Monkey* does a *Small-Nut*. His Tongue was so very Rough, that with the few Favourite Kisses he gave me, it made my Cheeks almost as Raw as a *Pork Griskin*, which I was very glad to take all in Good Part, without a Bit of Grumbling: And when he had

had thus Saluted me, and given me his sort of Welcome to his Den, he return'd to his Place, and lay him down, doing me no farther Damage; which unexpected Deliverance hitherto, occasion'd me to take Courage that I slunk back by Degrees, till I recover'd the Trap Door, thro' which I Jump'd and pluckt it after me; thus happily, thro' an especial Providence, escap'd the Fury of ~~so~~ Dangerous a Creature.

The under Keeper having thus ended his Stories, we proceeded to our further View of these *Beelzebub's* Blood Hounds, or Lap Dogs for a *She-Devil*. Two of them being Dead and their Skins Stuft, one of them having been King *Charles's* Lyon, but had no more the Fierceness in his Looks that he had when he was Living, than the Effigies of his Good Master at *Westminster*, has the Presence of the Original; the other that was Stuffed, was said to be Queen *Mary's*, but made such a Drooping Figure with his False Intrals, that it brought into my Mind an Old Proverb, with which I could not but agree, *That a Living Dog is better than a Dead Lyon.*

The next Ill-Favour'd Creatures that were Presented to our Sight, was a couple of pretty looking *Hell-Cats* call'd a Tyger and a Cat-a-Mountain, whose fierce penetrating Eyes pierc'd thro' my Belly, to the sad griping of my Guts, as if, *Basilisk*-like, they could Kill at a Distance.

In another Apartment, or Ward, for the convenience of drawing a Penny more out of the Pocket of the Spectator, are plac'd these following Animals: First, a *Leopard*, who is grown as Cunning as a cross *Bedlamite* that loves not to be look'd at; for as he will be apt to Salute you with a Bowl of Chamber-Lye, so will the *Leopard* if you come near him Stare in your Face, and Piss upon you, his Urine being as Hot as *Aqua fortis*, and stinks worse than a *Polt-Cat*.

The

The next Creatures we observ'd were three Hawk-Nos'd Gentlemen call'd *Eagles*: One Black, and another in Second Mourning, a Third with a Bald Pate as if he had been pulling a Crow, with his Two Comrades, and like unmerciful Enemies they had peck'd all the Feathers off his Crown, and left it as bare as a Birds Arse. Next to these were a couple of Out-Landish *Owles*, whose Mouths lay under their Beaks like an Old Citizens under his Nose, who has Rotted out his Teeth with Eating Custard at the Lord-Mayors Feasts. These *Owles*, besides Eyes as big as the Glasses of a Convex-Lamp, had each of them long Ears that grew like Horns, under which they look'd as venerably Grave, as two Aged Aldermen.

The next part of the Show recommended to our Notice, were two preternatural Objects, being a *Dog* and a *Cat*, Pupp'd and Kitten'd, but with two Legs each: the former having a Bump upon his Head, which in derision to our High-Crown'd Ladies they are pleas'd to call a *Top Knot*. Prithee Friend, said I, to the Man that show'd 'em, what is that you value these imperfect Vermin for? There's but little Satisfaction I should think in the Sight of such Ill-favour'd Monsters: Sir, says the Fellow, whether you know it or no, these Vermin, as you are pleas'd to call 'em, are as highly Priz'd, and as well look'd after, as any Creatures in the Yard. But pray Friend, said I, for what reason are they are so Esteem'd? Why Sir, says he, Because they have but half their Number of Legs. To which I answer'd, If that be all the Reason, methinks they should take as much care to feed the Poor Humane Cripples, who were Born with all their Legs, and have lost one half in the Nations Service, and are forc'd to seek their Bread where they can find it; I believe I saw Twenty Begging upon the Hill as I came hither. Ah Sir, says the Fellow, but they are no Rarity: Were it as uncommon a thing to see a Soldier or a Sailer with

with but one Leg, as 'tis to see a Dog, or a Cat with Two, no question but they would Live as well, and be as much taken Notice on as these are.

From thence we were remov'd into another Division, to see that alluring Creature so much talk'd on by the Old Poets call'd *The Hyena*, which, as they report, has the Voice of a Man, and coming near a Cottage, would cry out like a Traveller in some distress, by which means he decoys the Shepherds out of their Houses, and afterwards devours 'em; which whether it be Truth or Fiction, I could see nothing in the Creature to determine.

Having thus paid Homage to the Kings of the *Quadrupedes*, and the lofty Monarch of the *Feather'd Kind*, whose Ambition, when at Liberty, makes him Soar above all Terrestrial Beings; we mov'd forward to the second Gate, where a parcel of Bulky Warders, in old Fashion'd Lac'd Jackets, and in Velvet Flat-Caps, hung round with divers colour'd Ribbons, like a Fools Hat upon a Holiday, look'd as fierce as a File of *Artillery Ale-Drapers* in Buff, when they are going to Besiege a Dunghill in *Bunhill-Fields*, and play at Souldiers one against another, to please the Rabble. We had no sooner made a Nimbler step than ordinary, beyond the *Port-Cullis*; as Cautious Citizens do by the *Monument*, for fear it should Tumble upon their Heads. but one of these brawny *Beuff-and-Pudding-Eating-Janizaries* demanded, like a busie Constable at Midnight, whither we were going? Thought I, we are no sooner come from his Majesties *Lion's*, but we are fallen into the Clutches of *Bears*; but did not dare to tell 'em so, for fear the *Bloody Colour'd Animals* would have fallen into a passion with me, and have spoil'd our Sight; but instead of that, inform'd 'em like an honest *Tell-Troth*, our real business: They told us we could not be admitted to gratifie our desires without we took a *Warder* with

with us; which we found we were forc'd to consent to, or return back without the Satisfaction we propos'd. Upon which, we order'd him to attend us, and had the honour of walking up and down the *Tower*, as great as a *Lord* committed for Suspicion of *High-Treason*.

The First thing we observ'd, when we were past the Gate, was a great *Brass Gun* painted over, of a Copper Colour; sure thought I, this was not done in a Jest, to let Folks who come in here see that *Guns*, like *Bells*, are as great *Turncoats* as those that command 'em, meaning *Parsons* and *Officers*; for the One will *Roar*, the Other *Ring*, the Third *Preach*, and the Fourth *Fight*, for any Power that's uppermost: And 'tis verily believ'd by all People who have any Regard for that prevailing Principle, *Interest*, that they are all in the right on't.

The next place that fell in its Turn within our Notice, was the *Traytors Gate*, where the fall of the Moat-Waters or the Cataracts on each side, made so terrible a noise, that its enough to fright a Prisoner that lodges within the hearing on't out of the World before his time of Execution: The Passage being fortified by a parcel of Iron-Guns, which to me that understood 'em not, seem'd as old and as rusty as the hinges of the Gates of *Babylon*; but were, no doubt on't, in a good Condition of giving a Sufficient Repulse to any Enemy that should attempt a violent Entrance.

We were from thence conducted thro' another Gate, upon an Ascent as steep as *Holbourn-Hill*, tho' not so often dangerous; on the right hand of which stood a stately Square stone Fabrick, distinguish'd by the Name of *Julius Cæsar's Tower*; but must needs be as dark within side, as a Country *Bee-bive*, having but one Door, and never a Window that I could see, only a little *Slit* or Two, no bigger than the Mouth
of

of a *Christmas-Box*, in proportion to its vast body; made so very close, as I conceive, to keep Fire and Gunpowder at their proper distance; lest by an unhappy Conjunction of both, it should send more *Stones* into the City, than the *Shop-keepers Wives*, notwithstanding their *present want*, would know how to make good use of.

The next remarkable Place we came to, was the *Church*, whose Rugged Out-side appeared with such Antiquity, that I dare engage the External Wall was far more reverenc'd by the True-Blew Protestant *Foot-Guards*, than all that could be heard or seen within-side.

A little beyond this Holy Closet of a *Church*, stood the famous *Armory*, now plac'd under a new and modish Name of *Arsenal*, of which I had heard such a General Applause, that I was particular desirous of obliging my Curiosity with this Martial Entertainment; and accordingly order'd our Barly Guide to conduct us thither; who pursuant to our request, usher'd us up a stately *Stair-case*, where at the Corner of every Lobby, and turning of the Stairs, stood a *Wooden-Granadier* as Sentinel, painted in his proper Colours, cut out with as much exactness upon Board as the Good Housewife's with their Brooms, very usually set up in great Families, as good Examples for Servant Wenches, to make 'em mindful of their Cleanliness; but tho' there were several Figures, yet the Painter, thro' the narrowness of his Fancy, had made their Postures, and their Faces so exactly alike, that it would be as hard for a *More-fields* Doctor, who Judges Distempers by Urine, to tell *Mares Piss* from *Maids Water*, as it would be to distinguish one from the other, were they not differently Posted. When we came to the Top of the Stairs, we were saluted, as I suppose, with two or three of the *Armors Substitutes*; one amongst the rest, who I imagine
was

was esteem'd as their Principle Orator, advanc'd before us, Cap in hand, with as much Ceremony as a *Dancing-master* ushers the Parents of his *Pupils* into the School upon a *Ball-Day*; beginning to tell us at our Entrance with an Audible Voice, the signification of those Figures which first presented to our view; having every thing as ready at his Fingers ends, as the Fellow that shows the Tombs at *Westminster*, or as a *Savoy Vagabond* has the explanation of his *Raree-Show*: The first Figure at our coming in, that most effected the Eye, by reason of its bigness, was a long Range of *Muskets* and *Carbines*, that run the length of the *Armory*, which was distinguish'd by a Wilderness of Arms, whose *Locks* and *Barrels* were kept in that admirable Order, that they shone as bright as a Good Housewives *Spits* and *Pewter* in the *Christmas-Holidays*, on each side of which were *Pistols*, *Baggonets*, *Scimiters*, *Hangers*, *Cutlaces*, and the like, Configured into *Shields*, *Triumphal-Arches*, *Gates*, *Pillasters*, *Scollopshells*, *Mullets*, *Fans*, *Snakes*, *Serpents*, *Sun-Beams*, *Gorgon's Heads*, the *Waves* of the *Ocean*, *Stars* and *Garters*, and in the middle of all, *Pillars* of *Pikes*, and turn'd *Pillars* of *Pistols*; and at the end of the *Wilderness*, fire Arms plac'd in the Order of a great *Organ*: This, says my Friend, is a Allegorical Emblem of a Wolf in Sheeps Clothing; for these Engines of Destruction, never plaid on to any purpose but in Wars, whose harsh and threatening sounds Proclaim nothing but Wounds, Death, Discord, and Desolation; to have their Mischievous Applications Disguis'd under the Form and Figure of a *Musical Instrument*, which breaths forth nothing but Peace, Innocence, and Delight, and Harmony, is putting the Devil into a *Canonical Robe*, or, as I said before, a Wolf into Sheeps Clothing.

The next thing that our Expositor recommended to our particular Notice, were Sir *William Perkin's* Arms

Arms, taken under Ground at his Country House, as our Voucher told us, Pointing more especially to Sir William's own Carbine and Pistols, of which he made such a terrible Story, that it would have frightened a Country Fellow from looking at 'em; telling us they were screw'd Barrels, *Heptagonically* bored. Why Friend, said I, thou talkest as if thou Understandest Greek; Prithee what is the meaning of that word *Heptagonically*? Oh Sir, says he, it means a Barrel that will mould a Bullet into a Slug I don't know how many times Square, and will Kill as many Men again, and six times as far, as an ordinary Barrel of the same Bigness. We could not forbear Smiling at our Interpreters Ignorance (who we expected would have told us the Barrel consisted of Seven sides) answering him according to his Folly, and seem'd to be well satisfied with the account he gave us. Over the top of this Range of Treasonable Implements, was plac'd a little Brass Blunderbuss, upon which he fix'd his Eyes, turning up the Whites like a Good Christian at Prayers, shaking of his Head about half a dozen Times, like a sorrowful Father about to reprove his Graceless Progeny, and then plucking one of his Hands out of his Dutch Gloves, he pointed to it with a trembling Finger, and began to Open upon the Subject after this manner, That Blunderbuss, says he, was design'd by the Bloody Assassins to have kill'd the King, which God of his great Goodness hath most happily prevented, bringing the Bloody Conspirators to condigne Punishment, and their Traytorous Weapons into the Power of that Glorious Prince whose Life they so basely sought; which are here (blessed be Providence) hung up in his Armory, as a perpetual Memorandum of His Majesties escape from the Hands of his Popish Enemies, to Gods Great Glory, King Williams Safety, and Englands Happiness.

Our Little Holder-forth having done his Blundering Lecture upon the King-killing Blunderbuss, we remov'd

mov'd from thence to another stand, where he show'd us a parcel of *Dutch Fire-Locks*, with which the King Landed at his first coming to *England*, which was carry'd, I suppose by the *Monsters of Men-in-Bears-Skins* with *Sarazens Heads*, Long Beards and terrible *Countenances*, the report of which so frighten'd the *Citizens of London* and their Wives, that they were in as great *Consternation*, as at the Midnight cry of the coming of the *Cut-throat-Irish*.

Having thus taken a short view of the most Renown'd Armory in *Christendom*, according to the Report of those who are far better Judges than my self, we return'd down Stairs with our Warder, who waited at the Door to save his Legs, whilst we feasted our Eyes with that Glittering Sight which was to him no Novelty: When we had Descended the Grades, at the bottom Door stood a Bulky *Frizzle-Rate* (who we might guess by his Fatness, could Write himself no less than Servant to His Majesty) in a readiness to receive the Accustomary Purchase-Money for that sight which had given our Eyes such an extraordinary Satisfaction.

Being now left to a further consideration of what we should see next, we took a little turn to deliberate upon the matter, but were forc'd quickly to make a Result; for the *Tower-Rooks* began to flutter about us, like so many *Sales-Men* about a Country-Fellow, in *Long-Lane*; only as the one asks whether ye want *Coat, Waistcoat or Breeches, Will you Buy any Cloaths*; so the other after the same manner, and in much the same Dialect, *Whether you will see the Crown, the whole Regalia, or the Kings Marching Train of Artillery*.

My Friend and I considering the Marching Train of Artillery consisted only in Great Guns, enough of which might be seen about the Tower, without paying for't, made us think it scarce worth while to spend
our

our Money to take a sight of these Threatning Pot-guns, since all as cou'd be said of 'em, if we had seen 'em, was, They Cost the Nation a great deal of Money, were able to Beat down Walls, would give a Devilish Bounce, and Knock a Man on the Head at a great distance; so we agreed to pass by these, and Adjourn to the Horse Armory, whither we order'd our Guide to Conduct us accordingly. When we were come to the Door, there stood ready to receive us two or three Smugfac'd *Vulcans*, who were as Amiable in Complexion, as if, to make themselves *Infernal Beaus*, they had Powder'd their Frizled Locks with Lamp Black, and Beautified their Physiognomies with Kennel-Water, the Lines of their Faces being so pounc'd with Dirt, that from the Shoulders Upwards, they look'd like so many *Anticks* Heads in an *Ale-House Box*, drawn in *Charcoal* by a Drunken Painter. After our Guide, who look'd in his Warders Robes, as if he had been cut out of a *Tapestry-Hanging*, had given a Caution to the Smutty Interpreter of this Raree-Show, to tell us with deliberation the Names of his glittering Troop of Superficial Heroes; the Spokesman Introduc'd us among the Monumental Shells of our Deceas'd Princes, which only by the Industry of common Hands, shin'd Bright in Memory of those that wore 'em. As we gently moved along, and View'd the Princely Scare-crows, he told us to whom each Suit of Armour did belong Originally, adding some short Memorandums out of History, to every empty Iron-side; some True, some False, supplying that with Invention which he wanted in Memory. He now and then endeavoured to break a Jest to divert his Customers, but did it so like an *Irishman*, that I had much ado to forbear telling the Fellow what a *Fool* he was in endeavouring to be *Witty*. In our Circular Progress round these Men of Metal, mounted on Wooden Horse, we came to the Armour of *John of Gaunt*, so famous

for his Strength and Stature; and indeed if his Coat of Defence was fit for his Body, I believe he was as big as any of the Poetical Giants that Waged War against Heaven: For on my Conscience a Man may speak without Lying, that is, I mean standing, that his Armour is near as big about as the *Trojan Horse*, as you may guess by his very *Codpiece*, which was almost as big as a *Poop-Lanthorn*, and better worth a Lewd Ladies Admiration, than any piece of Antiquity in the Tower. As we were thus amongst the Relicks of our Antient Kings and Generals, I could not forbear Reflecting on some Appearances before me, till I fancy'd my self sunk into Deaths Subterranean Territories, where the Just and Wicked by the Impartial Skeleton are equally respected. Nor could I, without concern, behold *Tyrants* and *Martyrs*, *Conquerors* and *Cowards*, *Lawful Princes* and *Usurpers*, shine equally Bright by the Skill of an *Armourer*, in the Eyes of the Common People; when, if the Spots of Injur'd Blood were to stain the Warlike Ornaments of some who have long since Spilt it, their Arms, which now look Bright, would appear of a Sanguine Dye, and record to Posterity those Cruelties which ought never to be forgotten. Whilst I was thus making my self uneasie with these Melancholly Thoughts, we were advanc'd to the Armour of *Will Sommers* the Jester, to which they had added an Ill-favour'd Face, with Horns upon his Head, and upon his Nose a pair of Spectacles; on which our Jocular Commentator was pleas'd thus Merrily to descant, *This Figure*, says he *Represents that Drolling Gentleman Will Sommers, who was Jester to King Henry the eighth. He had the Misfortune, poor Gentleman, to be in the Condition of many an Honest Citizen, even at this Day, that is, to have a very handsome Wife, who Lov'd her Neighbours much better than her Husband, to which like an honest well-meaning contented Man, he would never give Credit,*

Credit, tho' he had been oft inform'd of her Failings; and because he was so Blind like many a Poor Cuckold in this Age, that he could not see his Horns, which were conspicuous to all others, he was Presented by a Nobleman who had Kissed his Wife, with a pair of Spectacles to help his Sight, by which he afterward discern'd his Cuckoldom, which he here wears as a Memorandum to others in the same Condition, to follow his Example. The next Subject he began to enlarge upon, was King Henry the Eighth's Codpiece, which was Lin'd with Red, and hung Gaping like a Turkey-Cocks Head, when he cries Cobble, or like a Maiden-Head upon full Stretch, just consenting to be Ravish'd: This, says he, is the Codpiece of that Great Prince, who never spar'd Woman in his Lust, nor Man in his Anger; and in it, to this Day, remains this Vertue, That if any Married Woman, tho' she has for many Years been Barren, if she sticks but a Pin in this Member-Case, the next time she uses proper means, let her but think of her Tower Pin Cushion, and she need not fear Conception. From thence we pass'd by several Princes Armour, of which there was nothing deliver'd but a bare Name, till we had compleated our Round, and came again to the Door, where hung upon a Post the Armour of King Some-Body, made in the Fashion of a Petty-coat, in which, as our Dirty Orator reported, he some-times went a Masquerading, and when he had got such a pretty Lady as he lik'd, in a Corner, he us'd, says he, to whip it up in this manner, thrusting the Skirts all up in Folds above the Belly, and under it appear'd a most Princely Scepter, with which he Ruled the Women, and made them do Homage upon their Backs, when ever he required it.

This being the Conclusion of this Warlike Opera, we paid our Money, and made our Exit; our Stuttering Preambulator, turning his Head over his Shoulder, as a Fox that has Stole a Goose, ask'd us whether we would see the Crowns, or no? Marry, said I, not I:

Crowns are mighty things, and ought to be Reverenced at a distance: I have heard many a Wise Man say there's danger in coming too near 'em. Besides, if a Body should not make a Leg handsomly, and Worship 'em as one should do, which a Country Clown, you know, can perform but awkwardly, they may think a Body Stiff Neck'd, and take one for a Dissaffected Person to the Government. Prithee, says my Friend, I thought you had more Wit than to be affraid of a fine thing; why Prithee a Kings Crown is no Living Creature, it cannot Bite thee. I know well enough said I, it is not a Living Creature, no more is a Kings Writ; yet I have known it Gripe many a Man to his Ruin; therefore, I tell you, I don't Care to Trust either any further than I can help it: And I'll warrant you our Conduſter can inform us as well, as if at our Expence we had gone our selves to see 'em. Upon which my Friend ask'd Old Bluff Jacket what part of the Regalia, as he call'd it, was to be ſeen? Who told us there was the Royal Crown, and a new one made for the Coronation of the late Queen Mary, and three others wore by his Maſteſty with Diſtinct Robes, upon ſeveral occasions; alſo the Salt, Spoons, Forks and Cups, us'd at the Coronation, which Account we thought as ſatisfactory from the Mouth of our Guide, as if our own Eyes were Witneſſes of the matter, and ſo Cozened the Keeper of our Eighteen-pence apiece; which we thought wou'd ſerve much better to Exhilerate our Souls, and Feaſt our Appetites, than to pleaſe our Eyes, and ſatiſſie our Curioſities.

Having thus taken a remarkable View of moſt of the *Tower Rarities*, in Reſpect to the Governour, we gave his Houſe the Right Hand as we came out, and rewarded the Warder with one of His Maſteſties Pictures in Silver, to his throrow Satisfaction, and ſo departed.

We now walk'd down from the *Wharf*, where at the Entrance ſtood ſuch a parcel of *Greenwich Water-Dogs*,

Dogs, that I thought they would have Tore us in pieces before we could have Elbow'd our way thro' 'em. At last, with much difficulty, Sowre Looks, and Negative Answers, we happily clear'd our selves of these Fresh-Water-Sharks, and took a pleasant Walk by the River side, where great Great Guns lay drawn into their proper Order ready to declare the Will and Pleasure of that Great Monarch who alone Commands their Voices, and gives their Sound Interpretation to the common People; for tho' the Loud-mouth'd Disputants have but the Utterance of one Monosyllable call'd *Bounce*; yet does their Universal Language carry along with it such a Dint of Argument, that neither Logick, Rhetorick, or Philosophy, are able to withstand the force on't: About the middle of the *Wharf*, was a Stone Arch over the Passage to *Traytors-Gate*, where stood a Sentinel, who I observ'd, was very Careful no Body should lean upon it, or touch it, lest their Elbows or their Fingers should wear away his Majesties Free-stone; and to Piss against it, was a Crime that deserv'd Capping at least, except (like Swearing at a Precisians Club) for every such offence you would forfeit Sixpence to the Sentinel; so that I found it was held much better by the Guards, that a Good Subject bursts himself, than they lose the Advantage of a Ridiculous and Shameful Custom, which oftentimes frights Fools out of their Money, and serves Wisemen to Blush at.

We walk'd round the *Tower*, and came again upon the Hill, where Mumpers, Soldiers, and Ballad-Singers, were as busie at *Chuck farthing* and *Huffle Cap*, as so many Rooks at a Gaming Ordinary, Wrangling and Squabbling about the foulness of their Play, like so many Knavish Pettifoggers in the *Kings-Bench-Walks*, about the unfairness of their Practice. From thence we rambled into a remote part of the Town, which my Friend told me was as much *Incognito* to

many thousands in *London*, as it was to me before ever I came into't: There was as many turnings and windings in and out of every Street, as I believe could be contain'd in fair *Rosamond's Bower*; and that which made me the more astonish'd was, we could walk by forty or fifty Houses, and not see an Ale-house; which was a greater sign of a Sober Neighbourhood, than I had observed before, since I came to *London*. As we were thus wandering carelessly about, on the other side of the way, we saw a Door very finely Painted, which allured us to cross the Kennel, and give our Eyes the Satisfaction of taking a view of what Mr. *Painter*, as we thought, had put up at his Door to to stand the censure of the Publick; but when we came over, we found according to our apprehension, such a parcel of strange Hieroglyphicks, that would have puzzled an *Egyptian Magi* to have told the meaning of 'em. There was a *Goat* and a *Scorpion*, a *Fish* and a *Centaur*, a *Ram* and a *Crab*, and many other such-like Whims, at which we could not forbear Laughing. At last, reflecting more seriously upon the Whim, we found it to be a Representation of the *Twelve Signs*; from whence we presently concluded no less than an Eminent *Conjurer*, or some strange foretelling *Star-Peeper*, could be Lord of the House, whose Door was so gloriously set off with such a Number of Constellations: As we were thus spending our conjectures upon that Inhabitants Profession, out comes a Figure at the door with such a malignant Aspect, that a great-belly'd Beggar Woman, as she ask'd him for a farthing, turn'd her head, I observ'd another way, for fear her looking in his Face might cause the Child to be like him; one Eye look'd upwards and the other downwards, as if he was Star-gazing with one Eye, and minding his way with the other: What he was, we know not; but the House look'd as if a *Conjurer* liv'd in't, and the Man look'd

as if he was bewitch'd. I ask'd my Friend the name of that Place, and he told me 'twas *Prescot-street*.

Pray, says my Friend, take Notice of yonder Tavern, at the sign of the *Green-Monster*; that Tavern, says he, has ruin'd almost as many *Vintners* as Sir *Rase-ill-fiery-Face*. I have known three or four break out on't; whether for want of Trade, the Knavery of the Merchant, or Mis-management, I know not: The first indeed had a very handsome Wife, but very Jiltish, and suppos'd to be very kind to the Person that set her up; who when she had once gratified his Lust at a great expence, vexing at his Folly when he had cool'd his Courage; resolv'd, like a true Letcher, to turn his Lust that could not last, into a Revenge that should; and accordingly brought Ruin upon the whole Family; the Husband running away into *Ireland*, leaving the poor Woman to shift for herself, with nothing but what God sent her; which she has since trusted into the Hands of a Draper, but what use he makes of it, you may easily Judge. Truly said I, I commend the Woman for trusting what her Husband left her with, in the hands of such a Trader, who when he is never so much tired with her, cannot at last, without great dishonour to the Linnen-Drapers Trade, leave her without a Smock to her Back: Which is very commonly the Fate of Women who unhappily enter into such Illegal Contracts.

From thence, like Roving Pirates, who Coveted no Harbour, we Sailed about we cared not whither, till meer Accident, and our own Motion, without shaping any Course, brought us into a Street which both my Friend and my self were equally Strangers to, in which we Espied a sumptuous *Tabernacle*, by its being Built so distinguishable from the House of the Lord, according to the Form of *Solomons Temple*, that we were very desirous of knowing which of the Buzzing Sectaries made use of it for a Hive, wherein to work
(with

(with Fear and Trembling) the Combs of their Devotion, which I very much feared yielded more Wax than Honey; and meeting in our way with a downright honest sort of a Fellow, I ask'd him, *What he call'd that Street?* He told me *Penitent-Streer?* I ask'd him further, *If he knew any peculiar Reason why it was so Christen'd?* Who answer'd me very roughly, *Because it was Built, he suppos'd, for a parcel of deep Sinners to Live in, and they call'd it by that Name to put 'em in Mind of Repentance.* *Who does this Meeting belong to?* said I, *a Wicked Congregation,* says the Fellow: *Prithee,* said I, *Who is their Teacher?* *The Devil, Sir,* says he. *I mean,* said I, *Who is it that Preaches or holds forth here?* *Oh, oh,* says my Respondent, *now I overstand ye; Why they call him Ca-sa-sa-ca-laman-ca Doctor, I think,* says he, *or by such kind of a hard Name, which I can't remember; tho' I have seen him and heard him often; but as for my part, he does so whine when he speaks, that I had as live hear a Capon Crow, as hear him Preach; and as for his Face, on my Conscience, I think he has a Chin to't as long as the Handle of my Pick-Ax:* *Honest Friend,* said I, *I thank ye, we'll trouble you no farther, for I know the Man well enough by your Description, Good-buy to you.* *Nay,* said I to my Companion, *since my Old Acquaintance, the Doctor, has fallen so luckily in my Way, according to my Old Custom I must give him a Taste of my Kindness.*

*Gods People sure are once again run Mad,
To chuse so Vile a Soul to be their Teacher;
No Nation such a Saviour ever had,
Or Christian Congregation such a Preacher.*

*His Doctrine sure can be no more than Farce,
What Fools can follow such a Vile Instructor?
A Perjurd V—— who Adores an Ass;
Which since he does mine A--s upon the Doctor.*

T H E

T H E

London-Spy.

P A R T XIV.

Reflections on St. Catharines Ale-Houses, and the Tars that frequent them. A Seaman that had Spent his Money Reprehended by an Hostess. The Wheedles of the Wapping Hostess to Gull the Sea-Calves. A Description of a Famous Musick-House in Wapping. Reflections on the Danes Church. Rag-Fair Described. Remarks upon a Coffee-House in Goodmans-Fields; with a Poem in Praise of Punch. Reflections upon Lotteries in General, and on that at Mercers-Chappel in particular. With some Verses on Lotteries.

TH E Merry Christmas Carnival being now come on, when the good Housewife makes her Husband Eat his Dinner upon a Trencher, to preserve her New Scower'd Plates in their shining Beauty, and Pinches the Guts of her Servants for the preceding Week that her Windows may be splendidly Adorn'd with Superstitious Greens, and that her Minc'd Pies and Plum-Porridge may be Richer than her Neighbours: We Rambled from the Reverend Doctors Boarded Theater, who being lately Disgusted at the Ingratitude of his Audience, has Divested 'em of their Cushion and Pulpit-Cloath, which he before had Presented them with, and has left 'em as Lost Sheep, to run headlong to Destruction without a Guide.

Being

Being now quite out of our Knowledge we wandered about like a couple of Runaway Prentices, having confin'd our selves to no particular *Port*, *Uncertainty* being our *Course*, and meer *Accident* our *Pilot*. Every Street we pass'd thro' smelling as strong of *Roast-Beef* and *Rosemary*, as *Pye-Corner* does of *Pig* and *Pork*, in the Wicked Season of *St. Bartholomews*. Journey-men and Prentices we met every where, as thick as Fools in *Cheap-side*, flocking to *S—ms* Lottery: The former to Collect their *Christmas-Box-Money*, and the latter to see themselves Cozen'd out of their Foolish Expectancies. Every Ale-House we came at was Serenaded with a Drum, to thunder their Rattle-headed Customers into a good Humour of spending their Pence like *Asses* which they got like *Horses*. Every now and then we came to a common Vaulting-School, where peeping in we saw Drunken Tarpaulins, and their Taudry Trulls, Dancing to a *Scotch* Bagpiper, or a Blind Fidler; where, according to the Prophecy, there were seven Women to one Man; and at least seventeen Strumpets to one that had Modesty enough in her looks to be thought otherwise. Sometimes meeting in the Street with a Boats Crew, just come on Shore, in search of those Land Debaucheries which the Sea denies 'em; looking like such Wild, Staring, Gamesome Uncooth Animals, that a Litter of Squab *Rhinocerosses*, Drest up in Humane Apparel, could not have made to me a more ungainly Appearance; so Mercurial in their Actions, and Rude in their Behaviour that a Woman could not pass by 'em, but they fell to Sucking their Lips, like so many *Horse-Leaches*; and were ready to Ride her in the open Street, as if they were absolute Strangers to Christian Civility, and could have Committed a Rape in Publick, without a Sense of Shame, or fear of Danger, quarrelling with one another who should have the first Kiss, like so many wanton Puppies after

ter her Proud Ladyship, Snarling and Contending who shall be next happy in her Beastly Favours. Every Post they came near was in danger of having its Head broke; for every one as he pass'd by would give the Senseless Block a Bang with his Cudgel, as if they wish'd every Post they met to be either the Purser or the Boatswain. The very Dogs in the Street, I observ'd, shun'd 'em with as much Fear as a *Loitering Vagrant* wou'd a Gang of *Press-Masters*, being so Caution'd against their Ill Usage by the stripes they have formerly receiv'd, that as soon as ever he sees a Seaman, away runs the poor Cur with his Tail between his Legs to avoid the danger of the approaching Evil. I could not forbear Reflecting on the Prudence of those Persons who send their Unlucky Children to Sea to *Tame* and *Reform* 'em, which I am well satisfied is like sending a Knave into *Scotland*, to Learn Honesty; a Fool into *Ireland*, to Learn Wit; or a Clown into *Holland*, to Learn Breeding; by any of which Measures they that send 'em may be sure that instead of mending the Ill Habits they have contracted, the First will return more *Wild*, the Second more *Knavish*, the Third more *Foolish*, and the Fourth a greater *Clown*.

By the time we had made these Observations and Reflections on those *Maritime* kind of *Monsters*, who had little more to show they were Men, than that they walk'd Upright, we were straggl'd into *Wapping*; and being pretty well Tired with our Walk, we went into a *Publick House* to refresh our selves with a Sneaker of Punch, as being the most likely to be the best Liquor that end of the Town cou'd afford us: The first Figure that accosted us at our Entrance was a Female *Wappineer*, whose Crimson Countenance and Double Chin, contain'd within the Borders of a White Callico Hood, made her Fiery Face look in my fancy, like a round red hot Iron glowing in a
Silver

Silver Chavendish; the rest of her Body being in proportion to her Head, bore so corpulent a Grace, that had a Bag of Cotton, or Wooll-Pack been Lac'd into a pair of Stays, adorn'd with Petticoats, and put upon Stilts, it would have made a Figure of such Similitude to her Person, that the best Wax-Worker, or Carver in *Christendom*, could not have Represented her in either of their Arts, with truer Dimensions, or greater Likeness. My Friend having a Sword on, I observed to him she was most respectful, asking him in a Voice as Hoarse as a Boatswain, *What will you please to Drink, Noble Captain?* Believing she could distinguish a Commander from an Inferiour Tar as well by his Sword, as she could a *Monkey* from a *Jack-anapes* by his Tail. After we had answered her question, she had soon prepar'd us a little Bowl of *Spiritual Diapente*, which, for want of better, we were forc'd to dispence with. Up in the Chimney Corner sat a great hulking Fellow Smoaking a short Pipe of Stinking Tobacco, looking as Melancholly upon the Fire as a Female Wretch does upon *Smith field Piles*, when she is come to be Burnt for High Treason. By and by in comes my Landlady, and like a true Lover of Industry began to Read him a Lecture against Laziness, tormenting the Ears of the poor dejected Water-rat, with a severe Reprehension, after the following manner. *Why how do you think, John, in your Conscience, I am able to maintain you in this Lazy Life you lead? Thou knowest I have no Mony, God help me, but what I work as hard for, as any Woman in the Parish; therefore, John, it behoves thee to consider I am not able to let thee lye upon me in this condition. Why what a Rope ails you, Mother?* reply'd the Fellow. *Why, wou'd you have the Conscience to turn me a Drift now I have spent all my Money on Board you, before I have got me another Voyage? You are as hasty with a body to turn out, as a Boatswain in a Storm.* *Why,* but John reply'd the Landlady

Landlady, dost thou think to get a Voyage by Smoaking in the Chimney Corner? No, says John, but how do you think a Man can look out without a Penny of Money in his Breeches? I swear by the Purfers Honesty, I had as live step up to furl the Main Sail in a Gust of Wind, without a Knife in my Pocket. To which reply'd the old Bel-dam, Why I would not have thee think what I speak is out of any ill will to thee; for I hope thou thinkst I am willing to do any thing for thee, as far as I am able: Here, there is Sixpence for thee, and prithee John go and look out, and don't fling it away idly: For consider these hard times 'tis a great deal of Money. He takes the Sixpence, thanks her; and she thus continues, There are several Ships going out, bound to the West-Indies, that want Men, and I know thou art as able a Seaman as ever walk'd between Stern and Stern of a Ship, that any Commander will be glad to Enter thee. As to that, Mother, says he, I can speak a Proud word for my self: There is ne'er a part of a Seaman, from the Splicing of a Cable to the Cooking of the Kettle, but what I know as well as the Boat-swain. Well, Mother, wish me good Luck, I'll go see what I can do, as the Gunner said to the Cooks Daughter. She wish'd he might prosper in his Endeavours; and away he went.

I could not but reflect on the unhappy Lives of these Salt-water kind of Vagabonds, who are never at Home, but when they're at Sea, and always are wandering when they're at Home; and never contented but when they're on Shore: They're never at ease till they've receiv'd their Pay, and then never satisfied till they have spent it: And when their Pockets are empty, they are Just as much respected by their Landladies, (who cheat them of one half, if they spend the other) as a Father is by his Son-in-Law, who has Beggar'd himself to give him a good Portion with his Daughter.

Whilst we were thus busying our Brains with
thoughts

thoughts relating to the condition of a Seaman, in steps another of the Tarpauling Fraternity, with his Hat under his Arm, half full of Money, which he hug'd as close as a School-Boy does a *Birds-nest*. As soon as ever he came into the Entry, he sets up his Throat like a Country Bridegroom half Drunk, so overjoy'd at his prize, as if he was as little able to contain himself under the Blessing of so much Money, as the Bumpkin was under a Foresight of Pleasures he expected to find in the Embraces of New Married Hug-Booby. *Ounds Mother*, says our Marine *Croesus*, *where are you?* She hearing his Tongue, thought by his lively expressing himself, he had brought good News; came running with all speed to meet him, crying, *Here am I, Son Bartholomew; You're Welcome a shore. I hope your Captain and Ships Crews are all well. By Fire and Gunpowder, I don't Care if they be all Sick. Why, we are paid off in the Downs, and I am just come up in a Hoy. I hope I can have a Lodging with you, Mother? Ah, ah, Child! Do'st think I won't find a Lodging for one of my best Children?* In answer to which, he Innocently returns this Compliment, *Sure never any Sea faring Son of a Whore had ever such a good Mother upon shore as I have. Ounds Mother, let me have a Bucket full of Punch that we may Swim and Toss in an Ocean of good Liquor, like a couple of little Pinks in the Bay of Biscay. I always said, said she, thou wert my Best Boy: Well, I'll go and prepare thee such a Bowl, that every Cup thou Drink'st on't, shall make thee wish for a Loving Sweetheart. Now you talk of that, Mother, how does Sister, Betty? She's very well, says old Suck-Pocket; Poor Girl, she'll be at home presently; I expect her every Minute. I believe she has ask'd for you above a thousand times since you have been on Board. I dare swear she would be as glad to see you as if you were her Husband.*

In this Interim, whilst she was mixing up a *Sea Cordial* for her adopted *Sea Calf*, John happens to return from

from his Enquiry for a Voyage. *Lac-a-day*, John, says his Landlady, with a seeming Sorrowful Countenance, *Here's the saddest Accident fall'n out since you went Abroad, that has put me to such a Puzzle, I know not how to order my Affairs, unless you will let me Beg one kindness of you. What a Pox*, says John, *I'll warrant you now 'tis to lie upon that Lousie Flock-Bed that lies upon the Boards in the Garret. Why truly John, I must tell thee I have one of the best Friends I have in the World, just come on shore; and if you don't oblige me, I shall be put to a sad Non-plus. Here*, John, says the old Wheedling Hypocrite, *Here's to thee; Come Drink, 'tis a Cup of the best Brandy, I'll assure you. Here*, John, *fill a Long Pipe of Tobacco; well, Son John, you say you'll let your Mothers Friend have your Room, Child, won't you? I don't care not I*, says the Foolish Lubber, *he may ha't and be wool; I think I hant long to stay with you; I know now I have spent my Fifty Pound with you, you want to be rid of me.*

By this time the Bowl was just begun between Mother and Son; and who should step in, in the lucky Minute, but Sister Betty; and there was such a wonderful Mess of Slip-Slop lick'd up between Brother *Bat* and Sister *Bet*, that no two Friends, met by Accident in a Foreign Plantation, could have express more Joy in their Greeting: But as soon as ever the *White-Chappel* Salutation was over, Mrs. Betty I found began to exert some further Arguments of his kindness, than just barely Kissing; and ask'd him, What had he brought his Sister Betty no Present from Sea with him? *Yes*, says he, *I have sure. I can as soon forget the Points of my Compass, as forget my Sister Betty, as good a Girl as ever was Kist in a Cabbin, or lost her Maidenhead in a Hammock. I told thee if ever I came Home again I would present you with a Ring, and there's Money to Buy it. How now, Hussie*, crys the Mother, *how dare you put your Brother to this Charge, you forward*

Y

Baggage

Baggage you? Pray give it him again you'd best, or I'll Ring you, marry will I, Minks. The Daughter well acquainted with her Mothers Hypocrisie, replies, *I did not ask him for't, that I did not, I won't give it him, that I won't: as long as he gave it me, I will keep it, that I will, why should'nt I?*

By this time our Punch was exhausted, and remembering we had heard of a Famous Amphibious House of Entertainment, compounded of one half *Tavern*, and t'other *Musick-House*, made us willing to Dedicate half an Hour to what Diversion we might there meet with. Accordingly we left the old *Subtile Bel-dam*, and her Young *Jilting Fricatrix*, to empty the Fools Cap of his Nine Months Earnings, and send his Hat and his Pockets to Sea again, as Empty as his Noddle.

As soon as we came to the Sign of the Spiritual Helmet, such as the High Priests us'd to wear when they bid defiance to the Devil, we no sooner enter'd the House, but we heard Fiddlers and Hautboys, together with a Hum-drum Organ, make such incomparable Musick, that had the Harmonious Grunting of a Hog been added as a Bass to the ravishing Concert of Caterwauling Performers, in the height of their extasie, the unusualness of the sound could not have render'd it to a Nice Ear more Engaging. Having heard the Beauty and Contrivance of the Publick Musick Room, as well as other parts of the House, very highly Commended, we agreed first to take a view of that which was likely to be most Remarkable. In order to which we ascended the Grades, and were usher'd into a most stately Appartment, Dedicated purely to the Lovers of *Musick, Painting, Dancing*, and *'tother thing too*. No Gilding, Carving, Colouring, or good Contrivance, was here wanting to Illustrate the Beauty of this most Noble Academy; where a good Genius may Learn with safety to abominate Vice;
and

and a bad Genius, with as much danger to Practice it. The Room, by its compact Order and costly Improvements, looks so far above the use its now converted to, that the Seats are more like Pews than Boxes; and the upper-end being divided by a Rail, looks more like a *Chancel* than a *Musick-Loft*: That I could not but Imagine it was Built for an *Oaten* Meeting-House, but that they have for ever destroy'd the Sanctity of the Place by putting an Organ in it, round which hung a great many pretty Whimsical Pictures, more particularly one, wherein was describ'd the solemnity formerly us'd at *Horn-Fair*, which, at first, I took (till I was undeceiv'd) for an Assembly of Grave Citizens going to deliver a Petition to a Court of Common-Council, to desire 'em to make a By-Act, or an Act by the by, to prevent Cuckold-making. There were but few Companies in the Room; the most Remarkable Person was a Drunken Commander, who plucking out a handful of Money, to give the Musick Sixpence, dropt a Shilling, and was so very Generous, that he gave an officious Drawer, standing by, half a Crown for stooping to take it up.

The Master finding we were much pleas'd with the Order and Beauty of his Room of State, was so Civil to ask us to see his House, whose kind offer we very readily Embrac'd, following him into several Cleanly and Delightful Rooms, furnish'd for the Entertainment of the best of Company; and to render 'em the more Diverting, had so many Whimsical Figures Painted upon the Pannels, that you could look no way but you must see an Antick, whose Posture would provoke Laughter as much as the *Dumb Man* in the *Red-Cap*, when his Brains were agitated with a Cup of Porters Comfort. When he had shew'd us the most costly part of his Tippling Conveniency, he brought us into the Kitchen, which was

Rail'd in with as much Pomp, as if nothing was to be Dress'd in it but a Dinner for a Prince. Over-head hung an Harmonious Choir of *Canary-Birds*, Singing; and under them a parcel of *Sea-Gulls*, Drinking; who made such ordinary Figures, in so fine a Room, that they look'd as homely as a *Bantam Ambassador* in one of the Kings Coaches. From thence he Ushered us down Stairs into a *Subterranean Sanctuary*, where his *Sunday Friends* may be Protected from the Insolence of the *Church-Wardens*, who every *Sunday* like *Good Christians* break the *Sabbath* themselves, to have the *Letchery* of Punishing others for the same Fault. Round this *Sots Retiring Room*, were Painted as many *Maggots* as ever crawl'd out of an old *Cheeshire Cheese*; in one Pannel a parcel of Drunken Women Tormenting the Devil, some plucking him by the Nose, like *St. Dunstan*; some Spewing upon his Worship; and others endeavouring to Piss his Eyes out; and many other such-like Whimsies. But the most remarkable of all was the *Bonana-Tree*, which bears an Evil Fruit, of which Women are most wonderful Lovers: Beneath its Umbrage are a great number of the kind Sex, contending for the Wind-falls; and some are so unreasonable, that notwithstanding they have gathered up more than they are able to stick in their Girdles, yet exert the utmost of their strength in endeavouring to shake the Tree: some measuring what they had pick'd up by their Spans, to try whether the Size was Standard; others Quarrelling for those of the largest Growth, like so many Sows for a great Apple; in which condition we left 'em to dispute the matter, and return'd up Stairs, where we Drank a Quart of good Red, thank'd the Master for his Civility and so departed the House, which may very justly be Stil'd by such who Love good Wine, and a Pleasant Room to sit in, *The Paradise of Wapping*.

Proposing

Proposing but little more Diversion at this end of the Town, we thought it our best way to be returning Homewards; accordingly we Fac'd about, and to make our Walk the more Pleasing, we chose a different Path to what we had before Travel'd, which brought us, after a little Rambling, to the *Danes Church*; it seeming, by the out-side, to be a very Regular and Commodious Building: Which put me upon an Enquiry of my Friend, whether he had ever seen the Inside? Who told me, *Yes*; and that it was a Neat and well Compact Tabernacle, but the Congregation to whom it appertain'd, were such a parcel of Wainscot-Fac'd Christians, they were enough to Scare an *English* Parson out of the Pulpit, were he to Ascend amongst 'em; and Stunk so of Pitch and Tar, that as soon as ever I had clap'd my Nose into the Church, I thought my self Between-Decks. Their Uncomb'd Locks, Tobacco Breaths, Sea-Faring Apparel adding such further Fragrancy to the former, that no Rats that had taken Sanctuary in a *Cheshire Cheese*, could have smelt more Frowzily; and further, says my Friend, it is as Vainly as Ridiculously Reported, That the Church is cover'd with one entire Leaf of Copper, without Joynt or Sodder, which was Cast in *Denmark*, but how the Stow'd it on Ship-Board to bring it over, and how they brought it from the Water-side to the Church, and how at once they rais'd it to the Roof, neither the Inhabitants of the Square, or any Body that reports it, could ever yet inform me: For granting it were true, the Dimensions must be so large, and the Ponderosity so great, that it would require in the Performance such wonderful Art and Industry that would be worth Discovering.

From thence we Rambled on, like a couple of Sweetners in search of a Country Gudgeon, who thro' Greediness of Gain, would Bite at his share in a drop'd

dropt Half Crown, a Gilded Ring, or Rug and Leather, till we came to a Heathenish part of the Town, distinguish'd, as we found by Enquiry, with the applicable Title of *Knock-Varges*, adjoining to a Savory place, which, in Ridicule of Fragrant Fumes that arise from the Musty Rotten Rags, and Burnt Old Shoes, is call'd by the Sweet Name of *Rosemary Lane*; where such a Numberless Congregation of ill-favoured Maunkins were gather'd together with their Hand-Baskets, that we thought a Fleet of *French* Protestants had been just arriv'd, and were newly come on Shore with Bag and Baggage, to implore the Charity of *English* well disposed Christians, to shelter them from the Terrible Persecution of *Rags, Lice, and Poverty*: But upon a true Inquisition into the meaning of this Tatter'd Multitude being Assembled in this surprizing manner, we were inform'd by a little Draggel-Tail Flat-Cap, it was *Rag-Fair*, held every Day from between two and three of the Clock in the Afternoon, till Night; where all the Ragg-pickers in Town, and such as swop Earthen Ware for old Apparel, also the Cryers of *Old Satin, Taffety or Velvet*, have Recourse to sell their Commodities, to *Cow-Cross* Merchants, *Long-Lane* Sharpers, and other Brokers, who were as busy in Raking into their Dunghills of old Shreds and Patches, and examining their Wardrobes of decay'd Coats, Breeches, Gowns, and Petticoats, as so many Cocks upon a pile of Horse-dung, Scraping about the Filth to find an Oat worth picking at; or like a Parsons Hog on a Monday Morning, routing about a Church-yard to find a S——nce worth biting at.

The adjacent Magistrates, we were inform'd, had us'd the utmost of their endeavours to suppress their Meeting, but to no purpose; for their *Number* bids defiance to all Molestation, and their *Impudence* and *Poverty* are such, that they fear neither Goal nor Punishment.

ishment. You may here see the very scum of the Kingdom in a Body consisting of more *Ragged Regiments*, than ever, I believe, was muster'd together at any other Rendezvous since the Worlds Creation. Its a rare place for a Miser to lay his Letchery at a small expence; for Two-pence will go as far here in Womans Flesh, as half a Crown at Madam *Quarles*, and with much less danger of Repenting his Bargain. Its a very Healthful part of the Town, to cure Lazy People of the Yellow Jaundies, for Body-Lice are so plenty, that I dare engage they may have them without buying. Its a good Market for Country Farmers to buy their Scarecrows at; for let them but Bargain with the Rag Women to dress 'em up some *Maukins* in imitation of themselves, they need not fear but fright the Birds out of their Corn, and Hogs out of their Pease field; for I observ'd every Dog that came by, scowr'd thro' 'em with as much expedition, as an offending Soldier that runs the Gantlet thro' a Regiment. Some of them, who by many years industry, having conquer'd the difficulties of this World, and rais'd themselves to the prodigal pitch of Twenty Shillings before hand, were crept into little Huts and Holes, about as big as a Dog kennel, and Lorded it over the poor Street-sitting Vagabonds, like a Country Justice of Peace over his poor Neighbours. The Women that cry *Pancakes*, and the Girls that cry *Diddle, Diddle, Dumplins ho*, were wonderful busie amongst 'em; and several little Ale-houses are already crept in amongst 'em, to ease 'em of their Pence as fast as they can raise 'em by the Sale of their Commodities: The Flesh of the Inhabitants, as well as the Market-People, look'd of such a dingie Complexion, as if Dame *Nature* had mix'd Kennel Dirt with her Clay, as Bricklayers do with their Mortar, to make it bind the faster; or else as if fresh Water was as scarce in their Neighbourhood as 'tis in *Antego*. All

Strangers that came by look'd about 'em as if fright-
ed; and like us, till they were better satisfied, thought
they'd fallen into a Congregation of Vipers, who
look'd as if the good and bad Angels were sharing
their Interest in this World; and in order to sepe-
rate the Righteous from the Ungodly, the Devil had
drove his parcel to this end of the Town, where he
had drawn 'em together, in order to Embarque for
his Infernal Territories; for it would amaze any Bo-
dy at first sight, to think what such a Number of
poor Wretches could do together, unless, like Sea-
men in a long Calm, they were going to draw Cuts
about devouring one another. The chief of their
Customers were Mumpers, and People as Ragged as
themselves, who came to barter *Scraps* for *Patches*;
observing it was a very Currant swop to change *Food*
for *Rayment*; that is, such needful Repairs as a Beg-
gars Breeches may want between the Legs, or his
Coat at Armpits or Elbows. Some Rags I observ'd
were parcel'd out for better purposes, and would not
be expos'd to any but ready-money-Customers: Ma-
ny of their Stocks were so very small, that, I found
Two-pence, or Three-pence, were accounted, amongst
some of them, considerable Takings. Yet this ob-
servation I made, that amongst all that I beheld, as I
pass'd thro' 'em, I saw not one melancholly or dejected
Countenance amongst 'em; but all showing in their
Looks more Content and Chearfulness than you shall
find in an Assembly of Great and Rich Men on a Pub-
lick Festival: From whence we may Conjecture, that
Pozerty is commonly-attended with such a Careless
Indifference, that frees the Mind from reflecting on
its Miseries. For undoubtedly were these despicable
Paupers but to let the unhappiness of their Circum-
stances once affect their thoughts, and become the
Object of their Consideration, it would have such a
melancholy Effect upon their Spirits, as would be soon
legible

legible in their Looks, and discernable even in their Actions, which would want that Vigour and Vivacity necessary to perform whatever they undertake.

As we were thus Descanting upon the Ragged Sons and Daughters of Necessity, a formal Figure pass'd by us, in an Ancient Plate-Button'd Suit, with an old fashion'd Silver Hilted Sword, tuck'd up to the Wasteband of his Breeches, in a long Wig, buckled up in small Rings, as if, like an old Cavaliers Whiskers, every Hair had been turn'd up with Gum-water, the Curles hanging all as stiff as a Pigs Tail, and as regular as the Worm of a Bottle Screw, his Hat as dusty as the top of a Sluts Cup-board, and his Hands and Face look'd as rusty as an Old Neglected Picture, that had lain seven Years in a Garret full of Rubbish; as he Waddled by us in great haste, he gave my Friend the Civility of his Hat, which was by us return'd; but looking after him, observ'd he had left the Print of his Fingers where he had handled the Brims, as plain as a *Chimney-Sweeper* could have done if he had clap'd a *Meal-man* upon the Shoulders; but taking Notice of his Complaisance, I ask'd my Friend, if he had any acquaintance with him? Who told me, he had seen him sometimes at the *Green Dragon* Tavern, but had little knowledge of him, any other than that he had heard several Odd Stories of him, from some who use the House, that are better acquainted with him: He is very Famous among those that know him, for Three slovenly Neglects, *viz.* He very seldom Washes his Hands, or Face; very rarely Brushes his Hat, and never Combs his Wig but when he goes to *Church*, which is not above once in a Twelve-Month; for he is a Man of no extraordinary Principles, but one who had run thro' a great many cunning Professions without success, as *Merchant, Brewer, Lawyer, &c.* and failing in all, is at last, thro' a Natural Propensity to exert his Wits, turn'd *Sharper*.
By

By this time we were got into *Goodmans-Fields*, where passing by the *Little Devil Coffee-House*, my Friend gave me such large Encomiums both of the *People* and their *Punch*, that I like himself was unwilling to let slip so good an opportunity of refreshing my Intellects with a little of that most Edifying Liquor; which, if compounded of good Ingredients, and prepar'd with true Judgement, Exceeds all the Simple, Potable Products in the Universe. At our first Entrance of the Publick Room, we found a Jolly Company, Blessing one another over a plentiful Bowl of this Corroborating Creature, whose Excellencies were Visible in the very Looks of its Lovers: The Worldly Air of their Countenances being chang'd into a Heavenly Chearfulness. This pleasing Sight gave me great Encouragement to walk up Stairs; where in a Room Neat enough to Entertain *Venus* and the *Graces*, we were in a Minutes Expedition supply'd with an *Indian* Gobblet of their Infallible Cordial, which, in half an Hour, had carry'd off the Dregs of our Flegmatick Stomachs, and so sublim'd our thoughts that we found our selves Elevated above the common Pitch of Human Conversation; and having the Company of our Landlord, and a Friend or two of his, as Jolly as himself, the Cup pass'd round in a Circle, as an Emblem of Eternity, till at last I was so highly Inspir'd by the Noble Vertues of our *Nectar*, that I had much adoe to forbear thinking I was in a State of Immortality. And that which added much more to our Felicity, and Crown'd the Pleasures of our Liquor were these following Advantages: My Landlord was Good Company, my Landlady Good Humour'd, her Daughters Charmingly Pretty, and the Maid Tolerably Handsome; who can Laugh, Cry, say her Prayers, Sing a Song, all in a Breath; and can turn in a Minute to all Sublunary Points of a Female Compass; Yet thus much I must say in her Behalf, that she's obedient to her Mistress, and

and obliging to Company, and I dare Swear, as far as a Man may guess by outward Appearance, she'll prove an excellent Bedfellow to him that has the Luck to Marry her.

After we had thoroughly Awaken'd our Drowsie Brains with a sufficient Quantity of this unparallel'd *Punch*, my Friend Writ the following Verses.

In Praise of PUNCH.

Immortal Drink whose Compound is of Five,
More Praise do'st thou deserve than Man can give;
A Cordial that supports the troubled Heart,
And do'st infuse new Life in ev'ry part:
Thou clear'st our Reason, and inform'st our Soul,
And mak'st us Demy Gods when o'er a Bowl,
Inspir'd by thee we're rais'd to such a Pitch,
That things beyond Mortality we reach,
Such as without thy Pow'r no Stagaryte e'er cou'd Teach.
Had our Forefathers but thy Vertues known,
Their Foggy Ale to Lubber they'd have thrown;
And stuck to thee who gives the Soul a sight
Of things, that Study ne'er cou'd bring to Light.
Which if they had, I may with Reason say,
Our Great Great Grandfires might have seen this Day;
Had they th' Effects of of this Di'pente seen,
Five would have sure the Golden Number been.
Let Musick Judge thy Harmony alone,
A Fifth's a Concord but a Seventh's none.
Therefore thou surely dost Excel in Heaven,
And Justly take'st the Upper-hand of Seven.
Thou Friendship Knit'st, and does the same preserve;
They who Neglect thee do not Live but Starve:
Slight those great Benefits they might possess,
Which Wine can't Equalize, or Words Express.
Thou clear'st all Doubts, and driv'st away all Care,
And make'st Mankind show truly what we are;

When

When to thy Power we chearfully submit,
And round the Bowl, thy flowing Confiner, sit,
We Paradise Regain, and Re-enjoy
That happy State which common Ills Destroy.
The Sober Muckworms who thy Name abuse,
And with Contempt thy Jolly Cups Refuse,
Are Plodding Knaves, who're fearful to betray
Some Base Designs they are about to Play;
And therefore without danger cannot Trust,
Evils with thee, that art Divinely Just.
Thou art the Key to Humane Heads and Hearts,
O'er thee the Modest, Witty, show their Parts.
Thou putt'st new Vigour into Life's old Springs,
The Poet Rhimes, and the Musician Sings;
The Artist does his Rules and Means disclose,
The Lawyer Feeless tells you what he knows.
The Parson quits Divinity and Drinks;
At all our Little Slips and Failings Winks,
Nor tells you what he has Read, but truly thinks.
The Virgin all her Coyness lays aside,
And bears a Love-Petition without Pride,
Shewing those Faults before by Art she hid.
The Wife will by her true Behaviour show,
Whether sh'as Horn'd the Goodmans Head or no;
The Subtle Widow will her Love set forth,
And frankly tell you what she's freely worth.
In thee one Virtue more I must commend,
Of Liquors thou'rt the only Womans Friend:
'Twill make the Youth, his utmost Power exert,
And the old Fumbler play the Young Mans part.
To thee, my only Mistress, cou'd I raise,
An everlasting Monument of Praise.
For thus much may I justly say in fine.
Thou hast an Excellence surpassing Wine,
And art the only Cordial that's Divine.

Therefore

*Therefore to know this mighty Truth I want,
If a Saint first made Punch, or Punch first made a Saint.*

We now return'd back again to our Buzzing Metropolis, the City; where Modesty and Plain-Dealing were laid aside to pursue the wonderful Expectancies so many Thousands had from a mixture of Projectors Knavery, and their own Folly. The *Gazette* and *Post-Papers* lay by Neglected, and nothing was purr'd over in the *Coffee-Houses* but the *Ticket-Catalogues*: No talking of the *Jubilee*, the want of *Currant Trade* with *France*, or the *Scotch settlement at Darien*: Nothing Buzz'd about by the Purblind Trumpeters of *State-News*, but *Blank* and *Benefit*. *My Son* had *Five Pound* in such a *Lottery*, but got nothing; *my Daughter*, says another, had but *Five shillings*, and got the *Twenty Pound Prize*. People Running up and down the Streets in Crowds and Numbers, as if one end of the Town was on Fire, and the other were running to help 'em off with their Goods. One Stream of *Coachmen*, *Footmen*, *Prentice-Boys*, and *Servant-Wenches*, flowing one way with wonderful hopes of getting an Estate for *three-Pence*. *Knights*, *Esquires*, *Gentlemen* and *Traders*, *Marry'd Ladies*, *Virgin Madams*, *Filts*, *Concubines*, and *Strumpets*; Moving on *Foot*, in *Sedans*, *Chariots*, and *Coaches*, another way; with a pleasing Expectancy of getting six Hundred a Year for a Crown.

Thus were all the *Fools* in Town so busily employed in running up and down from one *Lottery* or another, that it was as much as *London* cou'd do to Conjure together such Numbers of *Knaves* as might cheat 'em fast enough of their Money. The Unfortunate crying out, *A Cheat, a Cheat, a Confounded Cheat*, nothing of *Fairness* in't. The Fortunate in Opposition to the other, crying, *'Tis all Fair, all Fair; the Fairest Adventure that ever was Drawn*. And thus every Body,

dy, according to their success, expressing variously their Sentiments. Tho' the Losers, who may be said to be in the Wrong of it to Venture their Money, were most Right in their Conception; and the Gainers, who were in the Right of it, to their Opinion of the matter: For I have much ado to forbear believing that *Luck in a Bag*, is almost as Honest as *Fortune in a Wheel*, or any other of the like Projects. Truly, says my Friend, I confess I cannot receive any extraordinary Opinion of the Fairness of any *Lottery*; for I am apt to believe when ever such a Number of *Fools* falls into a *Knave's* Hand, he will make the most of 'em; and I think the *Parliament* could not have given the Nation greater Assurances of their especial Regard to the Welfare of the Publick, than by suppressing all Lotteries, which only serve to Buoy up the mistaken Multitude with Dreams of Golden showers to the expence of their Money, which with hard Labour they have Earn'd; and often to the Neglect of their Business, which doubles the Inconveniency. The Gentry indeed might make it their Diversion, but the common People make it a great part of their Care and Business, hoping thereby to relieve a Necessitous Life; instead of which, they plunge themselves further into an Ocean of Difficulties. What if one Man in Ten Thousand gets Five Hundred Pounds, what Benefit is that to the rest, who have struggled hard for Fools Pence to make up the Sum, which perhaps falls to one who stood not in need of Fortunes Favours.

Prithee, says my Friend, let's go to *Mercers-Chappel*, and see how the Crowd behave themselves there; ten to one but we shall find something or other that may be Diverting to our selves, and worth rendring to the Publick. Accordingly we directed our selves thither, to which Rendezvous of Adventurers, as well as our selves, abundance of *Fools* from all parts of the Town, were

were flocking ; none shewing a Despairing Countenance, but all expressing as much hopes in their Looks as if every one had an assurance from a *Moor-fields Conjuror* of having the great Prize. Some being thoughtful how to improve it, should it so happen ; some how happily they'd Enjoy it ; Women, what fine Cloaths they'd Wear ; Maids, what handsome Husbands they'd have ; Beaus, what fine Wigs they'd Wear ; and Sots, what rare Wine they'd Drink ; the Religious, what Charitable Works they'd do ; and young Libertines, what fine Whores they'd keep. In the Porch, or Entry of the *Hall*, was a Booksellers-Shop, where they Sold the Printed Benefits, for which the People were so Impatient, that there could not be more clawing amongst Mumpers at a Noblemans Gate (when he goes out of the Town) at the distribution of his Charity. With much ado we crowded into the *Hall*, where *Young and Old, Rich and Poor, Gentle and Simple*, were mix'd higgledy-dee, all gaping for a Benefit, like so many Fortunes Minions, waiting for a Windfall from the Blind Ladies Golden-Pippin Tree, whilst the Projector and the Honourable Trustees sat Laughing in their *Sleeves*, to see fair Play dealt out to the attentive Assembly, whose avaricious Hearts went Pit-a-pat at the Drawing of every Ticket.

Every now and then, when a Benefit arose, some impatient Novice or other crying out, *That's mine* ; bustling up to the Trustees, producing his Ticket to prevent that Fraud, which, tho' he had ventur'd his Money, he was fearful might be Practicable amongst 'em. It sometimes proving that the Adventurer had mistaken his Number, or the Number that was drawn to the Benefit, which unhappy Mistake would be such a disappointment to 'em, that their silly Looks would render 'em a Laughing-stock to the whole Congregation of Fortunes Courtiers, every one equally big with the hopes of being the only Favourite. My

My Friend and I having no pretence, or title to be rank'd, by any accident, in the number of the Fortunate, having Ventur'd nothing in their plausible piece of Uncertainly, thought it not worth our while to spend any further time amongst 'em, but concluded to march about our Business, and leave the numerous Sons and Daughters of Fortune, to flatter themselves with the vain hopes of their Mothers kindness; Going, when we came out, to a Neighbouring Coffee-House, where we Smoak'd a Pipe, and consulted of some *New Measures* to take in our next Spy; which having concluded on, we retir'd Home, where I scribbled o'er the following lines upon *Lotteries*, with which I shall conclude.

What sundry Projects the Ingenious find,
T' Allure and Cozen Avaritious Fools;
And draw the Common People who are Blind,
In all their Stratagems to be their Tools.

The hopes of sudden Wealth doth most deceive,
When 'tis from Labour and from Danger free,
Let but the hopes be plausible you give,
And most Men will with your designs agree.

For all Men love Prosperity and Ease,
And when its Prospect they with Safety have,
Tho' at a vast long distance, yet 'twill please,
More surely him whom Want does most Enslave.

This made the Lott'ries with the Crowd prevail,
The Odds, tho' great, they mind to Scan,
As long as each among the Num'rous All,
Has equal Hopes to be the happy Man.

*The vast Deduction for the Pains and Charge;
Of ten per Cent in Reason is too great;
And where the Gain in Justice is too large,
The very Profit is alone a Cheat.*

*Thousands, 'tis plain, would soon have been Undone,
Had the late Act much longer been delay'd,
Where many suffer to Enrich but one,
All such designs are in their Nature bad.*

*All loose vain Projects ought to be debarr'd,
Which are of Evil to the Publick known,
Wherein Projectors have a large Reward,
For doing what they'd better ne'er a done.*

*This is enough to prove they Hurtful are,
Since among all the Adventurers you meet,
To one who has reason to believe 'em Fair,
A thousand shall Cry out, A Cheat a Cheat.*

*He that Projects or Models the Design,
Like the Box-keeper certain is to Win:
In Lotteries 'tis the same as 'tis in Play,
The Knave's the Vulture, and the Fool's the Prey.*

T H E
London-Spy.

P A R T XV.

The Character of Victuallers in General. The Character of a Common Victualler, in Verse. Of Astrologers and Wise-Women. Of a Cunning Man in Verse. Of a Modern Reformer of Vice: Or, a Reforming Constable, in Prose and Verse. Comical Accidents and Occurrences.

AS a Fair Town-Miss, of a Twelve-Months standing, when she has surfeited the Appetite of those *Debauchees* who are always ranging after Novelty; and render'd herself Contemptible, by being too Common, puts on a dark Fore-top, blacks her Eye-brows, changes the Mode of her Dressing, her Lodging, and her Name, and sets up for a New Creature; so we, for fear of falling under the same Fate, have thought fit to vary a little from our former Method, in hopes to preserve the same Liking to our Design, which we believe the World has hitherto had, from the Encouragement it has given us to continue our Undertaking. Our chief Alteration will be to Treat more upon *Men and Manners*; opening the *Frauds and Deceits* practicable in many Trades; also of the sundry sorts of *Conversation*, with *Moral Reflections* on the same; *Characters of Trades*, and those that follow 'em; and *Remarks* upon all Occurrences worth Notice. In pursuant to which Method, I shall begin

begin with *Viſtuallers*, ſhowing their uſual *Riſe* and means of *Succeſs*. And alſo ſhall lay open their *Pride*, *Saucineſs* and *Ingratitude*; which either moſt Men have, may, or will find, by their own experience.

Of Viſtuallers.

In Times of *Sobriety*, when *Ale-Houſes* were as ſcarce as *Churches*, not above one in a *Parish*; when any *Tradesman* was undone by the *Levity* of his *Wife*, the *Diſobedience* of his *Children*; by *Fires*, in either *House* or *Codpiece*, or any other *Loſſes* and *Croſſes*, incident to a Man in this *World*; upon his *Humble Application* to the *Magiſtrates* of the *Ward*, or *Precinct* wherein he *Liv'd*, they would *Grant*, or *Procure* him to be *Granted*, a *License* to ſell *Ale*, that he might be doing ſomething to *Defend* himſelf and his *Family* from being *Burthenſome* to the *Parish*. And being unhappily fallen into a *Peeviſh Temper*, by reflecting on his *Miſfortunes*, he was uſually diſtinguiſhed in his new *Employment*, with ſome of the following *Nick-Names*, and *Titles*, as, *Alderman Snarl*, *Captain Ruſty*, *Sir John Tun-belly*, *Eſquire Gruff*, *Doctör Grunt*, or the like; being look'd upon no other than an *Old Crack-Fiddle*, fit for every *Merry Prattle-Box* to Play upon. Neither could the good *Woman*, (whoſe *Business* it was to draw the *Tippie*, and who kept her *Shoulders warm* with a piece of an old *Blanket* inſtead of a *Night-rail*) avoid being new *Chriſten'd* by ſome *Drunken Godfather* or other, by the *Name* of *Mother Huff*, *Mother Damnable*, the *Witch of Endor*, *Dame Saucy*, *Goody Blowze*, *Gammer Tattle*, or the like. But now the *World*, like a Man advanc'd from *Poverty* to *Proſperity*, is ſo ſtrangely alter'd, that as ſoon as a *Tradesman* has got a little *Money* by the *Business* he was *Bred to*, *Obſerving* the fluency of *Fools-Pence*, the *Lordlineſs* of *Viſtuallers*, the *Lazineſs* of their *Lives*, the *Pleni-*

tude of their *Purses*, and *Welfare* of their *Families*, is resolv'd to Thrive upon his own Small-Stock at the same Rate; and pursue the hopes and prospect of growing Rich with the same Expedition. Accordingly takes a House well situated for his purpose, where, in a few Years time, Behaving himself at first very humble, he breaks half his Acquaintance of his former Trade in coming to see him; Advancing himself in a little time to some petty Office of the Parish, with which he begins to Swell, and look as Stiff and as *Prodigal* as an *Alderman* after *Knighthood*. From thence, in a little time, Dignified with the Office and Title of Mr. *Church-Warden*; with the very Conceit of which he is so puff'd up, that during the Possession of the Church-Keys, he reckons himself as great as the *Pope*, and measures a Foot more in the Waste, upon his first Entrance into this *Parochial Authority*, than he did in Seven Years before he was chosen to't. His Wife must now be call'd *Madam*, his Sons, *Young Masters*, and his Daughters *Misses*; and he that Salutes the old *Lickspiggot* with any other Title than that of Mr. *Church-Warden*, runs the hazard of paying double Taxes, besides the Forfeiture of his Good Looks, Friendship and Conversation for as long as he Lives afterwards, without Providence, by some Casualty, brings him back to his first Humility, which is to be done by no other way than *Poverty*. He now begins to leave off his Colours, and to get the Print of his Apron-Strings out of his Coat; that, as he Walks along the Streets, it would be a hard matter to guess at his Profession, were it not for the many Rings on his Fingers, and the Stiffness of his Gate.

His own House now is not big enough to hold him: Besides, he begins to have such an Aversion to his Liquor, that he hates *Malt Drink* as bad as a *Grocer* does *Plumbs*, or an *Apothecary Physick*. *Wine* is the only Cordial that will go down with him, which he purchases

Purchases with the Pence of those *Poor Sots* who are *Gussling Belch* at his own *Ale-house*, to maintain him at the *Tavern*. He expects great *Reverence* from all his little *Neighbours*, and will *Loll* against the *Door-case*, and swing his *Bunch* of little *Keys* half a dozen times round his *Finger*, before he will answer a poor *Neighbour* a *Civil Question*. Those who were the first *Instruments* in procuring him a *Trade*, are as much out of his *Memory*, as a *Womans First Husband* when she's in *Bed* with a *Second*; especially if they *Tick Sixpence* with him, he puts on as pleasing an *Aspect*, as the *Devil* when he look'd over *Lincoln*. If he that has spent *Fifty Pounds* in his *House*, asks to *Borrow a Crown* of 'im: His *Wife* made him swear not above three *Days* ago, that he would never lend one *Sixpence* again as long as he *Liv'd*, or else he would have don't with all his heart. If any *Person*, tho' a good *Customer*, owes him any thing, and happens by extraordinary *Business* to be retarded from coming to his *House* as usual, there is a *Verbal Hue and Cry* publish'd after him presently, among all his *Acquaintance* that are *Customers*; as thus, *Pray how does Mr. Such a one do? We have not seen him this Age. I remember the time when he us'd to think mine the best Beer in the Parish; but now, I suppose, he has found out some that he likes better: Indeed I take it very unkind of him. I never gave him any occasion to leave my House, as I know on. I am sure he had always good Drink for his Money, and if he came without, I never refus'd to trust him, as my Bar-board can testify; and my Measure is as large as any Body Sells. I wonder we should lose his Company thus. Yet other heavy-headed Dunces can sit and hear this, and not conceive they would say as much by them, were they under the like Circumstance; but sit and Gussle down six times more than does 'em good, to the Injury of their Bodies, and Impoverishment of their Pockets, to make a parcel of Peremptory Ingrateful Scound-*

rels their Masters, who with Conduct and good Husbandry, they might keep at Staffs end, and force 'em to use that Modesty and Civility as becomes their Servile Station. Some few indeed there are, who having the advantage of an Education above the Employment they have taken upon 'em, know how to treat every Body with such a proportion of respect as is due to their *Quality*, or *Appearance*; being of another mold, *Generous* and *Obliging*, and quite opposite to that Mercenary Brutish Temper, with which most of 'em are possest, either by *Nature* or *Aquirement*: Such who have no more manners than (to use the *Hog-Grubbers* saying) that he knows no difference between a Porters two-pence and a Gentlemans, ought I think to have none but Porterly Customers; and he that knows how to bid a *Porter* give place to his Betters, deserves a good Trade from Gentlemen. There are three sorts of *Victuallers*, all differing very much from each other, according to the several parts of the Town wherein they are situated. At *Wappin*, and that way, they Lord it over the People like a *Boatswain* over a *Ships Company*; and look as bluff upon their *Tarpaulin Guest* as a *Mate* when first made *Commander*, or a *White-Fryars Printer* over a Gang of *Ballad-Singers*. In the *City* he is hail Fellow well met with any of his Customers on this side a *Common-Council-man*; but to all above, he is forc'd to pay a deference, and bow as low to the *Deputy* of a *Ward*, as a *Country Inn-keeper* does to the *Sheriff* of a *County*. And at *Charing-Cross*, you may find 'em so very humble and obliging for every two-pence they take, that a *Gentleman Foot-Soldier*, or a *Lords Footman*, shall have as many Bows and Cringes from the Master and his Family over the Drinking of a Pot, as a *French Dancing-master* shall give the *Mistress* of a *Boarding-School* when she gives him half a piece for his Days Teaching. Whether it be *Poverty*, living amongst *Courtiers*, or being bred
Gentlemens

Gentlemens Servants, and so Kick'd and Cuff'd into good Manners by their Masters, I'll leave the Reader to determine. There are scarce any of these sundry sorts of Malt-Pensioners, (excepting some few such as aforementioned) but what if you use their Houses constantly, shall think you an intail'd Customer, and shall use you worse and respect you less, than they shall the penurious *Niggard* that spends a Penny once in a Week, and begs a bit of Toast into the Bargain. Therefore the best Method the Reader can use to avoid the *Insolence* and *Ingratitude* of these Mungril sort of Christians, as to act pursuant to the advice of an experienc'd Toper, which is never to use any one House long; but observe this maxim, *When you find the Dog begin to wag his Tail upon you, 'tis time for you to seek a new Tipling-Office*; or it's ten to one, if you have been a Customer long enough for the *Spaniel* to be acquainted with you, but you will find the Master grow *Slighting*, and the Servants *Impudent*. And since the Vitioufness of the Age has occasion'd every Parish to abound with such great Numbers of these morose mercenary foul fat-feeding unneighbourly *Cormorants*, I will proceed to give you a further Character of one of the Worser sort in Verse, which I desire the Reader to accept on, as follows.

The Character of a Common *Victualler*.

THE Monster that progressively is Bred,
To raise his Fortunes by the Tipling Trade,
(As oft they are) must be of Spurious Race,
Begot by Chance within the Bounds of Grace:
Born of some Lustful Wench, who could not stay
Till Fortune flung a Husband in her way;
First Dropt, and then Preserv'd at Parish Pay.
Or else brought up on Pack-Horse from the North,
Born there of Parents who were nothing worth;

Sent up to Town, as thousands were before,
To Nick and Froth, and Learn the Double Score.
The Northern Sharpness in his Rural Face,
Soon recommends the Stripling to a Place:
Where by some thriving Country-man he's taught,
To Cheat the Guests of ev'ry Quart, a Draught.

Thus when a Seven Years Practice he has made,
And Learn'd Each Knavish Myst'ry of his Trade,
Some labouring Drudge with Twenty Pounds he meets,
Who longs to Dance the shaking of the sheets,
With her he couples and improves his Pence,
With his own hoarded Fools Benevolence;
Who great as Kings, when Drunk do often Grant,
Those Boons to Tapsters which themselves most want.
Then takes a House, hangs up a Yorkshire Sign,
New Paints the Door-Case, makes the Lettice fine.

Thus enter'd, such sharp Measures does he take,
By which he thrives whilst twenty Tradesmen break.
At first Industrious as an Indian Slave,
Close as a Miser, Cunning as a Knave;
Humble and Fawning, as a Pedlars Cur,
And to each Cobler Answers, Coming Sir.
His Bread and Cheese he frankly does impart,
And ev'ry thing is done with all his Heart.
Porters are Welcome near the Fire to sit,
And may Command; the Varlet can submit.
Without Offence Red-Herrings they may Broil,
And tattle o'er their Pot a wond'rous while.
Himself will on a Neigh'bring Errand run;
What e'er you speak for in a trice is done.
If Guests desire to keep 'em up till late,
Both without Grumbling will their Leisure wait;
No frowning from the Tike, or maundring from his

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[Mate.
Thus

*Thus are they careful to oblige at first,
But as they thrive, like Curs, they grow more Curst.
Full Cellars and full Pockets change the Scene,
And make the Lout a Prince, his Drab a Queen.
The Cobbler then must at a distance keep,
And Porters with their Hats in Hand must creep,
No Frape must hover o'er the Kitchen Fire,
They no such Paultry Company do desire :
Sit up, you Fellow, move your Seat you Clown ;
And let my Master Such a one sit down.
Pray Troop, I keep a Publick House 'tis true ;
But do not light my Fires for such as you.*

*In comes a Neighb'ring Servant for some Ale,
Pray dash it with a little drop of Stale :
I've brought no Money you must set it down :
The Maids thus Answer'd by the Surly Clown :
Pray tell your Master I shall draw no more,
Until he comes or sends to clear his Score ;
I'd rather in my Cellar keep my Beer,
Than send it out on Trust I know not where.
Perhaps some Neighb'ring Tradesmen next appear :
Where shall we be to Drink a Pot of Beer ?
Can't we go up ? No Marry, says the Quean,
None has been Up Stairs since the Room was Clean.
Here Boy the Bell, or else the Kitchen show,
Good Gentlemen, I'm sure, have sat below.
Nay, if we can't go up, we will not stay,
I'll warrant we'll find Houses where we may.
We do not want your Custom, you mistake,
Pray troop, one Swallow won't a Summer make.*

*Thus is the Baseness of their Nature shown,
No sooner Prosperous but Imperious grown :*

*By Wealth made Sawcy, by Misfortune Cow'd;
When Poor, too Humble, and when Rich, too Proud.*

Of Astrologers and Wise-Women.

No common *Errours, Frauds, or Fallacies*, in the World, have so far subdued the Weaker and consequently the Greater part of Mankind, as the *Juggles* and *Deceits* practicable in a parcel of pretending *Astrologers*; who undertake to resolve all manner of Lawful Questions, by Jumbling together those distant Bodies, in whose Nature or Influence they have just as much Knowledge, as a Countrey *Ale-Woman* has of *Witchcraft*, or a *German Juggler*, of *Necromancy*. In the first place, I have had an opportunity of examining several Nativities Calculated by those who have had the Reputation of being the best Artists of this Age; Wherein I have observ'd Sickness, Length of Days, and all other Fortunate and Unfortunate Contingencies assign'd the Natives, have been as directly opposite to what has happen'd thro' the whole Course of their Lives, as if the Fumbling *Star-groper* had rather, thro' an Aversion to *Truth*, study'd the *Rule of Contraries*, that he might always be found in the *Wrong* on't.

In the next place, their Method in deceiving People who come to enquire after *Stolen Goods*, is such a bare-fac'd ridiculous piece of Banter, that I wonder any Creature that bears Humane shape, can be so stupidly Ignorant, as not to plainly discern the Impositions that are put upon them by their *Canting Alburnazer*: Who, in the first place, enquires about what time, and after what manner the things were Lost; and what strangers they had then in the House? From whence he reasonably infers, whether the *Spoon, Cup, Tankard*, or whatsoever it be, was taken away by the common Thief, or stolen by a Servant, or Person that
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uses the House, or whether conceal'd by the Master or Mistress on purpose to make the Servants more diligent. If his Conjecture be, that it was taken by a common Thief, he describes a Swarthy Black Ill-looking Fellow, with a down-look, or the like; most Wisely considering, That such sort of Rogues are seldom without a Gallows in their Countenances: Telling withall, That the Goods are Pawn'd, and will scarcely be recoverable, without they take the Thief speedily, in order to effect which, he will give them his best Directions; which the Credulous Ignoramus desires in Writing, for fear he should forget; which the Sower-look'd Conjuror gives him accordingly, after the following manner. *Go a quarter of a Mile North from your own Dwelling, and then turn Easterly, and walk forward till you come to the Sign of a large Four Footed Beast, and Search within three or four Doors of that Sign, and you will go near to take him, if you go soon enough, or hear of him, who is of a middle Stature, and in poor Habit.* Away goes the Fool, as well satisfied with the Note, as if he had the Rogue by the Elbow, and if by any Accident they do hear of the Thief, all is ascrib'd to the wonderful Cunning of their Wizard: But if on the contrary, he believes it to be taken by a Servant, or any Body that uses the House, he bids 'em hab nab at a venture, *Go Home satisfied, for they shall certainly find the Spoon, &c. in three or four days time, hid in a private Hole, in such a part of the Kitchen, or he'll make the Devil to do with those that have it; and force them to bring it in open shame and disgrace at Dinner time, and lay it down upon the Table in the Sight of the whole Family.* Away goes the Person well satisfied with what their Ptolomist had told 'em; and declares to every one in the House how the Thief was Threaten'd, and after what manner the Spoon should be found within the time appointed, or else woe be to them that have it. This Frightful Story

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ry coming to the Ears of che Guilty, brings 'em under such dreadful Apprehensions of the Conjurers Indignation, if they do not lay what they've taken within the time, according to the Direction; that the first opportunity they have, they will place it to the utmost exactness in whatever Hole or Corner he has appointed for the finding it. And this is the very Reason why in such such sort of cases People so oft recover things that have been missing in their Houses, according to the Doctors Direction; which the *Ignorant* look upon to be all *Devilisme* and *Conjuration*; or if the Master or Mistress, has conceal'd any thing from their Servants to make 'em more careful, they are also ready to observe the Dictates of the Cunning Man, that the Servants might believe what was missing was really Stolen, that they might be more watchful of things in their Trust, to prevent the like Mischances for the Future. So that in this particular part of the Profession, there may be something said from the consequence of it, in behalf of their *Wizzardly* sort of Policy; it being a means oftentimes of bringing those petty Thefts to Light, which would otherwise lie undiscovered, to the prejudice of the Loser. But as to their pretended knowledge in matters beyond the View of common Reason, it is all a Cheat; and I am sorry this present Age should give such Evidence of its Weakness, as to encourage such a parcel of *Illiterate* and *Scandalous Deceivers* of the common People, to flourish and live Publickly Great, by such base and unjustifiable means, as casting *Figures*, telling *Fortunes*, Selling *Charms*, or *Sigills* or the like.

The further *Frauds* of whose Practices I shall more plainly detect in these following Stories, some of which I can warrant as Truths from Persons of my own Acquaintance.

There is now living a famous *Wise-Women* in *White-Chappel*, who is a great Pretendress to the *Gipsies Art*
of

of *Fortune-telling*, who has acquir'd such wonderful Credit and Reputation among Servant Wenches and poor *Ignorant* People, that she has Forty or Fifty Sixpenny Fools every Morning to attend her, most Women; some to know when they should be *Married*; some big with Child, who had lain with so many, they wanted to be resolv'd which was the right Father; some Married Women, whose Husbands were at Sea, or in Foreign Plantations, who came to know whether she could give 'em any glad Tidings of their Deaths or no; some to know whether they should be prosperous in their Marriage, Voyage, or Business in Hand, or not; others about Stolen Goods, and the like. An Ingenious Married Gentlewoman having heard much of *Mother Telltroths* Fame, and giving but little Credit to common Reports, being hard to believe that Providence had made any of her Sex so much Wiser than they should be, resolv'd to let her own Experience determine, whether the Woman was a *Witch*, or that her followers were all *Fools*; and accordingly has recourse to her abode, where she thrust herself in amongst the Querists, who were thronging in, like so many Spectators, to see a devout old Woman that had hang'd herself for Religion. Every one took their turns to be resolv'd, like Customers at a Chandelers, *First Come, First Serv'd*; or like Smiths and Cobblers in a Twopenny Barbers waiting for the Chair: At last it came to the Gentlewomans Turn to apply herself to the Oracle, and approaching near to the Elbow Chair of Infallibility, she gave a low Curt'sie as a Type of her Ignorance, as well as Submission, and told her the chief of her Business was to be satisfied when Providence wou'd Bless her with a Husband: The most knowing Prophetess, after she had Ogl'd and Examin'd her Physiognomy with a very penetrating Circumspection; the Lady keeping her Countenance, she told her, the Man was yet unknown to her
whom

whom she should certainly Marry within a few Weeks, by whom she should have three Children, and then Bury him, and Marry a Second Time, soon after, very much to her Advantage as well as Satisfaction, and should live very comfortably with him to so great an Age, that she should be forc'd to Walk with a Stick. *Sure, Forsooth,* says the Gentlewoman, *you must Deal with the Devil, or how should you know all this?* Indeed Child, replied the Sorceress, thou art mistaken, what I tell thee is purely from my Art. No, No, says the Querist, it must be certainly from the Devil; for he's the only Father of Lies, and I'll Swear you han't told me a word of Truth yet, for I have had a Husband this Nine Years, and have had seven Children by him, all Living at this present: Therefore your Art, *Forsooth,* has wonderfully fail'd you. Pray, says the old Gipsie, let me see your Hand once more. Upon a Review of which, says she, I find I was mistaken; for I find now thou hast a Husband, but he's such a very little one, that 'tis as much as ever I can do to discern his Significator in thy Palm. In which particular she happen'd to Guess right, for her Husband was a very little Man; which put the Lady into an Extravagant fit of Laughter; who being well pleas'd with the cunning of the Old Baggage, went away confirm'd in her Opinion, that there was nothing in her pretended Skill, but meer Guess and Subtlety.

A Country Gentleman not long since being in Town happen'd to be strangely infatuated with an opinion of *Astrology*; and resolving to venture some Money at the *Royal-Oak-Lottery*, had recourse to a Famous old Planet-Jugler, giving him a Guinea to assign him a Lucky hour for his purpose aforementioned: Who, according to their accustomary way of Cozening, erected a Scheme, and after he had made himself half pur-blind, by poring upon his Jimcrack, and Jumbling together a parcel of Figures to amaze the Querist,

rist, he positively prefixes a certain time wherein he should be Fortunate. The Gentleman pursuant to the *Star-groper's* directions, put Twenty Guineas into his Pocket, and away he goes to attack the *Devils-Treasury*, where, according to his Oracles Prediction, he met with such great Success, that he brought off a Hundred Pound of the *Oak's* Money; returns to his Conjuror with a full assurance of breaking the Lottery in a little time; presents the old Fox with ten Guineas, and desir'd he would consider of another Time wherein he might again be Fortunate: The old Shark very greedily swallow'd the Golden Bait, and made him large promises what the Stars should do for him, bidding him call about Two or Three days hence, and he should have time to be more exact in his Calculation. The Gentleman goes home wonderfully pleas'd, and returns to his Prophet *Bubble-Blockhead* according to appointment, who prefixes him another Night, wherein he should be surely prosperous. Away goes the Gentleman a Second time, flush'd with an assurance of the *Golden-Fleece*; but had not been long at Play, but his Stars by their Retrogradation brought him under a Necessity of sending his Man home for more Money, which he was forc'd to repeat two or three times before the *Oak* shut up; That for the Hundred Pound he had won, he had lost two; and began to be as angry with the Heavens and the Stars, as a young Poet that had lost his Mistress: Going back to his Deceitful *Ptolomy* in a wonderful Rage, telling him he and his Stars were a couple of Lying Confederates: And for ever after became as great an Enemy to *Astrology*, as a School-Boy is to a *Birch-Rod* after a sound flogging.

The Third Story I shall entertain you with, tho' it be something staler than the former, yet being applicable to my purpose; I think it may be admitted without exception, (*viz.*) On *Southwark-side* there liv'd a famous

famous Student in those two fraternal Sciences, *Physick* and *Astrology*, who to deceive People with more facility and assurance, had several Bells plac'd in his Study above Stairs, the Ropes of which hung down the wall of a dark Stair-case; one signifying Lost Sheep, another Cloaths stole off the Hedge, another stray'd or stolen Horses, which were the chief things People had recourse to him about: So that a Man who attended the Door, us'd first to sift 'em what they came about; and so at once rung for the Doctor and dispatch'd Intelligence at the same instant.

It happen'd once that a Butcher having lost some Sheep out of the Neighbouring Marshes, came to request a Cast of the Doctors Office, believing he could put him in a way of recovering his stray'd Weathers. Accordingly goes to the House, where at his first Entrance, the Servant ask'd him his Business, who without mistrust, told the Fellow his mischance; who bid him not be dismay'd, for the Doctor without doubt would do him Service in the matter. *He's a little busy,* says he, *in his Study, but however I'll venture to Ring for him,* and tingles the Sheep-Bell, upon which down comes the Doctor, having put on his *Fur-Cap* and Conjuring Countenance, that half frighted the poor Sheep-biter. At his first Appearance, *How, now, Friend,* says he, *I'll warrant you have lost some Sheep, and you want me to give you tidings of 'em.* Yes, Noble Doctor, says the Fellow. Come, says the Doctor, walk into my Parlour, and I'll endeavour to give you satisfaction. The Butcher follows the Doctor, and happen'd to have a Bull-Dog, who crept under one of the Chairs, that no body minded him. The Servant according to Custom in such matters, had recourse to his Wardrobe of Shapes, and drest himself up in a Bulls hide, waiting his Masters Conjuring Romile, to summons him to appear. The Doctor after he had talk'd a little with the Butcher about the Business in hand, bid him besure
to

to sit still and not be Frighted at any thing he saw, for nothing should hurt him; and after he had made a large Circle, he gives the Devil his Cue to make his terrible Entrance. The Butchers Dog being of a true *Bear-Garden* Breed, seeing the Appearance of a Bull, makes a Fair Run, seizes the Doctors Familiar, and makes him Roar, like what he Represented. The Conjuror rising in a great Passion, *Ounds, what d'ye mean? Take off your Dog, you Rogue; take off your Dog.* The Butcher Smoaking the Cheat, *Not I, by my Troth, Doctor, I know he's as good as ever Run, Let'em fight fair, Doctor: If you'll Venture your Devil, I'll Venture my Dog:* That never was poor Devil so mauld by a Hell-Hound in this World before. The Doctor being glad to pay the Fellow for his Sheep, to Lock up his Tongue from dispersing the Detection.

Pursuant to the Method I propose, I shall also conclude this and every distinct Trade, or Profession, with a short Character in Verse.

Of a Cunning-Man.

POOR Taylors, Weavers, Shooe-makers and such,
Little in Trade, and think they know too much,
Are the chief Senseless Bigots that advance
A foolish Whim to further Ignorance:
Buoy'd up by Chance-Success would things fore-know,
Aim to be Wise, and still more Foolish grow;
Peep twenty Years at Stars, at Sun and Moon,
And prove themselves but Ideots when they've done.
Then finding by Experience they are lost,
In that True Knowledge which they fain wou'd boast,
They draw in Fools to pay for th' time their Study Cost.
All their whole Art consists in Barren Words,
Meer Sound, but no True Argument affords:

On a Faint shadow do they all relye,
What few believe, and none can justifie.
Mars by Heroick Actions got a Name,
Venus for Beauty and her Whoredom, Shame ;
Mercury for Speed was famous, and for Theft,
And now most bad, when by himself he's left :
Good, if well mixt, like Hair amongst the Loom,
If not, he's Fatal to the Native's Doom :
So to the rest such Influence they ascribe,
As we, they say, by Nature's Course imbibe.
'Tis true, the Persons whence the Name's deriv'd,
Were Whores, and Thieves, and Heroes whilst they liv'd.
But these Bright Planets which surround the Earth,
Had the same Force and Power before their Birth :
E'er they were Christen'd they were still the same,
At first a part o'th' Universal Frame,
And do no Influence borrow from an Empty Name.
Mars can no Heroe by his Aspect make,
Nor Venus force a Virgin to forsake
Her Vertue ; nor can Mercury prevail
On happy unstain'd Innocence to steal :
No, no, 'tis Education makes us fit
To Virtuous Live, or to Base means submit.
All their pretended Impulse is a Quacking Cheat.
Only upheld by Knaves, believ'd by Fools :
The first their Workmen, and the last their Tools :
All their Pretences are but empty show,
Wise would they seem, but still they nothing know,
Instead of Reason, which all Art defines,
Their Brains are fill'd with Planets, Orbs, and Signs ;
Their Knowledge little, their Gray Hairs but Green ;
Their Learning less, and their Profession mean :
Their Conversation dull, each senseless word,
Is humbly Paid to some Ascendant Lord :

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*A Globe's their Sign ; in Alleys do they dwell,
And tho' Fools think they've Conference with Hell,
Do all things know ; yet little Truth can tell,*

*A Modern Reformer of Vice : Or, A
Reforming Constable.*

Is a Man most commonly of a very scandalous Necessity, who has no way left but, *Pimp* like, to live upon other Peoples Debaucheries. Every Night he goes to Bed he prays heartily that the World may grow more Wicked ; for one and the same Interest serves him, and the Devil. He always walks Arm'd with a Staff of Authority, Seal'd with the Royal Arms, and all Wise People think the Fellow that carries it a great Blot in the Scutcheon. He searches a Bawdy-house, as a Church-Warden does an Ale-House, not to punish *Vice*, but to get Money. He squeezes *Whores* as a *Thief-Catcher* does *Highway-Men*, takes 'em from the Fruits of their Iniquities ; making them twice as wicked as they would be, by putting them upon fresh *Villanies* to keep themselves from Starving. He brings no Woman to punishment for her *Ill Courses* but for want of Money, and she that *Whores* for Pleasure more than Profit, is sure ofteneft to be Whipt for't. They are a sort of unlucky Bird-Catchers, and every naughty House their Net, the *Whores* their *Decoy-Birds*, that allure others into their Trap, and are freed themselves from that danger they have brought the Innocent into. They are the only Encouragers of what they pretend to suppress, Protecting those People, for Bribes, which they should punish ; Well knowing each Bawdy-house they break is a Weekly Stipend, out of their own Pockets. Meet 'em when you will, you will never find one in their Custody above a *Flap-Cap*, or a *Cinder-*

wench; who because their Rags won't Pawn for a Dozen of Drink, must be made an Example of. She that has the prudence to Whore with half a Crown in her Pocket, may Sin on without danger, whilst the poor needy Wag-tail must be cautious how she kisses at Ill Hours, in Ill Houses, or in Ill Company, lest she be carried to *Bridewell*; where instead of being Reclaimed, she is harden'd by her indelible shame, in her Miserable state of Wickedness. The only good they've done, they've put a sort of Socket-Money upon Whoring, and themselves are the Collectors of the Tax: By which Reason the price of *Venerie* is advanced, which makes it the more practised; for the cheapness of a Commodity always throws it out of Fashion, and things easily purchas'd, are very seldom minded. Of all People I know, I think their Employment is most like the Dog-whippers of a Church, whose Business it is to watch the Tails of every Proud Bitch and Lascivious Puppy, from committing an indecency. They are Wicked Servants to a pious Society, who have undertaken to insure the Nation from Vice, and their Business is to run up and down Town to Quench Peoples Lust, as the Steel-cap *Salamanders* do to extinguish Fire.

The suppressing of *Vice*, and Reforming *Manners* is, in the Society, a most commendable Undertaking. But except they take care to regulate their Officers, and prevent the daily Abuses they commit, which are every where complained of; I fear the Ill management of their Mercenary People employed, will be an injury to their Project, and bring a very good Design under a great Disreputation, and hinder many Persons from giving Encouragement to that Noble Work, which they would otherwise think worthy of their Assistance: But whilst a parcel of Loose Fellows and *Self-Serving Profligate*, are employed to search after, and detect those who are scarce worse than themselves,
if

it is reasonable to believe the Innocent will be often injur'd, and the Wicked Practice of vicious Persons conceal'd from the Magistrates, who have a Will they should be brought to light, and a Power to punish 'em, did not Bribery to inferiour Officers protect 'em in their Lewdness; who make it their Business not so much to suppress base Women, and those Sanctuaries they now daily act their *Vices* in with security, as they do to go Snacks with those infamous Bel-dams, who make it their Lively-hood to Encourage and Shelter Mercenary Strumpets in their Wickedness, and preserve 'em from punishment of the Laws, which they would otherwise more commonly fall under. There are many imploy'd, who are of Scandalous Fortunes, and desperate Characters; who are very conversant with, and Protect the very *Libertines* they should bring to Punishment: Who undertake their Office thro' no good Principle, but only thro' a Mercenary End of Twelve Shillings a Week Salary; whose Consciences are so corrupt, that for Twelve Shillings more, they would upon occasion, Swear they heard the Dumb Man, in the Red-Cap, Swear 50 Oaths, and that they saw the *Sober Gentleman* that Drinks nothing but *Water-Gruel* as Drunk as ever they saw a Foot Soldier in a Bawdy-House, or a Porter in a Brandy-shop. I cannot forbear taking Notice of a poor Fellow's saying as I was passing along the Street. 'I'll warrant, says he, 'they thought they had much Reform'd my Manners, when they made me pay a shilling for an Oath, 'when I had never another in the World; but I sack 'I was pretty even with them, for going Home, and 'telling my Wife what had happen'd, we set Foot 'to Foot, and Curs'd the Constable for Two Hours 'by the Clock, and that was our satisfaction for going Supperless to Bed.

Vice, 'tis true, is grown to a Great and Lamentable Pitch in this Wicked Age we live in; but whilst a parcel of Mercenary Fellows are continued in Of-

fice, who are as Wicked and Prophane themselves, as the Profligate Wretch they look after, there will appear, I doubt, but slender signs of a Reformation. Of such sort of Constables or Informers as these, there being many Employ'd about this Town, I shall proceed to give you a further Character in Verse.

Informing Constables, and other Informers,

DO most thro' Int'rest, and but few thro' Zeal,
Betwixt the Laws and the Offender deal,
Poor Sinners may their Persecution Fear,
As Cozening Bakers do a strict Lord-Mayor.
But the Gay Curtezan who Trades for Gold,
That can but grease a Palm when she's in bold,
No Justice need she dread, or Bridewel fear;
But without danger Sin from Year to Year.
Or need the Mony'd Libertine e'er see,
The Awful Brows of Stern Authority:
But Drink and Swear till weary of his Vice,
Would he Sin on at an Informers Price:
Who chose their Pious Office for its Gain,
To dwell upon the Sins of other Men:
Not with a good Intent to Vice reclaim,
Or bring Offenders into open shame.
Few do we see that are Examples made,
But the poor Strumpet, or the starving Blade,
Who wanting Money, do the Scourge endure,
Not punish'd for their Vice, but being Poor.

Vice deserves Publick Punishment, 'tis true,
But those that Live upon the Ills I do,
And on my Failings for their Bread relye,
Do what good Mortals cannot justifie.
If the Poor Harlot shall her Soul Betray,
For Money, which Informers take away

To let her go; it is the Worlds Belief,
The Receiver's full as guilty as the Thief.

If I by chance am Drunk, or should I Swear,
The Man that does against me Witness bear,
Purely to share the Money in my Purse.
I'm bad 'tis true, but such a Knave is worse.
If what he does is with a true Intent,
Of bringing Vice to Shame and Punishment;
And well considers if himself be free,
From all those Failings he Condemns in me:
If not, 'tis not true Zeal, but Impudence,
For him t' Accuse the Offender of Offence;
The Hangman more may say in his Defence.
Those Vermin who for Interest do engage,
To dabble in the Vices of the Age;
By subtle means draw silly Creatures in,
And Devil-like, first tempt 'em to the Sin:
No sooner gain'd the Wanton Dames Consent,
But Drag the Wretch away to Punishment,
Lest she has Money; or if none, agree
To Pawn her Cloaths to purchase Liberty.
Such are the Scum that do the Town Infect,
Much worse than those they've hired to Detect:
Some loose Shabroon in Bawdy-Houses Bred,
By others Vices like their own are Fed.
A Scoundrel Crew, that o'er the City swarm,
Who by false Accusations do more harm
To Guiltless Persons, fearful to dispute,
Than all the sorry Filts they Persecute.
If heedless Youth in an Ill House they find,
Dropt in as Strangers, and no Ill design'd,
Void of Offence; yet Bribe to be let go,
Fearing their Masters or their Friends shou'd know:
What is it less in him that takes the Fee,
Than picking Pockets by Authoritie?

*What Moral Zealot Justly can afford,
To Mercenary Shammocks one good Word,
Who live by Filthy means like Flies upon a T—d.*

Comical Accidents and Occurrences.

A West-Country Graiers Son, coming up with some of his Fathers Cattle, and being a Stranger in the Town, happening to straggle cross *Smith field*, from his Inn, to Drink a Cup of Ale at a Townsmans House, sat so Long, and so Late, that he had made himself Pot Valiant with his Countrymans Liquor; and instead of Crossing the Rounds to his Lodging, did, for want of a Guide, Stagger down *Hofier-Lane*; and unhappily follow'd his Nose down *Snow-Hill*, till he came to the *Ditch side*, where feeling the Rails, he thought in the Dark, he had been at the Rounds in *Smith-field*, and spending some time in groping for a Place to go thro': At last breaks out in a Passion, *Ads-heartly-wounds, I think the Devils run away with the Turnpike. I believe I mun be forc'd to Skip over at last*: And accordingly lays his Hand on the Railes, and over he Jumps into the *Ditch*; but by good Fortune fell into a Lighter of Coles, where getting but little harm, according to the old Proverb, he gets upon his Legs, and began to Rave like a *Bedlamite*. *A Pax take you for a Pack of Lonjon Rauges, d'ye leave apen your Trap Doors to catch Country Vaulk in your Cellars? Then flinging about the Coles, cry'd, Ads-heart either let me out of your Cole-hole, or I'll break all thy Windows and Thump and Veaz thee, and make the Vart again, Vor a Vity Voul Veason thou.*

The Weavers have already received such Encouragement from the great hopes they have of the *Bill's* being past, for the prohibition of all wrought Silks, and Calicoes from *India*, that for this week past, they have

have Solemnly protested, notwithstanding it is Lent, against Eating of *Stale Sprats*, *Rotten Red-Herrings*, and the *Cuttings of Salt-Fish*; and are already advanc'd to the buying of *Bullocks Pettitoes*, *Napper Nulls*, *Grunters Muns*, and the like. Nay, further, it was observ'd last Market-day, that an Eminent Master of the Shuttle in *Spittle-Fields*, who has not above Twelve in Family, bought in *Norton Folgate* a stone and a half of good *Cow-Beef*, to the great wonder and amazement of the Butcher: So that it is generally believ'd on all Hands, if the *East-India Company* puts not a Spoke in their Cart, they will shift off their Poverty in a little time, which they have long groan'd under, and will to the whole Nations Satisfaction, as well as their Own Happiness, be seen in a *Flourishing Condition*.

T H E
London-Spy.

P A R T XVI.

A Description of a Company of Sea-Commanders Drinking in a Tavern-Kitchen. The Character of a Master of a Vessel, in Verse. An Account of the pleasant Conversation, in a Private-House, of two Country Parsons, and a Sharp Town Quaker. A Description in Verse of a Merry Levite in his Cups. Reflections upon Grays-Inn-Walks, and the Persons that frequent them. The Characters of an Irishman. Of a Beau. Of a Modish-Lady, in Verse. Reflections upon the Stock-Jobbers, at Jonathan's Coffee-House. The Character of a Stock-Jobber.

MY Companion having given me the common Civility of a London Inhabitant to a Country Friend or Acquaintance, (*i. e.*) shewed me the Tombs at Westminster, the Lyons in the Tower, the Rogues in Newgate, the Mad People in Bedlam, and the Merchants upon Change, with the rest of the Town-Rarities, worth a Country Fools admiring, began about a Month since, I suppose, to be tir'd of his Office: Upon which, like a City Sophister to a Country Cousin, he Apologiz'd for his Departure, and so left me, saying he would wait upon me as often as the present Urgency of Affairs would permit; and if any thing worth Notice occur'd to his Knowledge, he would

would communicate the same, or if he could not spare time to give me his Company, he would dispatch Intelligence by Letter; so that Arm'd with good Instructions, and all necessary Cautions, I shifted off my Rural Bashfulness, and began to so embolden my self in a little time by strange Conversation, that I could call a Careless Drawer, Blockhead, Kick a Sawcy Tapster on the Breech, Swear Z——ds at a Hackney Coachman, or sit down amongst Aldermen in a Coffee-House without plucking off my Hat. When I first left my Mate I thought my self in as disconsolate a condition as a Widow for the first Month after the Loss of her Husband; but I, like the Mourning Dame found such new Diversion, as quickly obliterated my old Friend, and soon made me as easie without his Conversation, as the Goodwoman is without her Bed-fellow.

Being thus left to range the Town by my self, like a *Man-hater* that lov'd no Company, or like a *Hangman*, that could get none, I happen'd near the *Change* to step into a Tavern-Kitchen, where I found seated at a Corner-Table, a Knot of Jolly, Rough-hewn, Ratling Topers, who look'd not as if they were Born into the World, but Hammer'd into an uncooth Shape upon *Vulcan's* Anvil; whose Iron-sides, and Metal-colour'd Faces seem'd to Dare all Weathers, spit Fire at the Frigid-Zone, and bid Death defiance: Bumpers of Canary went round as fast as the one could Drink, and his Neighbour fill; and a stander-by might have easily guess by their strekable Measure, that every Glas had been an health to an Emperor. I soon found by their Dialect, they were *Masters of Ships*: *Chear up my Lads, pull away, save Tide, come Boys, a Health to Moll Bischet the Bakers Daughter, that swore a Sea Chest was as soft as a Feather-Bed.* Then handling the Quart, being empty, *What is she light? You Sir, that's*
next

next, haul the Barline, and call the Coopers-mate: The Drawer being come, *Here, you Fly-blown Son of a T——d, take away this Damn'd Crank Birch and Ballast her well. Pox take her, there's no stowage in her Hold. Have you ne'er a larger Vessel?* With such sort of stuff was I diverted for a little time, till an Old Gentleman coming into the Kitchen, whose Grave and Venerable Head being Frost-nip'd with Age, was Bleach'd as white as Snow; his Silver hairs, which should have been a fence to his Weather-beaten Ears, being so thin, that they might be more easily numbered than his Infirmities; happening to approve of my side of the Fire, he sat down near me, and call'd for his half Pint of that Golden colour'd Cordial, over which our Fathers us'd to number up their Juvenile Pranks, and make themselves Merry with Reflections on their past Happiness: And when he had measur'd out a moderate Dram of his Ages only comfort, after a very courteous manner he presents his Service to me, whose Complement I return'd with respect due to his Gravity, but could not forbear fancying he was too Complaisant to be a Rich Citizen, and that Misfortune had taught him to be civil to a Stranger; For it may be generally observed, that a thrifty Trader takes a Pride in being surly, and seldom is burthen'd with more Manners than a *Rhinoceros*. After he had chang'd two or three words about *What News? Whats a Clock? Methinks its Cold to Day?* and the like, I observ'd the old Gentleman, when he had discover'd our Neighb'ring Company, by their Talk, to be Commanders of Ships, look'd at 'em with as much Malice, as a Man under suspicion of Debt would at a Gang of Officers; every Glance seem'd to call 'em a pack of Knaves, and at last his Passion grew so high, that I observ'd by the trembling of his Lips he was fallen into his Soliloquies; and I believe, was the Truth known, he was cursing 'em as fast within himself, as a Country Hagg

Hagg, does a Farmers Hogs, when he denies her a Pitcher of Whey, or a Dish of Cheese-curd.

Whilst the old Gentleman seem'd to be under this perturbation of mind, one of *Neptune's* Sun-burnt Subjects, truss'd up in Trowsers of old Sail-cloth, was usher'd into the Kitchen by a Drawer, in order to deliver Melancholy Tidings, as he thought, to Father *Grisle*; Who I soon understood had been drawn in to hold a Fourth Part of a Vessel, to whom the *Boat-swain* was dispatch'd with all expedition from *Deal*, to bring this following Intelligence, which after two or three Marine Scrapes and Congies, with a shaking Head, like a Paralytical Alms-man, and a Countenance as sad as a Priest in *Denmark* that has lost his Genitals, he begins after this manner. ' Ah, Sir, ' I am beloth to let you know what I am come on ' purpose to tell you: I am sent as the Embesseler of ' sad sad News indeed. Prithee Friend, says the Gentleman, What is't, if my Family be but safe, and my ' House not on Fire, I thank my Stars I shall not be ' much frightened let it be what it will: for I have been ' us'd to so much bad News from men of your Calling, that I have not receiv'd a comfortable ' word from that unlucky Element you belong to, ' this four years. I never see a Seaman come ' towards me, to speak to me, but I always fancy he's ' as ill an Omen to my Family, as a *Raven* that flies over my House, and Groaks three times in his Passage; tho' now I know not what News thou canst ' bring me, that will trouble me; therefore such as ' it is, Prithee, Friend, let's hear it. Ah, Sir, says ' the Fellow (blowing his Nose and wiping his Eyes) The ' poor Betty's lost: Coming into the Downs, a Storm ' of Wind sprang up at N. W. and by W. as God ' would have it, enough to blow the Devils head off. ' We made our Larboard Tack, and Ply'd to Windward, work'd like *Dragons*, and did all that Men ' could

‘ could do to save her, but could not Weather the
‘ *Goodwin*, in which Sand, to our great Sorrow, as
‘ well as your Lamentation, she lies now Bury’d.
‘ There let her Lye, *says the old Dad*, till *Dooms-day*.
‘ Here’s to thee, Friend, with all my heart: ’Tis
‘ the best News thou could’st have brought
‘ me; for if the old Bitch of a *Betty* had survived
‘ the danger of the Seas much longer, I believe she,
‘ and the Master together, would have brought me
‘ to the Parish. I hope, *says he*, I shall be a warning
‘ to all *Fools* how they are drawn in by a Pack of
‘ *Knaves*, to meddle with such Business that is out of
‘ their knowledge. My shares cost me Two Hun-
‘ dred Pound and not one prosperous, but three bad
‘ Voyages for it; brought her Owners into
‘ Debt, and now at last lost upon the *Goodwin*.
‘ Good Buy t’ye, Good Mistress *Betty*, I am heart-
‘ tily glad to hear you’re at bottom: For Efaith I be-
‘ lieve if thou hadst not sunk, in a little time I shou’d.
‘ No more long Bills for Refitting, no Masters long
‘ Accounts for Repairs of damage sustain’d in a
‘ Storm. No, no, if ever they hook in the old Fool
‘ again to make Ducks and Drakes with his Money in
‘ salt water, I’ll give ’em leave to draw a Rope thro’
‘ his Guts, and tye him to a Cable to make a Buoy
‘ on: For I find *Merchants* are a pack of *Sharpers*,
‘ *Masters of Ships* a parcel of Arrant *Knaves*, A Ves-
‘ sel but a doubtful Confident, and the Sea a meer
‘ Royal-Oak-Lottery. Having thus said, he paid for
‘ his Nipperkin of Canary, and away he went; I
‘ staying a little while after him, to observe the Be-
‘ haviour of the Salt-water Emperours, from whose
‘ Ridiculous Talk, and more Ridiculous Actions, I
‘ drew this following Character.

Of a Master of a Vessel.

A Brawny Lump that scarce knows good from ill,
Fatted on Board like Hogs with Pease and Swill:
Affects a Hoarseness as a Vocal Grace,
Churlish his Carriage, and Austere his Face:
Lusty his Limbs, and Rusty is his Skin,
A Bear without, and a worse Beast within.
If Married sure a Cuckold, and if not,
A Generous Cully to each *Wapping* Slut:
At Sea an *Emperour*, at Land a *Slave*,
A *Fool* in Talk, but to his Owners *Knave*:
Ty'd, when on shore to a huge Silver Sword,
And struts about in *Wapping* like a Lord.
With Jilts in Musick House, he's pleas'd and glad,
When sober surly, and in liquor mad:
A Bulky Carcase, with a slender Soul,
But stout as *Julius Cæsar* o'er a Bowl:
In Company Pragmatical and Rude,
Humble to's Owners, to his Seamen Proud.
In Calms or Storms he seldom *Prays* but *Swears*,
Starving and *Drowning* are his only Fears,
And never thinks of *Heaven* beyond the *Stars*.
Mercator and his *Compass* are his Guides,
By them alone he thinks he safely Rides:
A Prosperous Gale he looks for as his due;
He thanks no *God*, *Religion* never knew;
And is no more a *Christian* than a *Jew*.
At Land, altho' an Idiot, when at Sea,
None must presume to be as wise as he:
Talk Reason, and your Argument's deny'd,
He swears you nothing know of Time nor Tide;
His Words are Laws, he is their Sovereign Lord,
An *Aristotle's* but an *Ass* on Board.
The *Burgoo* Novice, bred 'twixt Stem and Stern,
That knows to splice a *Line*, or spin *Rope Yarn*;
Shall

Shall by King *Tar-Arse* more respected be,
Than an *Erasmus*, or the Learned he:
His *Head's* an *Almanack*, which Men may find
Fill'd up with *Tides*, the *Weather* and the *Wind*;
Suns Declination, Changes of the *Moon*,
And how to know in *India* when its *Noon*.
A *Ship* he takes to be the only *School*,
And really thinks a *Land-Man* is a *Fool*:
When warm'd with *Punch*, and his *Mundungus-Weed*,
He Praises *Briny Beef*, and *Bisket Bread*:
Contemns *Land Dainties*, and the *Bed of Down*,
And Swears a *Ship's* more pleasant than a *Town*:
So Prisoners long confin'd would fain prevail,
With *Freemen*, to believe their stinking *Goal*
Affords more satisfaction to the mind,
Than all the Pleasures they at large can find.
All that the *Sea-Calf* has on *Shore* to boast,
Is how he sav'd his *Ship* from being lost:
Which the *Unthinking Dolt*, thro' *Insolence*,
Ascribes to his own *Art* not *Providence*.
The most that to his Honour can be said,
Of a *Tarpaulin Rabble* he's the Head;
And *Monarch* of a *Wooden World* tis true,
But such a one as makes most *Land-Men* sp—w.
Let him Rule on: His Famish'd *Slaves* Command,
Dreading each *Storm* that *Blows*, each *Rock & Sand*;
Rather than such a *King*, I'll *Subject* be at *Land*.

From thence I went to a Coffee-house, where I had appointed my Acquaintance to meet with me at certain hours in the Day; and there I found a Letter from my Friend, to request my Company to Supper at a private House in the City: Where a Gentleman had provided a commodious Entertainment for us, and some other of his Friends that Evening.

When

When the Hour assign'd for our Meeting came, I accordingly went pursuant to my Friends Directions, where I found a Jolly Company Assembled, whose Looks sufficiently discover'd their Affections to the good Creature, that I had no Reason to Mistrust any Obstruction of our Mirth from the appearance of the Persons. Amongst 'em, were two Country Parsons, and a Notable sharp Town Quaker, who I had reasonable foresight would produce some good Diversion, as soon as our Cups, and the season of the Night, had made us fit Instruments for each others felicity. I shall not tire you with a Bill of Fare, but in short a plentiful Supper we had, to the great content of the Founder, (it being serv'd up in such admirable Order) as well as to the satisfaction of the Guests. When we had tired our Hands with stopping our Mouths, to assuage the fury of our Appetites, and one of the Parsons had put a spiritual Padlock upon the Mouths of the Company, and gave a Holy Period to our fleshly sustenance for that Evening; a magnificent Bowl of *Punch*, and some Bottles of Right *Gallick* Juice were handed to the Table, which receiv'd, as the Glass went round, a circular approbation. Our Stomachs craving a Hearty supply of Wine for the digestion of our *Fish*, made us at first pour down our Liquor in such plentiful streams, that it soon put our Engines of Verbosity to Work, and made us as Merry as so many School-Boys at a Breaking up, o'er a Batch of Cakes, or a Dishful of stewed Prunes.

At last we came to a good-looking Soldiers Bottle of Claret, which at least held half a pint extraordinary; but the Cork was drove in so far, that there was no opening on't without a Bottle-Screw: Several attempted with their Thumbs and Fingers to remove the Stubborn Obstacle, but none could effect the difficult Undertaking; upon which, says the Donor of
B b the

the Feast, *What is no Body amongst us so Provident a Toper as to carry a Bottle-Screw about him: One cry'd, No. Another, No, Poize on't be had left his at home. A third never carry'd one, and so 'twas concluded no Screw was to be had; The Parsons being all this time silent: At last says the Lord of the Banquet to his Man, here take it away; tho' I Protest, says he, 'Tis a fine Bottle, and I'll warrant the Wine's better than Ordinary, it's so well Cork'd; but what shall we do with it? We cannot open it. You must take it down I think, tho', I Vow 'tis a great deal of Pity; but Priibee bring us up some more Bottles that may not puzzle us so. The Oldest and Wisest of the Parsons, having observ'd the copious Dimensions of the Bottle, and well knowing by Experience, that sound Corking is always an Advantage to good Liquor, Hold, bold, Friend, says he to the Servant, who was a going out with the Bottle, I believe I may have a little Engine in my Pocket that may unlock the Difficulty; and fumbling in his Pockets, after he had pluck'd out a Common-Prayer-Book, an old Comb case full of Notes, a Two-Penny Nutmeg-Grater, and made a remove of such kind of Worldly Necessaries, at last he came to the matter, and out he brings a Bottle-Screw, which provok'd not a little Laughter thro' the whole Company. Methinks, Friend, says the Quaker, a Common-Prayer-Book and a Bottle-Screw, are improper Companions, not fit to Lodge in one Pocket together. Why dost thou not make thy Breeches afford 'em different Apartments? To which the Parson made this Answer, Since Devotion gives Comfort to the Soul, and Wine in Moderation, Preserves the Health of the Body, why may not a Book that instructs us in the one, and an Instrument that makes way to the other, be allow'd, as well as Soul and Body, for whose good they were intended to bear one another Company? But, Methinks, Friend, says the Quaker, a Bottle-Screw in a Ministers Pocket, is like the Practice of Piety, in the hand of*

of

of a Harlot, the one no more becomes thy Profession, than the other does hers. To which the Parson reply'd, A good Book in the hand of a Sinner, and an Instrument that does good to a whole Society, in the hand of a Clergy-man, I think are both very Commendable: and I wonder why a good man should object against either. I am very glad, says the Quaker, thou takest me to be a good man; then I hope thou hast no reason to take any thing ill that I have spoken? Nay, hold, says the Parson, I did not design it as a Complement to thee; for to tell thee the truth, I do not think thee near so good as those who I believe thou hast but a bad Opinion of: meaning, as I suppose, the Church Clergy. To which reply'd the Quaker, Thou May'st see the Government has a better Opinion of us, than it has of those People who I imagine thou meanest, or else they would never have made our words of equal Validity with your Oaths. Therefore I think we have Reason to be look'd upon as the most honest People in the Kingdom. In answer to this, says the Parson, I remember a Fable, which with as much Brevity as I can, I will repeat to the Company in answer to thee.

Once upon a Time, when the Lyon found there were many divisions amongst his Four-Footed Subjects, insomuch that he could not without some difficulty preserve Peace in his Dominions, and allay the Grumblings of each disaffected Party: But amongst all the Factious Beasts in the Forrest, the Asses were most obstinate, and would never change their pace, in Obedience to those wholesome Laws provided against their hum-drum slothfulness. The Lyon considering they were a Serviceable Creature, notwithstanding their Formality; and would bear any Burthen without complaining, let them have but their own ways, and go their own pace, thought it very necessary to make a Law that every Ass should have his own will, which they would always have before in spite of all the Laws against it: And in answer to

their Petition, that they should not be oblig'd to go shod like Horses, but with this proviso, That if ever they Trip'd or Stumbled, they should be soundly Whip'd for their fault. A little time after the commencement of this Law, an *Ass* meeting with a *Horse*, could not forbear boasting what great Favourites the *Asses* were at Court, upbraiding the *Horse* with being Iron-shod, and how they by the Law were made free to travel upon their own Natural Hoof, which is much more easie; you are mistaken, says the *Horse*, shooing makes us walk more Upright, and tread with more Security. And pray, Friend *Ass*, remember this amidst your Benefit, that you must be Whip'd if you stumble as well as we.

Upon the application of this Fable, the whole Company burst into a Laughter, to the great discountenance of our merry *Ananias*, who had nothing left but Blushes for a reply. But having a great desire to be even with his Antagonist, lay so very close upon the Catch, that the Parson was forc'd to put a Guard upon his Tongue, lest he should give an advantage to recover his Credit. Till at last, in a silent interval, the Glass coming two or three times quick about, made the Parson neglect to take off his Wine with his usual expedition, and set it down before him; which the Quaker observing, ask'd him what Country-man he was? The Priest return'd him a Satisfactory Answer. *Didst thou not lately hear of a great Living that was vacant in thy County, computed to be worth about Four Hundred Pounds a Year?* Upon which the Parson began to prick up his Ears, and enquired whereabouts it was, never minding his Glass. Truly, says the Quaker, I cannot tell directly where it lies, but I can tell thee 'tis in vain to enquire after it, for it is already dispos'd of to an Eminent Person of thy Function, who is now in this Town, and of whom I have some knowledge. At a Coffee-house where he uses, I happen'd to hear him
highly

highly commending the Hospitality, and good House-Keeping of the late Incumbent. It being, says he, indeed so plentiful a Benefice, that he might well afford it. And I hope, says he, that I shall not be backward in following his Example. The Parson showing great dissatisfaction in his Looks that such a Living should fall, and be dispos'd on without so much as his Knowledge, not knowing but his own Interest might have been sufficient to have carry'd it. The Quaker he proceeds all the while in praising the Orchards, Gardens, Barnes, Stables, fine Rooms, large Kitchen, noble Parlour, convenient Buttery, &c. which set the Parson so on gog, that he Listen'd and Gap'd as if he would have catch'd it in his Mouth. But at last, says the Quaker, I heard him very much complain of one great inconvenience indeed, and that was the misplacing of his Wine Cellar, for which reason he would have it remov'd; *Why where did the Cellar stand*, says the Parson? *Just under the Pulpit*, says the Quaker, and he look'd upon it to be a great Fault to Preach over his Liquor. The Parson, who had let his Glass stand Charg'd all the time of the Story, readily took the Application. *I confess*, says the Parson, *I very unadvisedly left a Blot in my Tables, and you by chance hit it; and now you have done, it serves only to verifie the Old Proverb, That Fools have Fortune.* This unexpected Retort of the Parsons, quite Dumb-Founded the Quaker, and added a great deal of Pleasure to the Company. Our Merry disposed Friend took Breath, after this Sparring Blow a considerable time, sitting as silent as a Young Swearer before his Father, endeavouring as much to hide his Failings, as the other does his Vices.

By this time the stock of Wine upon the Table being exhausted, we began to apply our selves to the Punch, which upon the Wine we had already drank, soon put our Spirits into a fresh Ferment; and made

us now, like Gamesters in a Cock-Pit, all Bawling and Betting on the behalf of one side or t'other. Inasmuch that with one Impertinent Question or other, they had almost put the Parson into a passion; during which uneasiness, his *Yea* and *Nay* Adversary ask'd him, *What he thought a Quaker to be?* The Parson a little angry they had began to Teaze him, made this Response, *A Quaker*, says he, *is some of Old Nicks Venom spit in the Face of Gods Church, which her Clergy cannot Lick out with their Tongues, or Rub off with their Claws: Therefore the Church makes a Virtue of Necessity, and uses them as Ladies do their Black Patches, for Foils to Magnifie its Beauty.* Indeed Friend, says the Quaker, *thou talkest as if the Liquor had disturb'd thy Inward Man.* Prithee tell me who thou thinkest was the first Quaker, that thou talkest with such Prophaneess against so good a Profession? The first Quaker, says the Parson; who, after a very short Deliberation, answer'd, *Balaam.* Balaam, says the Quaker, *How dost thou make that out?* It's plainly so, says the Parson, *Because he was the first that ever gave his Attention to hear an Ass bold forth.* The whole Company exprest by their Laughter an Approbation of the Jest; and it was agreed on all Hands, that it might reasonably pass for a good Punch-Bowl Answer.

The Potency of the Liquor, and the Weakness of our Brains, had now drawn our Mirth to the Dregs, that we were more in danger of falling into Disorder, than we were of recovering our almost stupefied Souls to their past Pitch of Felicity: Several of the Company, having wisely submitted their Distemper'd Heads to that great Physician, Sleep, who can alone Recover the Patients Giddy Brains of his Epidemical Feaver. At last down dropt the Body of Divinity, in the condition of a Weaker Brother, and left the Quaker one of the Survivors, who with great Joy Brandish'd a Triumphant Brimmer round his Head,
as

as a Trophy of the Inebrious Victory he had gain'd over a Father of the Church.

My Friend and I thought it now high time to be moving off, lest *Bacchus* and *Morpheus* together, should close our Eye-Lids, as they had done some others; and make us become as troublesome to the Family, as the rest: Accordingly we made the Gentleman a Compliment for his kind and liberal Entertainment, and took Leave of the Company, which we left in Chase of their Senses; some Snoaring and some Talking, that they made as good Musick as a parcel of Giddy-Headed Sportsmen at the Winding up of a *Venison Feast*. My Friend and I, (our ways lying different) parted at the Door, and Retired each to his own Lodging, but when I got Home, and in my Chamber, the Witty Repartees, and pretty Conversation of the Parson, so ran in my Head, that I could not go quietly to Bed, till I had communicated to Paper the following Description of a Merry Levite in his Cups, &c.

*When Bacchus once the Priest subdues,
With his prevailing Liquor,
The Man in spite of Art breaks Loose,
Abstracted from the Vicar.*

*Sober he kept the Formal Path,
In's Cups was not the same Man,
But Reel'd and Stagger'd in his Faith,
And Hickup'd like a Lay-man.*

*A many pretty things he spoke,
Deserving our Attention;
Not Drops of Saints to Feed a Flock,
But of his own Invention.*

*Yet whether Truths said o'er his Glass,
Of which I took great Notice,
Were or in Vino Veritas,
Or 'n Verbo Sacerdotis*

*We could not tell; yet Praise was due,
Tho' unto which to give it,
I vow I know not of the two,
The Liquor, or the Levite.*

*His Scarlet Cheeks inflam'd with Drink,
Together with his White-Head,
Made him appear just like a Link,
When at one end 'tis Lighted.*

*He Drank in Earnest, broke his Jest,
No Scripture Praises utter'd;
The Man he play'd, and not the Priest;
Thus put the best side outward.*

*Till Drown'd at last in Bacchus streams,
The Prophets weak condition,
Lull'd him to Sleep to Dream strange Dreams,
Or see some wond'rous Vision.*

Having thus Exonerated my Brains of that troublesome Excrement which the Liquor had begot in the Guts of my Understanding, I pluck'd off Natures Disguise with as much Expedition as a Young Bridegroom, and leapt into Bed; tho' I had no Matrimonial Drudgery to anticipate my rest, but gently slid into a sweet Sleep, without Burthening my Thoughts with Reflections on the Cares of a Wicked World, or my own past Miscarriages, where I enjoyed the silent Refreshment of an uninterrupted Repose till next Morning: When Waking at my usual Hour, I made

a new Resurrection for the Day ; and slipping on my Breeches over my Nakedness, in imitation of our first Parents *Figg-Leaves*, I Re-fitted my self for a Walk, in as little time as a *Beau* spends in Powdering his Periwig. When I had thus Wash'd me, and Comb'd me, and put my self in a cleanly condition of appearing Abroad, I determin'd to give my self an Hour or two's Breathing in *Grays-Inn* Walks, in order to carry off the Dregs of the Ante-Days Debauchery : Accordingly I steer'd my Course to the Lawyers Garden of Contemplation, where I found (it being early in the Morning) none but a parcel of Superannuated-Debauchees, huddled up in Cloaks, Frize-Coats and Wadded Gowns, to preserve their Old Carcasses from the searching sharpness of *Hampstead* Hair ; creeping up and down in pairs and Leashes, no faster than the Hand of a Dial, or a Countrey Convict walking to Execution ; some Talking of Law, some of Religion, and some of Politicks ; Arguing the matter in Hand with so warm a Zeal in Defence of their Opinions, that I thought every now and then some of the Feeble Peripateticks would have made a Combat of Skeletons, and have Rattled their old Bones together, in order to decide with their Hands what their Tongues could not determine. After I had taken two or three Turns round, I sat my self down in the Upper Walk, where just before me, upon a Stone Pedestal, was fix'd an old Rusty Horizontal Dial, with the *Gnomon* broke short off. A Bullet-Headed *Boglander* coming up into the same Walk, at last enter'd the Bow or half Moon where I sat, and the Dyal stood ; and after he had spent near a Quarter of an Hour, *Be me Fait*, said he, *E did never see tuch a ting id my Lifesh. I pray ye, dear Joy, Egray vat ish de ush of it ?* I could not forbear smiling at his Ignorance ; and told him 'twas a Sun-Dial to shew the Hour of the Day. *I pray*, said he, *will ye tell me vat it ish a Clock den ?*

den? It being a Cloudy Morning, and the Sun quite Obscur'd, I Reply'd I could not shew the Hour unless the Sun shone out. *Ub bob bou*, says he, *erra be Chreesht den it ish not half so gude ase Vatch, for dat will show m de Hour without Shunshine.* And away he shuffl'd upon an *Irish Trot*, seeming to be much conceited with his Expression, as if he had spoke like a *Ben Johnson*. The Ignorance of the common *Irish*, hath rendred them a Jest in all Nations, tho' amongst the Gentry there are many Brave and well Qualified Persons, of which the present Age has produc'd sufficient Testimonies. Therefore, as the foregoing Story will opportunely introduce a Character of an Illiterate Silly *Irish* Peasant, the following piece of *Micro-Cosmography* is only intended upon the most Ignorant of 'em, abstractly considered from all such of the same Country, who have had the Advantage of a better Education.

The Character of an Irishman.

He is commonly a huge Fellow, with a little Soul; as strong as a Horse, and as silly as an Ass; very Poor, and very Proud; Lusty, and yet Lazy; Foolish, but yet Knavish; Impudent, but yet Cowardly; Superstitiously Devout, yet Infamously Wicked; very Obstinate in his Faith, but very Loose in his Morals; a Loyal Subject to his Prince, and an Humble Servant to his Master; for he thinks 'tis his Duty to make a Rogue of himself at any time to serve the one, and a Fool of himself at any time to serve the other; that is, to Back a Plot, or make a Bull. He's the fittest Calf in Christendom; he has a Natural propensity to Pimping, and at his first coming into *England* most certainly Lists himself into a Whores Service, and has so much a Day out of her Earnings to be her *Guard du Corps*, to protect her in her Vices. His next Degree

Degree of Ascention, is to be a Bayliffs Follower; so that by catching Strumpets by the Belly, and Creditors by the Back, he makes a Decent shift betwixt Pimping and Bumming, to Sing *Hall-la-loo* over *Uf-quebaugh*, and thinks himself as great as an *Indian Emperour* over a Bottle of *Rum*. He has as great a Veneration for his Sword as a *Spaniard*, he'll do nothing that's mean without it, nor any thing that's Brave with it; yet no Man is readier to draw it, to show his Forwardness to Fight; and none more glad to put it up, to show his Willingness to let it alone. Tho' Born within Mud-Walls, and a Stranger to the Horn-Book, he's no less than a Gentleman; and if once in the Army, tho' no more than a *Powder-Monkey*, no less Title will content him, than to be Captain *Mac-Some-Body*: He has as little kindness for his Native Country as a *Scotchman*; when once he's come out of it, seldom cares for returning. We cannot say in Conversation, he's a forward Man; for he generally Talks backwards, begins what he has to say at the latter-end, and seldom comes home to the beginning, but ends in the middle: He's an unfit Servant for a Family, where they Eat most Pease-Porridge; for tho' a very Windy Fellow himself, he has a great Aversion to a Fart. He is often under the Misfortune in *England*, of bemoaning the Loss of a Countryman; for the Law usually every Month disposes of one of them, to keep the Gallows from Cobwebs. He's much of the Nature of *Pumpkins*, Thrives best within filthy places; base means to Live, he Loves most; and Honesty's a Soil that wont agree with him: He is never well, but when he's an Ill-man; and the worse he grows, the better Man he thinks himself: He's a rare Messenger to be sent of a Fools Errand; for tho' he bears the Image of a Man, he performs his Actions like a Horse, without Thought or Reason. To conclude, he's a Coward in his own Country, a Lusty Stallion

Stallion in *England*, a Graceful Footman in *France*, a good Soldier in *Flanders*, and a Valuable Slave in our *Western Plantations*, where they are distinguish'd by the Ignominious Epithet of *White Negroes*.

By that time I had digested this Character in my Thoughts, as I sat Musing by the Dial, I found by the fundry *Turkish* and *Arabian* Scaramouches, who were Gracing the Walk with their most Glittering Appearances, that the Beaus began to Rise and come forth in their Morning Plumes, in order to attract the Eyes of some Mercenary *Bellsay's*, by whose Airy Freaks, and distinguishable Graces I could perceive they would more easily be subdu'd by the prevailing Pow'r of a Guinea, tho' offer'd by a Wither'd Hand, belonging to an ill-shap'd Carcase, than be tempted with the Charms of an Ostentatious Owl, who had emptied his Pockets to cover his Back with the gay Ornaments of a Peacock. The fundry sorts of unusual Figures I beheld, transported my thoughts beyond the Equinox, and made me fancy I was Traveling in some strange distant Territories, where Men Unpolish'd show the Rudeness of their Natures, by the Uncoothness of their Garbs; some having cover'd their tender Sculls with Caps in the fashion of a *Turkish* Turbant, and with such Gaudy Figures wove into their Gowns, that they look'd at a small distance, as if they had been frighted out of their Beds by Fire, having not time to Dress; and had wrapped themselves up in Tapestry Hangings, and Turkey-work Table-Cloths in a fright, as the readiest shift they could make to cover their Nakedness; others had thrust their *Calves-Heads*, some in Bags like Pudding-Pokes, and some in Caps, fashioned like an Extinguisher, and hung down half way their Backs, that made 'em look like Pages to some strange Ambassador, come from *Terra Incognita*, on purpose to let *England* see what Ridiculous Garbs are wore by the Devil knows who, at the very
Fundament

Fundament of the Universe; these were Masquered in Morning Gowns, of such Diversity of Flickering colours, that their dazzling Garments look'd like so many Rainbows, wove into a Scotch Plaid; and look'd so extravagantly Vain and Foppish, that certainly had they not been influenc'd by some Giddy Brain'd Young Girles to have discredited their Masculine Natures with this Female kind of Prodigality, the Thoughts of Men could have never Entertain'd such Butterfly Conceptions, as to imagine any reasonable Creature so Silly to Worship or admire the Person of a Man, because they see him in a Fools Cap, or Fools Coat; as if it added an Excellence to his Proportion, to have all the Colours in Heraldry Blazon'd upon his Back; or as if he thought it a piece of Plain-Dealing, to discover to the World by a Taudry Outside, his inward Vanity and *Emptiness*; that no Body might Expect more in his Conversation, than to oblige their Eyes with a new Fashion, or hear a Verbal Panegyrick on some *French* Taylor. 'Tis pity but Pedestals were Erected in the Garden, for the Novices to Mount on in several Disguises, and there fix themselves in their Fencing and Dancing School Postures, and they'd serve rarely for Antick Images to Adorn the Walks; and no Question but the Painted things, according to the end they propose by their Finery, would be wonderfully Gaz'd at by the Ladies, and be thought Worthy of each Strumpets Admiration. For the Readers further satisfaction, I will let him more plainly see what sort of Animal I mean, by Summing up his Outside and Inside in a brief Character.

A Beau,

Is a *Narcissus* that is fallen in Love with himself and his own Shadow. Within Doors he's a great Friend to a great Glass, before which he admires the Works
of

of his *Taylor* more than the whole Creation. Without Doors he adores the Sun like a *Persian*, and Walks always in his Rays tho' at Midsummer, to please himself with a moving Copy of his own Proportion. His Body's but a Poor Stuffing of a Rich Case, like Bran to a Lady's Pincushion; that when the outside is Stript off, there remains nothing that's Valuable. His Head is a Fools Egg, which lies hid in a Nest of Hair: His Brains are the Yolk, which Conceit has Addled. He's a stroling Assistant to Drapers and Taylors, showing every other Day a New Pattern, and a New Fashion: He's a walking Argument against Immortality: For no Man by his Actions, or his Talk, can find he has more Soul than a Goose. He's a very Troublesome Guest in a Tavern; and must have good Wine chang'd three or four times, till they bring him the worst in the Cellar before he'll like it. His Conversation is as intolerable as a young Council's in Term-Time, Talking as much of his *Mistresses*, as the other does of his *Motions*; and will have the most Words tho' all that he says is nothing. He's a Bubble to all he deals with, from his *Whore* to his *Periwig-maker*; and hates the fordid Rascal that won't Flatter him. He scorns to condescend so low, as to speak of any Person beneath the dignity of a Noble-man; the Duke of such a Place, and my Lord such one, are his common Cronies, from whom he knows all the Secrets of the Court, but dares not impart 'em to his best Friends, because the Duke enjoyn'd him to Secrefie. He is always furnish'd with new Jest's from the last New Play, which he most commonly spoiles with repeating. His Watch he compares with every Sun-Dial, Swears it corrects the Sun; and plucks it out so frequently in Company, that his Fingers go oftener in a Day to his Fob, than they do to his Mouth, spending more time every Week in showing the Rarity of the Work, than the Man did in making on's; being

ing as forward to tell the Price without desiring, as he is to tell you the Hour without asking; he is as constant a Visiter of a Coffee-house, as a *Drury-Lane* Whore is of *Covent-Garden-Church*; where he Cons over the News-Papers with as much indifference, as the other Prays; Reading only for Fashions sake, and not for Information. He's commonly of a small standing at one of the Universities, tho' all he has learnt there, is to know how many Taverns there are in the Town, and what *Vintner* has the handsom'st Wife. Tho' his Parents has given him an expensive Education, he's as Dumb to *Rhetorick*, as a Fool to Reason; as Blind to *Philosophy*, as an *Owle* in the Sun-shine; and as Deaf to Understanding, as a Priest to Charity. He often hopes to pass for a *Wit*, by calling other People *Fools*; and his fine Apparrel is his only Armour, that defends him from Contempt. He's a Coward amongst *Brave-men*, and a *Brave-Fellow* amongst *Cowards*; A Fool amongst *Wise-men*, and a *Wit* in *Fools* Company: All that I know he's good for, is to give a poor Fellow a Dinner that will do him Homage; and help to serve the turn of an insatiate Woman instead of a D——w.

By this time I had finish'd the Picture of my *Beau*, the *Bellfa's*, in their Morning-Gowns, and wadded Waste-coats, without Stays, began to flow as fast into the Walks, as Whores into the eighteen-penny Gallery at the third Act, tripping about in search of their Foolish admirers, like so many Birds on a *Valentine's Day*, in order to find a Mate. I was mightily pleas'd at the various diverting Scenes, with which I was entertained in this Natural Theatre, where I had so large an opportunity of observing the Vanity of both Sexes in a greater Perfection, than the *Drama* by faint imitation is capable of representing. I cannot here make so good a use of it as I would do, because

cause I am oblig'd to take Notice of something of greater Moment. I shall therefore only give you a short Character of a *Modish-Lady* in Verse, and so quit the Walks to pursue my farther intention.

*Pride, Beauty, Prattle, Leachery and Conceit,
Airy Deportment, and the want of Wit;
Small Waste, Plump Buttocks, and a Face Divine;
Wretchedly Foolish, and extremely Fine:
At Hackney, Stepney, or at Chealsea Bred,
In Dancing perfect, and in Plays well Read;
The only Daughter of the Trading Fop,
Train'd half in School, and t'other half in Shop;
Who nothing by her Parents is deny'd,
T' improve her Charms or gratifie her Pride.
Spoil'd by her Fathers Fondness and his Pounds,
Till her wild Fancy knows at last no Bounds:
Impatient of Extreams, with Pride half Craz'd,
Then must her Head a Story higher be rais'd:
In her next Gaudy Gown, her Sweeping Train,
Is order'd to be made as long again;
All things must vary from the common Rode,
And reach a Size beyond the Decent Mode:
Thus Monstrously Adorn'd, to make a show,
She walks in State, and Courtesies very low,
And is a proper Mistress for the Fool, a Beau.*

From thence I took a turn into the City, where People were running about with as much concern in their Countenances, as if they had receiv'd News of the French Landing, or that an Army of Irish Papists had taken Possession of Stocks-Market, in order to Massacre the Protestants, and Plunder the City.

At last I went to Jonathan's Coffee-house by the Change, to enquire into the meaning of this strange Disorder; Where I saw a parcel of Men at one Table Consulting together, with as much Malice, Horror,
Anger

Anger and Despair in their Looks, as if a new Pestilence had Sprung up in their Families, and their Wives had run away with their Journey-Men to avoid the Infection. And at another Table, a parcel of Merry Hawk'd Look'd Blades, Laughing and Pointing at the rest, as if with abundance of Satisfaction, they Triumph'd over the others Afflictions. At last, upon a little Enquiry into the matter, I found the Honest Brother-hood of the *Stock-Jobbers*, were in a Lamentable Confusion, and had Divided themselves into two parts, *Fools* and *Knaves*. A few of the latter, having been too cunning for a great many of the former, had drawn-in some Two, some Three, some Four or Five Hundred Pounds deep, to the Ruin of many, and the great Disadvantage of the rest, who having been under the Reputation of *Knaves* all their Lives time, have at last, by the Unexpected Success of an Unlucky Project, Undeceiv'd the World at once, and prov'd themselves the Arrant'st *Fools* in the whole City: And for the Readers better Information, I have drawn one of these Sublunary Busy-Bodies, into a Brief Character, with which I shall conclude.

A Stock-Jobber,

Is a Compound of *Knave*, *Fool*, *Shop-keeper*, *Merchant* and *Gentleman*. His whole Business is Trick-ing: When he Cheats another he's a *Knave*; when he suffers himself to be Out-witted, he's a *Fool*; he most commonly keeps a Visible Trade going, and with whatsoever he gets in his Shop, he makes himself a Domestick Merchant upon Change, by turning *Stock-Adventurer*, led on by the mighty Hopes of advancing himself to a Coach and Horses, that he may Lord it over his Neighbouring Mechanicks. He's as great a Lover of Uncertainty, as some *Fools* are of the

Royal-Oak Lottery; and would not give a Farthing for an Estate got without a great deal of Hazard. He's a kind of a *Speculum*, wherein you may behold the Passions of Mankind, and the Vanity of Human Life: To Day he Laughs, and to Morrow he Grins, is the Third Day Mad, and always Labours under those Twin Passions Hope and Fear; rising one Day and falling the next, like *Mercury* in a Weather-Glass, and cannot Arrive to that pitch of Wisdom, as to know one Day what he shall be the next: He is never under the Prospect of growing Rich; but at the same time under the Danger of being Poor, and is always to be found between *Hawk* and *Buzzard*: He Spins out his Life between *Faith* and *Hope*, but has nothing to do with *Charity*, because there's little to be got by't. He's a Man whose great Ambition is to Ride over others, in order to which, he resolves to Win the Horse, or Lose the Saddle.

T H E
London-Spy.

P A R T XVII.

Reflections upon Money, and the Bankers, in Lombard-street; a Story of their Extortion. The Character of a Banker in Verse. A Comical Description of a Christening; With the Humours of the Gossips. A Grace before and after Meat, in Verse. The Character of a Gossip, in Verse.

HAVING receiv'd a Note from my Friend, to meet him at the Sign of the *Dolphin* in *Lombard-street*; which Fish, by mistake of the Painter, is render'd more like a Crooked Billet, than the Creature its design'd to represent: At the time appointed I accordingly went, where my Friend over a Penny Nipperkin of Molossas Ale, sat ready to receive me. When an accustomed Salutation had pass'd between us, it being about the time when stroling Pastry Cooks, who keep their Shops in their Baskets, pay their Visits to their Customers, we began to Consult about our Dinner, being posted in a very convenient House for that purpose; At last, agreed to Corroborate our Bodies with a Slice of that Martial Venison, Beef, fit Food for either *Saint*, *Soldier*, or *Saylor*, the King of Meats, and the most delicious of all Dainties, faith, S—— the Poet, and *Marriot* the Counsellour. When we had suppress'd our Hunger, the most Powerful of all Appetites, and tir'd our Jaws with tedious Mastication, we began to fall into talk about our Neighbour-

ing *Scavengers*, whose Houses are the Lay-Stalls of that filthy drols which *defiles the Virgin, Corrupts the Priest, Contaminates the Fingers of the Judge*, is the Cause of every Ill, and the very Seed of Humane Misery; it's the mistaken Happiness of Mankind, which brings with it, where so e're it comes, a Thousand Curses worse than Poverty. Prithee, says my Friend, don't rail so against *Money*, it's a Task becomes no body but a Mendicant, who is always endeavouring to put other People that have it out of Conceit with it, that they may the more willingly part with it to those that want it; there's a great deal to be said in the behalf of Money, and if you were but to hear a Rich Parson preach a Lecture upon it according to his real Sentiments, he would teach you, perhaps, to have as good an Opinion of it as e'er an Alderman of the City. You must consider our Ancestors had as great a Veneration for this sort of *Dirt*, as you call it, as the present Age can possibly bear towards it; as you may find by the excellent Virtues they ascribe to it, in their old sayings, *viz. Money answers All things. Money makes the old Wise Trot. Money makes the Mare to go. What Words won't do, Gold will*; and a great many other Adages I could recollect with a little thinking, which would show sufficiently that our Fore-Fathers were as much given to Value this *Root of all Evil*, as some term it, as any of our Modern Misers can be. Therefore if you'll take Counsel of a Friend, Instead of Slighting it, endeavour to get it; and never rail against it, till you are assur'd you have enough to serve your Turn. To despise Riches when they are out of your Power, favours more of Envy than Philosophy; but to seem not to Value Wealth when you have it in possession, is an Argument of Generosity.

I thank'd him for his Instructions, which were a little out of my way at present to put in practice; and

and then began to enquire of him what method those great Dealers in Money chiefly take, for the Improvement of such mighty Sums which were trusted in their power. In answer to which, my Friend gave me this following Information: The best of their Harvest, says he, is now over; ever since the alteration of the Coin has put a period to the project of Diminution, their Trade had been in a declining Condition; but they have, most of them, so feather'd their Nests by the old Treasonable *Snip-Snap*, that they have no occasion to fear the greatest Disadvantages their Trade can fall under. As an Argument of their Dealings in that profitable Affair, I will give you a Convincing Instance of my own Knowledge, *viz.* I had in the very heat of those mysterious times, a Bill upon an Eminent Banker not far off, to receive Twenty five Pounds; and waiting in the Shop till he had dispatch'd his Business with some other *Persons* who were stept in before me, in comes a Spark in a good Camelot Cloak Lin'd with Red, Sword, Long Wig, and Beaver Hat, and gives the Banker a Bag of Money, desiring him to lay it by for him, and he would call for it on the morrow Morning; which he took from him, and laid it down upon a Seat on the other side of the Counter: The *Person* that brought it becoming his Habiliments but awkwardly, like the Tinker in *Jevern's* Farce in a Lords Apparel, occasion'd me to take more than ordinary Notice of his Face; which I was assur'd I had often seen, but could not, till he was gone, recollect where; at last fully satisfy'd my self, about a Twelve-month before he was a *Cobler* at *Westminster*, who had mended many a pair of Shoes, and run of many an Errand for me, I then Lodging within three or four Doors off where he kept his Stall; in which he us'd to be as Merry over his Work with the Ballad of *Troy Town*, as ever Country Dame over her *Spinning-Wheel*, or a Musical Mumpkin with his

Jews Trump. When he had told over the several Sums and satisfied the Demands of the first Comers, showing as much double-handed Dexterity in telling of Money, as a *Hocus Pocus* can well show in the Conveyance of his Balls, I then accosted him, and show'd him my Authority for another Sum, which he was ready to pay upon Sight of the Bill, as if he was never better pleas'd than when he was getting rid of his Money; and taking up the Bag my old Acquaintance had left, attempts to pay me in such Scrupulous and Diminutive pieces, that I thought nothing but a *Knave* would offer to pay, or a *Fool* be willing to receive: Upon which I refus'd to take it; he urg'd the Money was passable, telling me that a Gentleman left it with him but just before; which he thought, I suppose, I had not observed. Pray, said I, what was that Gentleman? He answering me an *Essex* Gentleman of Six or Seven Hundred Pounds a Year; Said I, I saw the Person that left it, and if he be worth such an Estate as you speak of, he has got it in a very little time; for within this Year and a Quarter, he has Soled me a pair of Shoes for Sixteen-pence, and I am sure he had not Land enough then to raise a Bunch of Carrots in, or Money enough to spare to buy the Seed, therefore I fancy you are mistaken in the Man. O dear, Sir, says he, your Eyes are strangely deceived, he's a very worthy Honest Gentleman, I have had Money of his Hands, at times, this seven years. But however, Sir, if you don't like this Money, I'll see if I can look you better. And with that goes and finds me out good Market Money to Content; which I suppose, I should have had some difficulty to have got, had it not been for my accidental Discovery.

Well, said I, but this Golden Age is past, and what Methods do they take now to improve their Cash? The chief Advantage, says he, that they now make is by supplying the Necessities of straiten'd Merchants
and

and great Dealers, to pay the Goods imported, rather than they should fall under the Discredit as well as Disadvantage of being run into the Kings Ware-House; or by assisting of 'em in the purchase of great Bargains, or the like; for which they make 'em pay such unreasonable Extortion, that they Devour more of the Merchants Profit, than Snails, Worms or Magpies, do of the Farmers Crop, or the Gardiners Industry: In Relation to which, I'll Inform you of a pretty Disappointment that lately happen'd to one of these Unconscionable Usurers, who Insisted upon a very extravagant Gratuity for the Loan of a considerable Sum, to a very Eminent Merchant; which take as follows.

A Person of Quality having made a Topping Banker in *Lumbar d street* his Cashier, and having occasion to talk with him about some *Pecuniary* Affairs, Order'd his Coachman to drive him to his Shop, where he found the Banker talking very Busily with a Merchant: The Banker, in respect to his Quality, came immediately to his Coach-side, to know the Gentlemans Pleasure, who desir'd him first to Dispatch his Business with the Person he was before talking to, and he would tarry in his Coach till he had done, for he was in no great Haste. Upon which, the Banker retiring into the Shop, they proceeded on the matter in Hand, which was about Lending the Merchant a Sum of Money, who was very unwilling to come up to the Bankers Unreasonable Demands for the use of it, which the Merchant requir'd but for one Month: The Banker being well acquainted with the present Necessity of the Merchant for Money, tho' a very Rich Man, and a great Dealer, stuck close to his first Proposals, and would Abate him nothing of the Extortion he requir'd, which occasion'd 'em at last to talk so warmly, that the Gentleman over-heard their Discourse; and calling his

Footman, Whisper'd him, and bid him Dog the Gentleman till he had fixt him, and bring him an Account where he left him, to *Lloyds Coffee-House*. The Merchant being very unwilling to comply with the Bankers Avaricious Terms, went out of the Shop in a Huff, and told him he would see what he could do elsewhere, before he would submit to so inhuman an Exaction. As soon as he was gone, the Footman observ'd the Commands of his Master, who after he talk'd a little with the Banker, bid his Coach wait till he walk'd over to *Lloyds*, where in a little time his Footman brought him Intelligence that the Gentleman he order'd him to follow, was gone into a great House in *Mincing-Lane*, which he believed was his own Habitation, because when the Door was opened to him, he went readily in, without asking the Servant any Questions. Upon which the Gentleman steps into his Coach, and orders his Footman to direct the Coach to the House, where the Gentleman Orders his Man to Knock, and ask the Servant that should come to the Door, whither their Master was within, who Answer'd *Yes, but that he was just sat down to Dinner*. The Gentleman bid the Servant not disturb him; but desir'd to walk into a Room, and he would stay till he had Din'd. Upon which, they show'd him into a Parlor, where he waited but a little time before the Merchant, upon his Servants Information, came to him. The Gentleman finding it to be the same Person, ask'd him if a bout an hour since, he was not treating with such a Banker about such an Affair: He told him, *Yes, he was*: And seem'd to be surpriz'd the Gentleman should know any thing of the matter; who, to make the Merchant ease, discover'd by what means he became acquainted with what had pass'd between him and the Banker; Expressing himself to the Merchant after this manner, *I have, says he, In the Bankers hands you were talk-*
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ing to, between three and four Thousand Pounds, and if he can think it safe to Trust part of my Money in your hands for the sake of an Unreasonable Advantage, I don't know why I may not Trust you as well my self upon more Reasonable Terms: He pays me no Interest, and I cannot think him an Honest Man that will be so severe with another, in whose hands I have reason to believe he thinks his Money safe, or else he would not Venture it at all, tho' on the most Advantageous Conditions. Therefore since he was so hard with you, if you will let me know what Sum your Occasions require, I will give you my Note upon the same Person to pay you the Money, which you shall use for any Reasonable time without a Penny Interest or Gratuity.

The Merchant amaz'd at so Generous an Offer from a Stranger, exprest himself in all the thankful Acknowledgments imaginable, gladly accepted of his Kindness, telling him Six Hundred Pounds would do his Business, for that three or four Ships were come in, on Board of which he had considerable Effects, and that the Money was to help pay the Customs. The Gentleman accordingly, as the Merchants Straits requir'd, draws him a Bill upon the Banker for Six Hundred Pounds; and afterwards found such agreeable Honesty from the Merchant, that he drew all his Money out of the Bankers Hands, and put it into the Merchants, by which means he is now become one of the Richest Men and greatest Merchants in the City; and the Banker lost a good Friend, to his great Injury, as a just reward of his Covetousness.

These Base and Unchristian-like Impositions, are so practicable amongst Bankers and Money Scriveners, that Mr. D. J. Lecturer of St. ——— Parish, thought it his Duty to reprove 'em Publickly in Lombard-street Church, for their abominable Usury and Extortion; which they so highly resented, being touch'd to the Quick, that instead of Reforming their Jewish and
Unlawful

Unlawful Practices, they protested against his Doctrine like a parcel of Incorrigible Sinners, and turn'd the Consciencious Priest out of his Lectureship, for the faithful Discharge of his Holy Function; who gave 'em a Notable, tho' Unwelcome Reprehension, in his Farewell Sermon, choosing these Words for his Text, *Am I therefore become your Enemy, because I tell you the Truth?* Therefore since to the utmost of my Power I have enlightened your Understanding of these City-Money-Jobbers, I hope you will Sum up a short Character of one of them in Verse, to Oblige the World; and I make no doubt, but 'twill be very acceptable: Which, according to my Friends request, I have done for the further satisfaction of the Reader.

The Character of a Banker.

H *Imself the Scavenger, his House the Cart,
Where Plodding Men throw in their Drossy Pelf:
Thus, like a Farmer he from Rich Mens Dirt,
Raises a happy Living to himself.*

*With others Cards a cunning Game he Plays:
They stand the Hazard, whilst he Gains his Ends;
He Borrows still, and still no In'trest Pays,
And ne'er without a Damn'd Extortion Lends.*

*Tho' Proud and Stately, whether Rich or Poor,
Is to all Men except himself unknown:
Amidst his Borrow'd Treasures he's no more,
Than Slave to others Riches, not his own.*

*His Dealings are so dark a Mystery,
No Man can truly tell, tho' ne'er so Wise,
Whether he Trives, or that he Honest be,
Until the Black-Palm'd Miser breaks or Dies.*

With

*With one Mans Money be another Pays :
To this he Cuts, and to the other Deals ;
Small Accidents his Credit oft Decays,
Then Farewel Fingers, God have Mercy Heels.*

*The Beggars Curse him as they pass his Door,
Envy the Heaps of Riches which they see ;
Beg but in vain, then wish the Banker Poor,
Who Rowles in Wealth, but has no Charity.*

*Great Sums each Day are on his Counters told,
And Piles of Bags his Fetter'd Trunks contain :
But yet for all his Silver and his Gold,
He's but the Mimick of a vast Rich Man.*

I having a Relation in Town, who about Twelve Months since had the Courage in spite of Cuckoldom, to suffer a Parson to Rob him of his Native Liberty, and Bind him fast, with Fetters of Matrimony, to Mans Misery, a Wife ; and the first Fruits of their Drudgery being lately crept out of its Original Habitation into this World of Affliction ; The Joyful Father bringing me the Glad Tydings of my New Squab Relation, very closely Solicited me to do the Pennance of a Godfather, that the little Epitomy of the Dad might be craftily cleans'd from the Sin of his Birth, and the Iniquity of his Conception. I wanting Ill-Nature enough to resist his Importunities, submitted to his Requests ; and engag'd for once to stand as a *Tom-Doodle* for an Hour or two, to be Banter'd by a *Tittle-Tattle* Assembly of Female Gossips. The time appointed for the Solemnization of this Ancient piece of Formality being come, after I had put on a clean Band, and bestow'd Two Penniworth of Razorridge on the most Fertile part of my Face, whose Septuary Crop, requir'd Mowing, away I
Trotted

trotted towards the Joyful Habitation of my Friend and Kinsman, but with as aking a Heart, as a Wise Man goes to be Married, or a Broken Merchant comes near the Counter, At last I came to the Door, which I pass'd by Backwards and Forwards, three or four times, as a Bashful Lover does by his Mistresses Lodging, before I had Courage enough to Enter; Fanfying every time I went up to the Door, I heard a Confusion of Womens Tongues come thro' the Key-hole, which struck with such a violence upon the drum of my Ear, 'twas ready, when I listen'd, to knock me Backwards. At last I pluck'd up a Spirit like a City Draper going to Dun a Man of Quality, and gave a Rap at the Door, which brought Nurse *Busie-body* to give me admittance, who introduc'd me into a back Parlour, and call'd her Master; of whom I enquir'd after the Welfare of the Woman in the Straw, who answer'd me, according to the old Phrase, *As well, God be thanked, as can be expected for a Woman in her Condition.* I told my Kinsman I dreaded the Fatigue I was bound to run thro', who heartily pitied my Condition, and advis'd me to put on the best assurance I could: Telling me he was equally oblig'd to be a Partner in my Sufferings; for that he expected to be Tongue-teas'd by that time the Wine had gone a little about, as bad as a Man that had beat his Wife before a whole Jury of Matrons. The Women, Heaven be prais'd! were usher'd up stairs, so that I was in no great danger of having my Ears stretch'd upon the Rack of Verbosity, till the Sacerdotal Administration of the Sacrament was over.

By this time in came my Brother *Nuncupator*, who was to stand the Bears with me; and after we had made our selves a little Acquainted, by enquiring of each other *what News*, and the like; we began to look forward, and consider of the difficulties we were to run thro'. *Poh*, says he, *Never fear, I'll warrant*

warrant you we'll deal with 'em well enough, let me alone to bring you off, I have been us'd tot'. This is sport, says he That I have been at so often, that I believe half the Children in the Parish call me Godfather. I am as well known to all the Gossips hereabouts, as St. Austin is to the Parson, or Amen to the Clerk. Do but take my method amongst 'em, and you will gain their Hearts for ever, and be accounted as pretty a Man by 'em as ever came into a Womans Company, or listen'd to the Tattles of a Female Convention; that is, Be sure you highly praise the Fair Sex, and speak very Honourably o' the State of Matrimony, Rail soundly against all those Jealous Pated Coxcombs that abuse their Wives, tho' with good Reason; and declare every Man that thinks himself a Cuckold, deserves to be made one; and that it is always Mens own Faults that they are so. Be sure remember a Womans Freedom is an Argument of her Honesty; and that the still Sow eats all the draught; that Women ought to have a Chearuping Cup as well as Men; and that she may go into a Tavern with another Man besides her Husband, and may be very bonest for all that; and that she may like another Mans Company for his good humour, Merry Jests, and witty Conversation, without doing an Ill thing, or abusing her Husband. Tongue the Old Women when you Kiss 'em, and suck the Lips of the young ones like a Horse-leach. If you bear a Woman Rail against her Husband, before you second her, and say he's a very morose Man to use so good a Woman after so ill a manner; Be sure you preach up Female Authority, that a Husband ought to mind nothing but his Trade, and let the Wife alone to govern the Family: That no Women who wants Children by her Husband ought to be blam'd if she raises Seed with discretion by another, since it takes off from her the reproach of being Barren, and from her Husband the scandal of a Fumbler; Not forgetting the old saying, There's no harm done when a good Child's got. Follow but these instructions, and Lard your Talk now and then with a little Wagery wrapt up in clean Linnen, and you need

neednot doubt but you will find your self as acceptable a Man amonst 'em, as if they had heard that Nature had bestow'd as great a Fools Blessing upon you, as ever they desir'd to partake of.

I thank'd him kindly for his Serviceable Documents and was mightily satisfied I had so experienc'd a Partner to assist me at the Solemnity, not fearing but so good an Example would be a means of carrying me cleverly thro' the whole Ceremony without Balk or Discountenance. By this time in came the Parochial Sprinkler with *Amen* at his Heels, who were usher'd up Stairs among the Assembly of Help-meets. Now Thought I, the Curtain's to be drawn, and the Show is ready to begin presently. Whilst I was thus thinking, down came Nurse to desire us to Walk up, who had so Adorn'd her Wither'd Countenance with Tape-Lac'd Head-Cloaths, that her Weasel Face look'd as disproportion'd to her Commode, as a *Tom-Tits* Egg put into an Owls Nest: Having a Scollup-lac'd Handkerchief round her Neck, that look'd as old-Fashion'd as if *Eve* had Spun the Thread and made the Lace with the same Needle she Sow'd her Fig-Leaf Apron with. Having round her a white Safe-Guard, ty'd down behind with Tape, that she look'd all over as white as the very Ghost of *Bateman*.

As soon as we came into the Room, and had bow'd our Backs to the old Cluster of Harridans, and they in return had bent their Knees to us, I sneak'd up to the Parsons Elbow, and my Part'ner after me; and there I stood as demurely as if I had just turn'd Jew, and was Circumcis'd before all the Company. The Parson plucking out a Pocket-Tool belonging to his Trade, began in Solemn-wise the Preface to the Business in hand, whilst old Mother *Grope* stood rocking of the Bantling in her Arms, wrap'd up in so Rich a Mantle, as if both *Indias* had club'd their utmost Riches to furnish out a Noble covering for my little Kinsman, who
came

came as callow in the World as a Bird out of an Egg-shell. At last the Babe was put into my hands to deliver, tho' not as my Act and Deed, to the Parson, who having consecrated some *New-River-Water* for his purpose, wash'd away Original Sin from my new Nephew, and brought him amongst us Christians, into a State of Salvation. But when my froward Godson felt the cold Water in his Face, he threaten'd the Priest with such a parcel of Angry Looks, that if he had been strong enough I dare Swear he would have serv'd him the same Sauce, and under the same Ignorance would have return'd him but little thanks for his Labour: After we had join'd together in a Petition for the good of the Infant Christian, the Religious part was concluded; and now Kissing, Feasting and Jocularities were to follow in their proper places. I left it my Part'ner to be the Leading Man, resolving to be a true Copy of his Impudence to the utmost of my Capacity.

The first Example he set me was to kiss the Godmother, who had a very passable Face and tolerable Mein; and as for her Age, I believe she was near upon the Meridian. I follow'd his directions to a Tittle, and Kiss so very close, that I am confident the inside of her Lips could do no less than take off an impression of her Teeth, as deep as a Child leaves when he bites a Mouthful of Bread and Butter. As soon as ever the Parson had refresh'd his Spirits with a Bumper of Canary, dedicated to the Woman in the Straw; and the Clark had said *Amen* to his Masters good Wishes after the like manner, each of 'em accepted of a Paper of Sweat-meats for his Wife or his Children, and away they went, leaving the rest of the Company behind, to make a Rehearsal of the good old Custom always practicable at these Neighbourly sort of Meetings. The next piece of Lip-Exercise my Partner set me, was to
make

make a Regular Service of Kisses round the Room, keeping such exact time in the discharge of this Ceremony, not daring to stay too long in a place for fear the rest should have taken it ill, that if he had but smack'd as he kist, he would have kept much the same Measure, and have made much the same Musick as a Church Clock that clicks every Quarter of a Minute. By that time he had ended his first Ceremonious Essay to please the Ladies, and had swept off with his Lips the dry Scurf, which loosely hung upon the Muzzles of the old Women, and had suck'd a Vermilion Colour in the Lips of the Young ones; I began to succeed him in the Drudgery of Osculation, which I went about with as ill a will as a Security pays a Debt he never Drank for; tho' there were two or three as tolerable Temptations as a man would desire to meet with, between a pair of Iniquity Council-keepers; yet the publick formality of the matter so took off the pleasure of Lip-Leachery, that instead of a Satisfaction, I thought it but a very troublesome ridiculous piece of ancient Superstition: One old woman having the Palsie in her Head, happened by a sudden resolution of the Sinews which Govern the under Jaw, to snap my under Lip in between her Gums, that had it not been for shame, I had cry'd out; but as Providence would have it, she had ne'er a Tooth, or else I believe she had spoil'd my Kissing for a Fortnight; this Accident has begot in me ever since such aversion to the Kissing of old Women, that I sincerely protest, I had rather Kifs Twenty Young ones, Twenty times a piece, than to run the like hazard of having my Lips disfigur'd. The next part we agreed to perform, was a very costly piece of Ceremony; which was to pay our Acknowledgements to Mother *Bawdy-Flirt*, who brought the little Prisoner out of his dark Dungeon, into Light and Liberty; and so on to Nurse *Candle-Cook*, who thro' Greediness of
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the Present, gave my Fingers such a Mercenary Gripe, as if she had mistaken my Hand, and thought she had got fast hold of the Rudder of my Affections. Having very orderly proceeded thus far without a Balk, I was glad I had overcome this, the most difficult part of my Journey; as a *Pilgrim* going to the *Jubilee*, is, that he has past the *Alps*. The greatest Uneasiness that remain'd now, being only a little Tittle-Tattle, which I did not doubt but the Wine would Inspire me with Courage enough to Cope with. When this was over, the next piece of Folly that my Kinsman was Guilty on, in Submission to his Wifes Vanity, was to Usher the Assembly into the next Room, where was a very good Hot Supper ready upon the Table, and two or three Dozen of several sorts of Wine, to Entertain their Ladyships, who before they sat down, the Parsons Business forcing him to take an Early Leave of the Company, and I having the most Canonical Countenance, the Gossips pitch'd upon me to Bless the good Creatures; and to tell you the Truth being at a Non-plus for a Grace, and thinking it a Scandal to Acknowledge it, I was forc'd to Blunder out one *Extempore*, as well as I could, for fear of being taken for a Heathen; which, because of the Newness of it, I'll present it to the Reader.

*Bless the good Ladies and good Food,
That Heav'n has set before us;
And may we Men prove all so good,
The Women may Adore us.*

*May these thy Fruitful Dames Live long,
Grow ev'ry Day more Handsome:
And may their Husbands prove as strong
I'th Back, as Second Sampson.*

*May they Dance Merrily each Night,
Without a Pipe or Tabour;
And Mother Midnight bring to Light,
The Fruit of all their Labour.*

*God Save the King, and send quite thro' the Realm,
Men may Obey, and Women Rule the Helm.*

This Lucky thought so Oblig'd the whole Congregation of Tattle-Baskets, that I found by the satisfaction they exprest in their Countenances, scarce a Woman in the Company could forbear clapping me; and the good Wives falling to, as eagerly as so many Livery Men at a Hall Feast, were all so ready to help me with a choice Bit, that I had a Plate Pil'd up in half a minute, enough to have Feasted a whole Family of French Protestants just Landed. As soon as the Edges of our Hungry Appetites were taken off, and our Mouths were a little at Leisure to imploy the Glass, and give way for our Tongues to exprest our Sentiments; the Women were presently so wonderful busie in Drinking the Chaplains Health, that they had like to have forgot the Sow and her Pig, if it had not been for the Womans Oracle, the Midwife, who put 'em in Mind of it. By that time three or four Glasses had wash'd away their Counterfeit or acquir'd Modesty, which restrain'd 'em from that Freedom of the Tongue which their Natures prompt them to, we had as great a Jargon of confus'd Talk arose amongst us, as ever you heard amongst a Crowd of Female Neighbours gather'd at a Womans door that had just hang'd herself; talking as much of the Ill qualities of their Servants, and good Humours, of their Childrens, as a parcel of Countrey Gentlemen got over a Tub of double Ale, do of their Dogs and their Horses. When ever they talk'd of any of their own Sex that
were

were not present, a Man that had been wholly unacquainted with the Conversation of Women, would have thought they had been setting forth the Faults and Infirmities of some She-Devil; and that nothing which bore Humane Shape and Nature, could have been liable to so many Odious Imperfections; who 'tis very likely was much handsomer, and more Vertuous, than the Ill-natur'd She, who had accumulated such a Number of Defects and Vices, and laid 'em to her Charge, who was not present to justify herself against 'em. The Failings of their Husbands also, was a great Subject of their Discourse, with now and then a Whisper, which I suppose, was touching some Secret Disabilities, or Neglects, which were not Proper or Consistent, tho' with the most free and Unrestrain'd Modesty, to Speak in Publick.

At last a great Talk arose about such a Woman, who had been Marry'd two Years, and not proving with Child in so long a time, had lately made an Elopement from her Husband with a Courtier, who had got her close in his Lodgings at Kensington, even to the Distraction of the poor Cuckold, who offers to take her again, but she wont live with him: *Ey upon her*, says old Mother Tumble-Tuzzy, *for a Naughty Woman; if she had taken my Advice, I am sure it had been better for her; if things were as she told me, I am sure she had no great Reason to Complain; but in short, I don't believe she Lov'd her Husband, for if she did, she would never have done so by him: I'll Swear I pity the Man with all my Heart, I look upon him to be as Honest a Man as any dwells in the Parish; and indeed I believe he Lov'd his Wife very well. Ay, indeed Neighbour, much better than such a Minx deserv'd. Why so Madam?* says a third, *Why should you rail against the poor Woman behind her Back, she might have Reason enough to do what she did, for ought you know. Reason! Marry hang her,* says a fourth, *What Reason could she have to bring her-*

elf under this Scandal, and her Husband, poor Man, under all this Shame and Sorrow? If she could not be Contented with what the good Man could give her, there are Journey-Men and Prentices enough in the House, that she need not have been such a Slut to have run away from him. O fye, says another, Why sure you would not have had her Disgrac'd herself with so mean a thing as a Servant, would you? Servants! reply'd a former! Marry come up my dirty Cousin! How little you make of Servants, As if 'twas impossible a Prentice or a Journey-Man could have a longer Nose than his Master: You see the Court Ladies have Wit enough to be Content with their own Coachmen, and Footmen; and not come into the City to expose themselves. Besides, a Servant looks upon it to be so great an Honour, that he will take thrice the Pains to Oblige a Woman, as a Man will that's her Equal; for which reason Quality have Sence enough, you see, to chuse such Men for their Gallants as are much beneath 'em, because they have 'em more at their Beck: And since we follow their Fashions, I don't know but 'twould be better for us, if we follow'd their Example to. Nay, truly Neighbour, says the other, I must confess there is something of Reason in what you say: But indeed I think 'tis a burning Shame, that a Man who knows how 'tis with him, should be so Foolish to Marry a Woman, and bring her to these hardships; for they ought to Consider, that's the Truth on't, we are Flesh and Blood as well as they.

In this sort of hopeful Tittle-Tattle, they tired their Lungs, and wasted their Time, till they were most of them got as Boozy, as so many Bumpkins at a Wake, or Tipling Loyalists upon the Kings Birth-Day. The Merry Dames by this time, having at one sitting pretty well fill'd their Carcases, and empty'd their Minds, they began to call upon me their Chaplain to give them a discharge; which put me to a Second Non-plus, believing they had drank themselves at Supper past all Grace; but found my self mistaken, forgetting that Hypocrites are always most Devout, when they are Maudlin:

Maudlin : Finding I had no way to avoid the Office, I made a shift to Blunder thro' this Ceremonious piece of Thanksgiving, after the following manner;

*Our hearty Thanks we humbly Pay,
For th' Blessings we have tasted;
L——d send such Christ'nings every Day,
That we may thus be Feasted.*

*We Bless thee for each merry Dame;
And her good Conversation;
O bring 'em Yearly to the same
Blest End of their Creation.*

*May they abound in Girles and Boys,
Yet still and still be Kist-on;
That we may meet and thus rejoice
To make each Babe a Christian.*

*Bless all good Women in their Married State,
Make their Pains easie, and their Pleasure great.*

This so obliged the Assembly of Fruitful Matrons, that I dare Swear I might have pick'd and chose as the Turk does in his Seraglio. I was now esteemed as the Prettiest, Wittiest, and Best Humour'd young Gentleman, that ever they were in Company with in their Lives; and what a Thousand Pities it was I should be a Batchelour, every one offering to help me to a Wife, that I began to be afraid they would have made a Priest of the Midwife, and Married me in spite of my Teeth before I could get out of their Company. I dare Swear, if we had had but a fair opportunity, my Part'ner and I might have made as many Cuckolds as ever were made by a Couple of Church-Wardens, during the whole time of their Office; and they have generally as great a Command

of the Parish, as any Men that Dwell in't, except the Parson.

This Generous Entertainment we had hitherto had, was not sufficient to Plague my poor Kinsman enough, and to Gratify the Ridiculous Prodigality of the good Woman in the Straw, it being the first Testimony of her Fertility: But after all this, the Extravagancy must be Summ'd up with a Service of Sweet-Meats, which every Gossip carry'd away in her Handkerchief; then were my Brother Witness and I, forc'd to conclude all with a Final Repetition of Old Judas's Ceremony, and so sent 'em packing Home to their own Dear Spouses, to Tease their Ears with a Rehearsal of their Welfare. What now remain'd for me to do, was to go up Stairs to bid my *Bed-ridden* Relation much Joy of her new Christian, and to receive Thanks for the Tronble she had put me to: I Kist the good Woman with a good Will enough; but having no great kindness for a Creature so newly Calv'd as my little Kinsman, I could not Salute him, but with as indifferent an Appetite as I did the Old Woman; for *Bull-Veal* so very Young, and *Cow-Beef* so very Old, are two sorts of Flesh I could never heartily Approve on; for I always fancy the one's a little too Tender, and smells of the Cask; and the other a little too Tough add smells of a Coffin.

Having now struggled thro' every difficult part of these Accustomary Formalities, I had nothing to do but to Thank them for our Liberal Entertainment, Wish the Woman well again, and both much Happiness in their Male Off-Spring, and so take my Leave which I did accordingly; and was as greatly overjoyed when I got out of the House, as ever Convict was that had broke Goal, or Detected Pick-Pocket that had Escap'd a Horse-Pond.

When I came to my Lodging, I began to consider what further use I could make of the sundry Passages
and

and pleasant humours, I had observ'd amongst this Female Congregation; and at last agreed with my self 'twas a rare opportunity to take off a true impression of a Gossip; which I desire the Reader to accept of.

The Character of a Gossip.

SEven Years in Wedlock first she must have spent,
And must have made her Spouse as long Repent,
That such a Curse was e'er from Heaven sent.

By Nature made to Teem, to Tease and Vex;
No longer Happy than she can Perplex;
Lustful t'wards Men, and Envious to her Sex.

Homely, Disdainful, Talkative, and Proud;
Foolish, Self-will'd, too Stubborn to be Bow'd;
Fiery as Light'ning, and as Thunder Loud.

A Junket-Foll'wer, and a Friend to Wine,
Who to her Betters will no Place Resign;
And hates the Gossip that appears more Fine.

Of her own Faults she others does Accuse,
Her Neighbours Failings are her chiefest News;
And rails against that Vice she most pursues.

Her Spight at ev'ry Well-bred She, takes Aims;
The Modest Woman is a close sly Dame,
Who tho' she Opens not, yet Hunts the Game.

She's the still Sow that Drinks up all the Draught,
Tho' so Reserv'd in Tongue, she's Loose in Thought;
And is the most suspected to be Naught.

*If Handsome; then the Envious Tatler cries,
Her Face is well enough, sh'as pretty Eyes;
But has an ugly Fault, else People Lies.*

*What I have heard, I'm very loth to Speak;
Besides all that, she gives her Cheeks the Lick;
And is as Ill-Condition'd as Old-Nick.*

*Were I a Man, such Beauty I'd Adore,
As should be only Nat'ral, and no more;
For she that Paints, will doubtless be a Whore.*

*Beauty's but Fancy Silly Boys Pursue;
Men Love a Woman that is Just and True;
She's only Handsome that will Handsome do.*

*She Blames the Dame that like her self is free,
Who Loves good Liquor and much Company;
One Gossip with another can't agree.*

*To Drink a merry Cup she holds no harm,
And finds in Brandy such a secret Charm,
It cheers her Heart, and keeps her Stomach warm.*

*Abroad she Walks to see, and to be seen;
And if the good Man asks her where sh'as been;
With a Gallant, Tom-Coney; and what then?*

*Fools must ask Questions: I'm your Wife, 'tis true;
But am of Age, and know sure what I do;
Can Go and Come, without the leave of you.*

*Art Jealous, Love? You need not be affraid,
Had you a Wife like such a One, Egad,
You then indeed might fear an Aking-Head.*

*But I (as God well knows my heart) despise
The very thought, (altho' she knows she Lyes.)
B'ing Maudlin, then to please the Fool she Cryes.*

*Thus Charms the Man with her Dissembling Spell;
A Thousand Lyes can in a Moment tell;
And when she pleases, make things ill or well.*

*Thus she the Breeches wears, and Rules the Roast;
Of which she does at all her meetings boast;
The Man's no more, God help him, than a Post.*

*She tells how all things on her Care depends;
She Buys and Pays, she Borrows and she Lends;
Hoards what she pleases, what she pleases spends.*

*None could his ugly Humours bear but she;
Besides, she's sure he cannot but agree,
She understands the Trade as well as he.*

*She pleases Customers much better far;
He oft Neglects his Shop, he does not Care;
Pounds would be often lost, were she not there.*

*Believe me Neighbour, he's so Peevish grown,
E'er since he has been Troubl'd with the Stone,
That t'would be happy for him he was gone,*

*Poor Man, I pitty him with all my Heart,
And wish I could but ease him of his Smart,
He cannot say but I have done my Part.*

*Thus can she Lie, Dissemble, and be Drunk,
Rail at Tobac; yet for the Tooth-Ach Funk,
And wants no Odious Symptoms of a Punk.*

*May my Throat meet a Halter or a Knife,
Or any way, good Heaven, dissolve my Life,
Rather than Plague me with so Damn'd a Wife.*

T H E
London-Spy.

P A R T XVIII.

The Description of Mr. Dryden's Funeral, together with the manner of his Death. His Elegy. Some Passages of Hackney Coachmen in Quarrelling. Of the Mob Conducting home a Prize-Fighting Gladiator. A Character of a Prize-Fighter, in Verse. Of two Astrologers going to Law. Of the Vanity of Astrologers, and Astrology in Verse. The End of their Suit.

A Deeper Concern hath scarce been known to affect in general the Minds of Grateful and Ingenious Men, than the Melancholy surprize of the Worthy Mr. Dryden's Death hath occasion'd thro' the whole Town, as well as all other parts of the Kingdom, where any Persons of either Wit or Learning have taken up their residence. Wheresoever his incomparable Writings have been scatter'd by the Hands of Travellers into Foreign Nations, the loss of so great a Man must needs be Lamented amongst their Bards and Rabbies; and 'tis reasonable to believe the commendable Industry of Translators has been such, to render several of his most Accurate Performances in-

to their own Language, that their Native Country might receive the Benefit, and themselves the Reputation of so Laudable an Undertaking: And how far the Wings of Merit have convey'd the pleasing Fruits of his exuberant Fancy, is a difficult Conjecture; considering what a continual Correspondence our Nation has with most parts of the Universe. But it is reasonable to believe all Christian Kingdoms and Colonies at least, have been as much the better for his Labours, as the World is the worse for the Loss of him. Those who were his Enemies, while he was Living (for no Man Lives without) his Death has now made such Friends to his Memory, that they acknowledge they cannot but in Justice give him this Character, that he was one of the greatest Scholars, the most Correct Dramatick Poet, and the best Writer of Heroick Verse, that any Age has produc'd in *England*: And yet to verifie the old Proverb, *That Poets, like Prophets, have little Honour in their own Countreys*, notwithstanding his Merit had justly Intit'led his Corps to the most Magnificent and Solemn Interment the Benificence of the greatest Spirits could Bestow upon him; yet 'tis Credibly Reported the Ingratitude of the Age is such, they had like to have let him pass in private to his Grave, without those Funeral Obsequies suitable to his Greatness, had it not been for that true *Brittish* Worthy, who Meeting with the Venerable Remains of the neglected Bard passing silently in a Coach unregarded to his last Home, ordered the Corps, by the consent of his few Friends that Attended him, to be Respited from so obscure an Interment; and most Generously undertook at his own Expence, to revive his Worth in the Minds of a forgetful People, by bestowing on his Peaceful Dust a Solemn Funeral Answerable to his Merit; which Memorable Action alone will Eternalize his Fame with the greatest *Heroes*, and add that Lustre to his Nobility, which Time can
never

never Tarnish; but will shine with equal Glory in all Ages, and in the very Teeth of Envy bid Defiance to Oblivion. The Management of the Funeral was left to Mr. *Russel*, pursuant to the Directions of that Honourable Great Man, concern'd chiefly in the Pious Undertaking.

The first Honour done to his deserving Reliques, was Lodging 'em in Physicians Colledge; from whence they were appointed to take their last Remove. The constituted day for the Celebration of that Final Office which Living *Hero's* perform in respect to a Dead Worthy, was *Monday* the 13th of *May*, in the afternoon: At which time, according to the Notice given, most of the Nobility and Gentry now in Town, assembled themselves together at the Noble Edifice aforesaid, in order to Honour the Corps with their Personal Attendance. When the Company were met, a Performance of Grave Musick, adapted to the Solemn occasion, was Communicated to the Ears of the Company by the Hands of the best Masters in *England*; whose Artful Touches on their soft Instruments, diffused such Harmonious Influence amongst the attentive Auditors, that the most Heroick Spirits in the whole Assembly were unable to resist the Passionate force of each dissolving Strain, but melted into Tears for the loss of so Elegant and Sweet a Ravisher of Humane Minds; and notwithstanding their undaunted Bravery, which had oft Scorn'd Death in the Field, yet now by Musick's Enchantment at the Funeral of so great a Poet, were soften'd beneath their own Natures, into a Serious Reflection of Mortality.

When this part of the Solemnity was ended, the famous Doctor *G——th* ascended the Pulpit, where the Physicians make their Lectures, and deliver'd, according to the *Roman* Custom, a Funeral Oration in *Latin* on his Deceased Friend; which he perform'd with the great Approbation and Applause of all such
Gentlemen

Gentlemen that heard him, and were true Judges of the matter : Most Rhetorically setting forth those Elgies and Encomiums which no Poet hitherto, but the Great *Dryden*, could ever truly deserve. When these Rites were over in the Colledge, the Corps, by Bearers for that puopose, was Handed into the Hearse, being adorn'd with Plumes of Black Feathers, and the sides hung round with the Escutcheon of his Ancestors, mix'd with that of his Lady's; the Hearse drawn by six stately *Flanders* Horses: Every thing set off with the most useful Ornaments to move regard, and affect the Memories of the Numberless Spectators, as a means to Encourage ev'ry Sprightly Genius to Attempt something in their Lives, that may once render their Dust Worthy of so Publick a Veneration. All things being put in due order, for their Movement, they began their Solemn Procession towards *Westminster-Abbey*, after the following manner.

The two Beadles of the Colledge in Mourning Cloaks and Hat-bands, with the Heads of their Staffs wrapt in Black Crape Scarffs, were followed by several other servile Mourners, whose business was to prepare the way that the Hearse might pass less liable to interruption; next to these mov'd the Concert of *Hautboys* and *Trumpets*, Playing and Sounding together a Melancholly Funeral March, undoubtedly Compos'd for that particular Occasion, (after these, the Undertaker with his Hat off, Dancing thro' the Dirt, like a Bear after a Bagpipe. I beg the Readers Pardon for foisting in a Jest in so improper a place, but as he walk'd by himself within a Parenthesis, so I have here plac'd him, and hope none will be offended) Then came the Hearse; as before Describ'd, most Honourably attended with abundance of Quality in their Coaches and Six Horses, that it may be justly reported to Posterity, No Ambassador from the greatest Emperour in the Universe, sent over with the most Welcome Embassy

Embassy to the Throne of *England*, ever made his Publick Entry to the Court, with half that Honour as the Corps of the Great *Dryden* did in its last *Exit* to the Grave. In this order the Nobility and Gentry attended the Hearse to *Westminster-Abby*, where the Quire, assisted with the best Masters in *England*, Sung his *Epicedium*; and the last Funeral Rites being performed by one of the Prebends, he was honourably interred between *Chaucer* and *Cowley*: Where, according to report, will be Erected a very stately *Monument*, at the expence of some of the Nobility, in order to recommend his Fame, and preserve his Memory, to all succeeding Ages.

The Cause of his Death being very remarkable, it will not be improper in this place to take notice of it, as a means to put the World in mind of what slender Accidents are sufficient to change the State of Man, and hurry him into the Dark Somewhere of Eternity. The occasion of his Sickness was a Lameness in one of his Feet, springing from so trivial a cause as the Flesh growing over one of his Toe-nails, which being neglected, begot a foreness, and brought an inflammation in his Toe; and being a Man of a gross body, a flux of humours falling into the part, made it very troublesome, that he was forc'd to put himself into the Hands of an able Surgeon, who foreseeing the Danger of a Mortification, advised him to part with the Toe affected, as the best means to prevent the ill consequence likely to ensue; which he refused to consent to, believing a Cure might be effected by less severe means than the loss of a Member, till at last his whole Leg Gangreen'd, which was presently follow'd by a Mortification, so that nothing remain'd to prevent Death, but an Amputation of the Member thus putrified; which he refused to consent, saying, He was an old Man, and had not long to live by the Course of Nature, and therefore did not care to part with one Limb at
such

such an Age, to preserve an uncomfortable Life to the rest; and therefore chose rather to submit to Death, which in a little time after, according to the foresight of his Surgeons and Physicians, did unavoidably happen. Having thus given the Reader the manner of his Deth, as well as the order of his Funeral, I could not withhold my Muse from presuming to attempt an *Elegy* or *Funeral-Song*, in respect to the Memory of so Worthy an Author, whose Name and Works will out-live Time, and stand up with Eternity.

*To the Pious Memory of the most Subline and
Accurate Mr. John Dryden.*

TO those blest unknown distant Regions, where
Great *Pindar*, *Homer*, and sweet *Virgil* Live,
The Immortal *DRYDEN*'s fled; and justly there,
His Nervous Poems does with theirs compare,
Whilst more discerning Gods to Him the Lawrel.
[give.

May Envy let His Dust in Quiet Sleep:
And Fame Eternal in his Volumes dwell:
Whilst *Chaucer*'s Sacred Tomb his Ashes keep,
Ages shall o'er his Golden Writings Weep:
And thus the melting Force of his strong Lines
[shall feel.

Great was his Learning, and Sublime his Thoughts,
Powerful his Numbers, Matchless was his Wit:
Num'rous his Excellencies, few his Faults:
And those he plac'd as Foils and Beauty-Spots,
To give more sprightly Lustre to the Lines he
[Writ.

His

His Soul was sure some God wrap't up in Clay,
From Heaven descended, to Inform Mankind :
Whose mighty Genius did no Time delay :
But most Industiously Improv'd each day,
To shew the World the Beauties of his fruit-
[ful Mind.

No Ancient Muse in *Greece* or *Room* e'er bred,
Could Sweeter, or more God-like Strains impart :
The Heav'nly Soul's unborn that can Exceed
Those soft Enchantments in his Verse we Read :
Where we find Nature heighten'd with the pu-
[rest Art.

Envious Competitors, the worst of Foes,
His Pen hath Conquer'd, that they can't but own
He so excell'd in Poetry and Prose,
That each great Task indisputably shows,
None was like him inspir'd ; his Equal's yet un-
[known.

The chiefest Glory of his Native Land,
Whose Soul such large Angelick Gifts possess,
'Twas hard to think that any Humane Hand,
Could such Bold Stroaks, such Lofty Flights command ;
Yet harder to determine what he Writ was best.

Satyr and Praise flow'd Equal from his Pen,
Dramatick Rules no *Shakespear* ever knew :
The Stately *Epick* and the *Lyrick* strain,
In each he had so excellent a Vein,
That from the best of Judges admiration drew.

Great

Great King of Verse, whose Merit rais'd thee high,
And won thy Brows fresh Lawrel Crowns each Day:
Thy Works Immortal are, and cannot Dye:
Why not thy self exempt from Fate, O why?
Unless the Worlds unworthy of thy longer stay.

Or was it cause thy Soul was so Divine,
The Barren Earth could not her Fruits reward;
Or that the Power and Beauty of each Line,
Made thee, the Author, like a Deity shine,
And that the Gods foresaw, like them, should'st be
[Ador'd?

Or did the Sights of an Ingrateful Age,
Hasten th' aspiring Soul to take its Flight;
And leave this Worthless Sublunary Stage,
Where Pride and Lust do Mortal Minds engage,
And keep the Giddy World from doing Merit right?

What call'd thee hence, or whither thou wilt Soar,
None but Eternity it self can tell,
We know for Mankind thou canst do no more,
But Heaven for thee has its best Joys in Store,
To recompence those Tasks thou hast perform'd so
[well.

Let every Pen more Worthy of the Theme,
Thy Elegy or Epicedium Sing,
The Mournful Verse may equal the Esteem
The Learn'd and Witty shou'd express for them,
Who did to Human Knowledge such Improvements
[bring.

Great Soul ! No Pen less Powerful than thy own,
Can thy deserv'd Immortal Praise set forth,
Which Time will Magnifie when thou art gone,
As every Age successively comes on:
And to Mankind discover by degrees thy Worth.

Could Dust be sensible within the Grave,
How Joyful would thy Peaceful Neighbours be,
Such Venerable Company to have,
Whose Meritorious Works will surely save
Thy Mem'ry from decay to all Eternity.

Chaucer and *Cowley*, gladly would Receive
Thy Frozen Clay; into their silent Tomb:
Desiring their Applause with yours might Live,
In hopes your Fame Eternity might give
To theirs, and that your Lawrels might together
[Bloom.

Since Fate to Wisemens Grief has call'd thee hence :
It justly in thy Absence may be said,
No *Grecian* Bard e'er show'd such Excellence,
None has so well bestow'd such Reams of Sence,
As the Great *Dryden* hath ; but now, alas, he's Dead.

For such an Universal Loss sustain'd,
May the like Sorrow thro' the World be shown ;
Let every thing in Nature be Constrain'd
To Weep, let full-charg'd Clouds assistance lend,
And Flaming Orbs above their Fiery Tears drop
[down.

I shall now return to *Chancery-Lane*-end, where I
stood to see the Funeral pass by, observing there some
Passages of *Hackney-Coachmen* and the *Mob*, worth de-
livering to the Reader. The great Number of Qua-
lities

lities Coaches that attended the Hearse, so put the *Hackney* Whore-drivers out of they Biass, that against the *Kings-head-Tavern* there happen'd a great stop, occasion'd by a Train of Coaches which had block'd up the narrow end of the Lane, obstructed by an intang'd number of moveable Bawdy-Houses, who waited to turn up the same narrow Gulph, the others wanted to go out of; some with their Poles run into the Windows of anothers Coach, wherein sat *Bawd* and *Whore*, or *Mother* and *Daughter* squeaking out for the Lords sake, that some Merciful Good Man would come in to their assistance.

One Impudent Correcter of Jades Flesh, had run his Poles against the back Leather of a foregoing Coach, to the great dammage of a *Beau's* Reins, who peeping out of the Coach-door, with at least a fifty Ounce Wig on, Swore Damn him, if he came out he would make as great a Slaughter amongst *Hackney* Rogues with his Sword, as ever *Sampson* did amongst the *Philistines* with the Jaw Bone of an Ass. Whilst he was thus Cursing and Swearing like an old Sinner in a fit of the Gout, his own Coachman flinging back the Thong of his Whip in striking of his Horses, gave him such a Cut over the Nose, that he Jirk'd in his Head as if he had been Shot, not knowing from whence the blow came, that he sat raving within his Leathern Territories, like a Mad Man Chain'd down to his Seat, in order to be carry'd to the famous Doctor *N—ns* to be Cur'd, not daring to look out, for fear after the like manner he should a second time pay for his peeping. The Coachmen all the while saluting one another with such Diabolical Titles, and confounding one another with such bitter Execrations, as if every one was striving which should go to the Devil first: attacking each other with such a Volley of Oaths, that if a parcel of Informers had stood by as Witnesses to their Prophaneness, and would have

taken the advantage, there would scarce have been one amongst 'em but what had Swore out his Coach and Horses in half the Time of the Disorder. At last, by sundry Stratagems, Painful Industry, and the great Expence of Whip-cord, they gave one another way; and then with their Hey-ups, and ill-Natur'd Cuts upon their Horses, they made such a ratling over the Stones, that had I been at *St. Sepulchers* Bellrey upon an Execution-Day, when the Prisoners Bell Rings out, I could not have had a more ungrateful Noise in my Head, than arose from their Lumbring Conveyancies.

No sooner had these dispers'd themselves towards the several Places they were Bound to by their Fairs, but one of the Prize-Fighting Gladiators, from *Dorset Garden* Theater, where he had been exercising the several Weapons of Defence with his Bold Challenger upon a clear Stage, without Favour, was Conducted by in Triumph, with a couple of Drums to Proclaim his Victory, Attended with such a parcel of Scarified Ruffians, whose Faces seem'd to be as full of Cuts as a Plow'd Field is of Furrows; some their Countenances chop'd into the Form of a *Good-Fryday* Bun, with Cuts cross one another, as if they were Markt out for Christian Champions: Others having as many Scars in their Bear-Garden Physiognomies, as there are Marks in a Chandlers Cheese, Scor'd out into Penniworths. These were Hem'd in with such a cluster of *Journeyman Shoemakers*, Weavers and Taylors, that no Bayliff from an Inns-of-Court Bog-House, or Pickpocket carrying to be Pump'd, could have been Honour'd with a greater Attendance. Tho' this, the Victorious Combatant, came off with Flying, yet 'twas with Bloody-Colours; for by the Report of the Mob, like a true Cock, he won the Day after he had lost an Eye in the Battle. They mauld one another stoutly, to the great satisfaction of the Spectators. I think it will not be
amiss

amiss, it in this place I present the Reader with a Character of a Prize-Fighter, it being properly enough introduced, I have therefore thought fit to put it into Lyrick Verse, as follows.

*Bred up in th' Fields near Lincolns-Inn,
Where Vinegar Reigns Master;
The forward Youth does there begin,
A Broken-Head to Lose or Win,
For Shouts or for a Plaister.*

*For North, or West, he does Contend,
Sometimes his Honour Loses,
Next Night his Credit is regain'd,
Thus Fights till barden'd in the End,
To Bloody Cuts and Bruises.*

*When at his Weapons grown expert,
By Bangs and rough Instruction,
To make a Tryal of his Heart,
At Sharps he doth himself exert,
And Dallies with Destruction.*

*Proud of his Courage and his Skill,
No Champion can out-Brave him,
He dares to Fight, yet Scorns to Kill,
He Guards so Well, and Lives so Ill,
That few know where to have him.*

*He Glories in his Wounds and Scars,
Like any Flanders Souldier,
And as one Talks of Forreign Wars,
The t'other Boasts of Hockly Fars,
Wherein no Man was bolder.*

*He Fought before some Duke or Lord,
With hardy Tom the Weaver :
And Cut him off the Stage at Sword,
The Duke his Manhood to reward,
Presented him a Beaver.*

*With Lies he tells his Bloody Feats,
And Bounces like a Bully,
Tho' all his Prizes were but Cheats,
Yet when he with a Coward meets,
He knows he has a Cully.*

*Thus hacks in Jest, and finds at best,
But little Money coming,
And when his Youthful Days are past,
His only Refuge is at last,
To follow Theft, or Bumming.*

The Town having receiv'd Notice, by an Advertise-
ment in the *Post-Boy*, of a great Cause to be try'd on
the following *Wednesday*, at the *Kings-Bench Bar* at
Guild-Hall, between one of *St. Hugh's False Prophets*,
who can foretel more in an Hour than will prove
true in an Age, *Plaintiff*; and a famous Student in the
Cœlestial Sciences, most highly Learn'd in the Lan-
guage of the Stars, *Defendant*; the former having *Se-
cundum Artem*, pursuant to the Old Custom of Alma-
nack-makers, most closely Attack'd the latter about
several profound Points in the Mystery of *Astrology*,
in which many Fools put more Faith, than they do in
the Twelve Articles: And Wisely knowing a Volley
of Scurrility, where Scoundrels are to be Judges of
the Battel, would do more Execution against a ri-
sing Competitor, and Wound the Reputation of such
an Adversary far Deeper than the Dint of Argu-
ment, drawn from the Rules of Art, assisted by sound
Reason,

Reason, thought it therefore his safest method to stuff his Almanacks as full of hard Calumny and Ill-Words, as the Art is full of Fallacy and Lying ones; accordingly began the Quarrel in Publick, in as pretty, sweet, obliging Language as ever *Billingsgate* Tirmagant bestow'd in Anger upon a provoking Sister, in the Turbulent Times of Herrings, Sprats or Mackarel-Season, as if Sense and Manners were incongruous with Star-Fumblin; and Railing and Lying were the Two supporters of Astrology.

This Malicious sort of Treatment from his predicting Brother *Philomath*, so Animated the Defendant, that he could not forbear flinging off all Modesty and Patience, resolving to contend with his new Enemy at his own Weapon Scurrility, and give him a True Taste, in return of his Complements, of those stabbing Abuses, which none but the worst of Men would give, or the best of Christians pass by without Notice: Accordingly he Arms his *Ephemeris* with such a Justification of himself, and Whetting his Ill-Nature upon the very Grind-stone of Revenge, chew'd his Words, as spiteful Enemies do their Bullets, till he had made 'em so very Rough and Ragged, that wherever they Entred, they made the Wound incurable. The Defendant having the best end of the Staff, and being Vext, exercising his Weapon with more cunning and Dexterity, so maul'd his Opponent, that 'tis thought, had he any in his Skull, he would have knock'd his Brains out. Being thus so hard set he was forc'd to a very dishonourable Retreat, insomuch that he began to consider his Money was a better Security than his Wits, and the Law a much better Refuge under this Defeat, than *Ptolomy* or *Copernicus*: Accordingly Commences a Suit with his Antagonist, by Arresting him in an Action of Scandal, laying his Damages five Hundred Pounds, for the Loss of a Good Name, which he never Enjoyed.

The Day being Appointed for Fryal, amongst the rest of the Fools, my curiosity must needs lead me to hear the matter determin'd : When I came into the Hall, all the Fortune-telling Wise-Acres in the Town both Male and Female, were drawn in a cluster from all the By-Allies in *Morefields*, *White-Chappel*, *Salisbury Court*, *Water-Lane*, *Fleetstreet*, and *Westminster*, who, I perceive, notwithstanding their Skill in Conjuratation by which they pretended to tell Fools their Fortune, and help the Credulous Ignorant to Lost Spoons, Thimbles, and Bodkins, yet could not by their Art foresee which of the two contending *Planet-Peepers* were most likely to obtain the Victory

Several great Counsel were Fee'd on both sides for the Tryal, looking upon the ordinary means which other People use, as the best security in such Cases, to be much more safe than a dependance on the Stars, to discover by their aspects what should be the great difference between 'em. Several of the Counsel were Conning over the Almanacks, wherein they had set forth the Vertues and Merits of each other, to such an admirable Perfection, that I perceiv'd by the Looks of the Lawyers, they were so affected with the Cause that I believe, had it been try'd, it would have given the Court as much Diversion as the Ridiculousness of a Foolish Contention, or the Banter of the Counsel could have possibly afforded. Publick Notice of the Tryal having been given in the *Post-Boy*, great Numbers of Well-wishers to the Mathematicks had recourse to the Hall, in order to give Attention ; that there was more staring at the *Conjurers* as they Walk'd, than there was at the *Two Giants* as they stood; which shows the former are the greater *Monsters* in the Eyes of the People: But as 'tis common for Astrologers to makes Fools of that part of the World that will give them an opportunity, so indeed they serv'd us, who came with an expectancy to hear them made Fools themselves in

a Publick Court, who had made so many in a Kingdom. But a little before the Cause was to be call'd on I suppose thro' the Prudence of some Friend or other, who was willing to prevent their being further expos'd, they were advis'd to Endeavour at some agreement. Whereupon some Terms of Accommodation being propos'd, they stop'd the Tryal, and adjourned to a Neighbouring Tavern to the great Disappointment of the Court, as well as Company.

I being curious to know what end they made of the matter, follow'd into the same Tavern, and took up my sitting in the Publick Kitchen ; where I had been but a little time, before a parcel of Approv'd Students in Physick and Astrology came in, whose Looks were as Legible to a Man of common Reason, as the Neck-Verse is to the Ordinary of *Newgate* : For by contracting their Faces into Ill-Looks, to render themselves more Terrible to Silly Wenches, and such sort of Ignorant Creatures, who give Credit to their De-lusions they had by Time and Practice Fram'd such a Diabolical Air in their crabbed Physiognomies, that no Body can well guess 'em any thing but Conjurers by their Countenances. As 'tis generally observable, when several of the same Profession are in Company together, the Main Tropick of their Discourse must be something relating to their own Art, Trade, or Mystery ; for most People take a pleasure in Talking of what Business they are most conversant with ; so it prov'd by these the Deceivers of Humane Ignorance, who were standing up very highly for their Art, and what wonderful things might be, as well as had been, done therein.

A Gentleman sitting next 'em in the Kitchen, who I suppose had a very slender Opinion of these *Egyptian* kind of Juglers, took upon him now & then to slip in a word amongst 'em, that so puzzled the matter in Hand, that the whole Knot of Wizardly *Cacodemons* were all Dumb-Founded. Yet they would peremptorily assert
that

that things might Infallibly be foretold by the Stars, and that the incredulity of those Persons who Oppos'd Judicial Astrology, proceeded only from their Ignorance; and if they would but Study it as much as they have done, they would be thoroughly convinc'd that a certain Fore-sight of things to come might be Read in the great Library of the Heavens, as certainly as the Change of Weather might be foretold by a Weather-Glass. Upon which the Gentleman, having seen 'em in the Hall, surpriz'd 'em with this following Question. *viz.* ' Pray, says he, Do you think it possible by the Art of Astrology to tell me if I am Robb'd, what's become of the Thief? Yes, *Answers one*, we can, and direct you by our knowledge in the Stars, which way you shall find him. I am very well satisfy'd now, *reply'd the Gentleman*, You must be a pack of Deceitful Knaves, or or a parcel of very Silly Fools: For if you are able to tell me by Consulting your Planetary Friends, what sort of a Man hath done me Wrong, and which way I shall find him when he's fled from Justice: What's the Reason you cannot discover such Persons which the Government have truly Described ready to your Hands, and have given you the Advantage of their Names too, with an Assurance sometimes of Five Hundred, sometimes a Thousand Pounds Reward for the great Service you would do the Nation to Apprehend such Persons, which every good Subject ought to be Industrious to find out and bring to Justice: Therefore 'tis plain, if you will pretend to make a Serviceable Discovery to an Ignorant Subject for Half a Crown, and may have a Thousand Pound to serve the Government with the same Facility, 'Tis a great Argument you are Juggling Knaves, to undertake the former, and Cozen People of their Money; or else that you are errant Fools to neglect the latter, where-

in

in your Recompence may be Eight Thousand times as great, for very little more than the same Trouble; for between Half a Crown, and a Thousand Pound, there's just the same Disproportion.

This put all the Star-Gazers to a great Non-plus for an answer; which the Gentleman observing, took a further advantage of their Weakness, and apply'd himself to 'em again, after this manner, 'I suppose, Gentlemen, *says he*, You are Waiting here in order to hear by and by, how the Cause will go between the two famous Conjuring Antagonists. No Sir, *says one*, I find you are no Astrologer by your guess; the Tryal is put off by Consent till next Sitting, in order to an Accomodation: But I suppose, Sir, *reply'd the Gentleman*, You came with an expectancy of hearing it Debated this very Day? Yes, Sir, *says one of them*, We did so: Why then, Sir, *says the Gentleman*, You Astrologers may be out of your guess, as well as other People, or else why could you not foresee by your Art how the Cause will go; or if you come to day to hear it determined, you'd be all made Fools on. Because, *says one*, We took the Report as a granted Truth, and never Consulted the Stars at all about the matter: Truly, *reply'd the Gentleman*, If you had, I believe you would have found your selves as much the Wiser, as he that consults *Cornelius Agrippa*, about raising an Homunculus; and so farewell to you.

When he had made his Exit; my Sober Reflection on what he had said, whilst I was seriously wasting a Pint of Wine, and a Pipe of Tobacco, drew these following Lines into my Head; which being applicable to the matter in hand, I have given to the Reader.

*Little their Learning, less their Sence,
Who put in Stars such Confidence,*

As

*As think those Senseless Bodies can
Govern the Life and Fate of Man.
How can we boast our State is free,
If under such Necessity,
That Beings quite inanimate,
The will of Men shou'd actuate?
And unlearn'd Dunces shou'd foretell,
Who shall do ill, or who do well?
Predict our Fortunes, when 'tis known
The Jugler ne'er could tell his own?
If they such mighty things could do,
As prove their blind Conjectures true,
And make it manifest in Print,
Wise men might think there's something in't.
Instead of that, their Prophecies,
To one true word, have twenty Lies;
And what by guess they do foretell,
Each Prudent Man foresees as well.*

*For Fools to think the Sun or Moon,
Can help 'em to a stolen Spoon,
Or that to ease the Losers Grief,
The Planets will declare the Thief;
The Novice may as well believe,
The Scissors turning with the Sleeve,
As pin their Faith on Conjurers Dreams,
Of Planets, Houses, and their Schemes:
Which the Fox seems to put in use,
Only to colour his abuse,
And keep the Clients thoughts in Play,
Till he has study'd what to say;
And tho' an Art he does profess,
Yet chiefly what he says is Guess,
By which he does Fools Pockets pick,
Who think him Cunning as Old-Nick.*

The

*The Truth he tells 'em is no more,
Than what he sifts from them before,
Who Aw'd by his affected Look,
And Scrawles within his Conj'ring Book,
Forget the insight they have gi'n him,
And think at last the Devil's in him.*

*A Wag that had sustain'd a Loss,
And coming to a Vizards House,
Some nasty Sloven or else Slut,
Had at his Threshold eas'd a Gut,
The Conj'rer coming to the Door,
In mighty Passion Curs'd and Swore,
That if he knew who 'twas laid it,
He'd make 'em Rue the Day they did it,
Nay, says the Man, if you've no way,
To tell who did your Door bewray,
I'll e'en again put up my Purse,
For you can't help me to my Horse.
Would all like him consider right,
They'd bid Astrology good Night.*

The Referee's, for want of an Umpire, which the Plaintiff would not admit of, could bring the matter to no manner of conclusion, so that the Accommodation propos'd was quite render'd ineffectual: And the next Sitting, in favour of their being Astrologers, their cause was call'd on by the Court, about eleven at Night, when the Moon and Stars were in their greatest Glory, and bore Denomination in Sol's Absence, within our Horizon: Both Parties put great Confidence in the present position of the Heavens: And according to the Astrological Judgement, they had both made of the Stars, neither could find pointing towards them such an evil Direction, but that each had equal Hopes from the propitious Aspects of the Planets,

Planets, of overcoming of his Adversary, but could not thoroughly determine by the surest Rules of their Art, who should have the best on't. One Trusted so very much in the Stars, that his Friend had much ado to perswade him to Fee Council, which occasioned some of the Wizardly Fraternity to conjecture that he expected the Planets should have pleaded for him. The *Plaintiff* Erecting a Scheme a little before Tryal, found by the position of the Heavens the Judge would be the Lord Ascendant in this matter, and that the Jury were the Twelve Signs, towards which the Planets of the Law, the Council, were to direct their Influence, and accordingly took care to secure, by the Interests of *Sol*, the very *Mars* and *Mercury* of the Laws, to give his Cause their Assistance, whilst the *Defendant* had Engag'd none but *Saturn* on his part to bid Defiance to his Adversary.

All things being put in as good Order as they were able, the Verbal Engagement was begun so strenuously on the *Plaintiff's* behalf, who according to the Custom of such like Wars, always make the first onset, that a stander-by might have easily foreseen, who would gain the Victory, without the Rules of Astrology. The Nimble Weapons of Offence, and Defence being almost tir'd with long pleading in many foregoing Causes, made not half the Pastime as the Audience expected; who were Apprehensive of hearing the Conjurers Bandy'd about the Court from one to another, by their Bantering Advocates, and that they had chose to make the Weighty difference of their Wrangling Clients but the Courts Diversi-
on, which the lateness of the Night, and the Weariness of the Council, it was suppos'd prevented, to the great Disappointment of many Young Students as well as old Practicers in the Noble Art of Pump and Wheedle, to which in this capacious Town, there are of both Sexes an abundance, not only Pretenders,
but

but real Artists: In half an Hours time from the beginning of the Debate, the Business without much trouble was brought to a Determination: The Plaintiff, however his Stars favour'd him, obtaining a Verdict, the Compassionate Jury, not knowing but some time or other it may be their own Case, gave him Five Pound damage for the great Abuses he had very Honesty deserv'd by a just Provocation.

The decision of this Controversie prov'd very unlucky to both Enemies, for they were neither of them well satisfied with the Justice done to both Parties, the Plaintiff being very angry his damage was no more, and the Defendant very much displeas'd they had given him so much; so that the Jury would have had a very hard Task to have pleas'd both, since they were so unfortunate in their Concurrence they could content neither.

*When Conjurers their Purses draw,
And like two Blockheads go to Law;
They show by such Expensive VVars,
There's little Wisdom in the Stars;
And that they All, who know the Heavens,
Like us, by Sixes, and by Sevens;
For if one Wizard had foreseen,
The other should the Battle win,
He'd cry'd Peccavi, and not come
Before a Judge to know his Doom;
I think from thence the World may see,
They know by th' Stars no more than we.*

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

P 8, l. 6. after *full* add *of*. p. 16. l. 11. after *to* add *her*. p. 21. l. 34. r *the* *Heavens*. p. 22. l. 9. f. *my* r. *their*. p. 23. l. 20. f. *our* r. *out*. p. 42. l. 22. f. *Earth*. r. *Hearth*. p. 62. l. 27. f. *Word* r. *Work*. p. 65. l. 4. f. *those* r. *that*. p. 66. l. 13. after *where* add *after*. p. 82. l. 12. f. *done* r. *down*. p. 113. l. 26. f. *grow* r. *grown*. p. 114. l. 14. f. *Eyes* r. *Ears*; in the same p. l. 35. after *'tis* add *to*. p. 120. l. the last. f. *those* r. *these*. p. 127. l. 1. f. *in* r. *is*. p. 128. l. 9. f. *Lice* r. *out*. p. 130. in the last Line but one of the Verse. r. *from*. f. *by*. p. 137. l. 4. after *was* add *rather*. p. 139. l. 9. f. *the* r. *those*. p. 147. l. 3. f. *Homily* r. *Romily*. p. 70. l. 7. f. *their* r. *his*. p. 172. l. 16. add *s.* to *Blessing* f. *Woman* r. *Husband*. p. 173. l. 19. f. *the* r. *their*. p. 184. l. 32. f. *of* r. *for*. p. 213. l. 14. before *the* r. *but*. p. 220. l. 12. Dele *at*. p. 221. l. 6. after *work* add *by*. p. 325. l. 30. after *and* add *how*. p. 130. l. 25. f. *the* r. *their*. p. 236. l. 23. f. *their* r. *that*. p. 248. l. 8. after *Quality* add *of*. p. 249. l. 25. f. *Peninent* r. *Pertinent*. p. 261. l. 6. Dele *not*. p. 270. l. 20. r *of* before *their*. p. 271. l. 21. r *your* before *their*; in the same p. l. 30. to *Believers* add *un*. p. 272. l. 14. f *put* r *pitch'd*. p. 806. l. 28. Dele *are*. p. 322. l. 3. f *Confin'd* r. *Consign'd*. p. 342. l. 28. after *they* add *never*. p. 343. l. 12. f *they'd* r *had*. in the same l. f *a* r. *been*. p. 349. l. 33. f *within* r. *without*. p. 250. l. 6. f *of* r *in*; and in the same p. l. 11. f *his* r. *her*. p. 365. l. 23. f *they've* r *they're*. p. 384. l. 30. remove the Period from *Bull*, and place it after *Christendom*. p. 390. l. 11. f *the* r *some*.

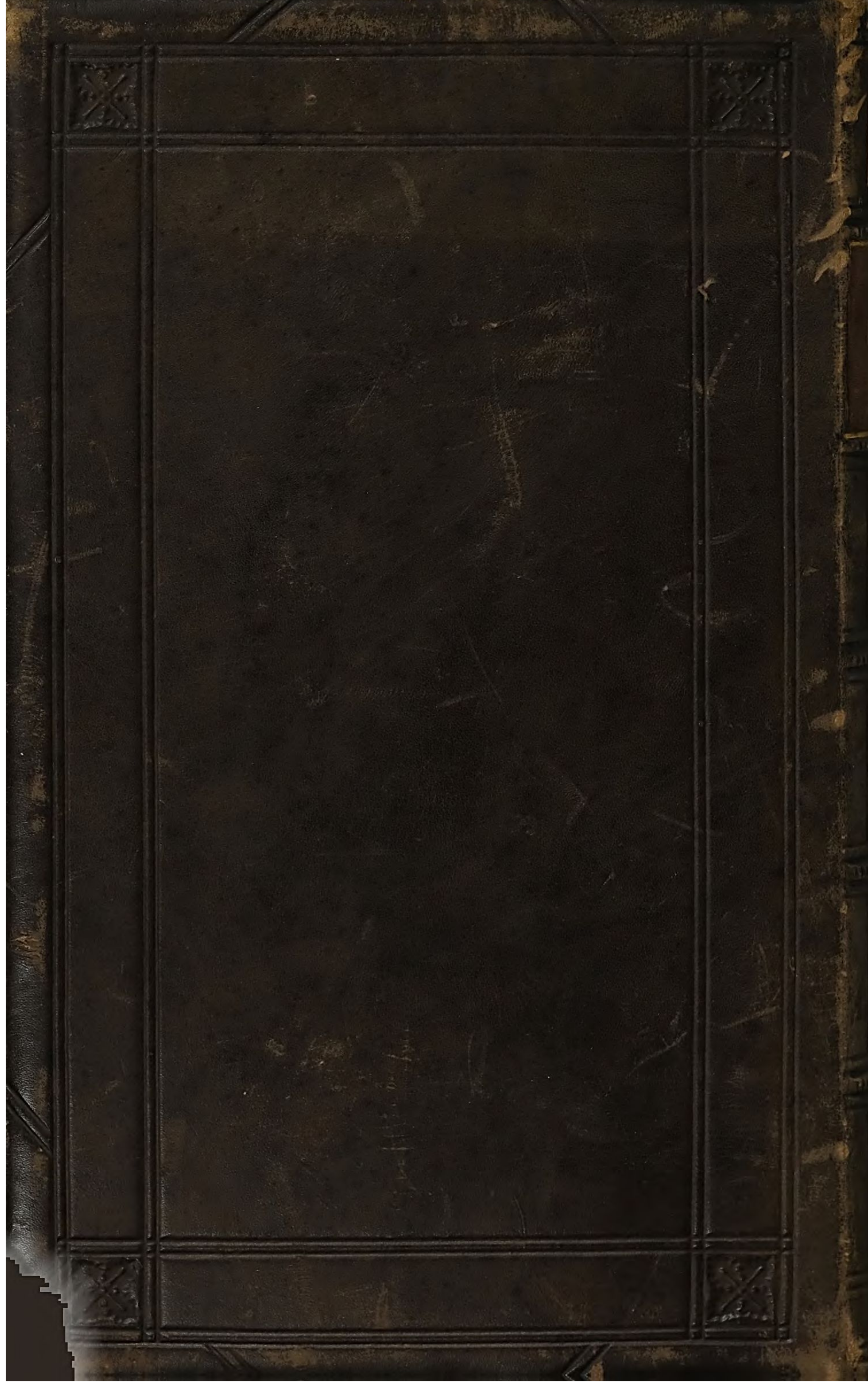
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